An Anthology of Modern Kashmiri Verse

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Trilokinath Raina

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TRILOKINATH RAINA

This selection of modern Kashmiri poems is the first period anthology of Kashmiri verse in English translation. The author presents an orchestration of different voices to enable other linguistic groups to understand the soul of modern Kashmir, for bridges of song are undoubtedly the best bridges of understanding. The translations preserve the content of the poems as faithfully as possible, while the Kashmiri text is given alongside, in the Roman script, to introduce all readers to the beauty of the subtle and untranslatable nuances of language. The Introduction explains the contribution of the modern poets — the enriching of the content, the introduction of a wide variety of forms as a consequence of an indefatigable search for a new medium and the simplification of the language of poetry. With the discovery of a new Helicon, the poetry of this period of bold experimentation is young and fresh and free from the diseases of opulent old age.

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An Anthology of Modern Kashmiri Verse

(1930-1960)

selected and translated by

Trilokinath Raina

with a foreword by

Ghulam Mohammad Sadiq

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To
the memory of
my father
Pandit Shivji Raina

Foreword

The years between 1930 and 1960 were a period of turbulence and of great national and international importance with changes of a far-reaching consequence taking place all over the world. This period witnessed the rise of the fascist powers, the holocaust of the Second World War and the growth of new tensions consequent upon our stepping into the Nuclear Age. In India, the gathering force of the Freedom Struggle, which had gripped the whole nation, moved on to its climactic phase and ushered in the era of independence. In Kashmir, the feudal regime came to an end. These political changes led to a new awareness, a new awakening, a new urge to question the accepted, orthodox and traditional values in all fields of social activity. There was a socialist urge, a new desire to have a just society. Revolutionary ideas, which the forces of reaction had branded as 'foreign' and 'anti-national', found more and more acceptance with the younger generation who were no longer deferential to taboos. There naturally was a breakdown of what had been regarded as stable moral values.

It is against this background that the literature of this era has to be studied, for each age brings its own art, which reflects not only the living reality but also the changing values and aspirations. During this period, the impact of the progressive movement was seen in all the regional literatures of India. Art had become a vehicle of propaganda for social and political justice. Even the stage was

no longer regarded as a place for providing mere entertainment but a school for political education. The significant writer was the self-conscious artist, i.e., one who regarded socialist realism an all-pervasive literary value.

These three decades may rightly be called, as Prof. Raina has done, the 'formative years of modern Kashmiri poetry', for it is during these years of experiment and transition after well over fifty years of literary somnolence that the modern age in Kashmiri literature was born. The contribution of the pioneers, Mahjoor and Azad, not only in restoring to the Kashmiri language its lost prestige but also in infusing a new lyricism into poetry, was only one of the factors that were changing the milieu for the new writers. The apocalyptic change that came in Kashmir with 1947 led to the new poets setting their sights afresh and the emergence of Nadim as the new leader. The poet became the people's articulate voice against feudal rule, class expoitation, war and the imperialist designs on the valley of Kashmir. While much that was written was of ephemeral value, there is no doubt that it was in this crucible of experiment with new forms and new themes that modern Kashmiri poetry had its new birth.

In spite of the multiplicity of the languages in India, there has always been a basic integrity in our country in the sphere of letters. Literature is a great force for global understanding and goodwill. It helps others to understand the culture of a people. Translations are thus of very great importance in promoting this understanding among various linguistic groups. The need for an anthology of Kashmiri poetry which would acquaint the outside reader with modern trends in our literature was long felt, and I must appreciate Prof. Raina's effort in this direction. In spite of the fact of his being away from the State, he has maintained his contact with contemporary Kashmiri literature. Some of his translations have already been

published in *The Visva Bharati Quarterly, Poetry India* and *Poetry East-West.* He has also written on the literary renaissance in Kashmir, and was invited by the Indian P E N to read a paper on 'Kashmiri Poetry since Independence' at the 8th PEN Writers' Conference. He deserves appreciation not only for his excellent translations but also for his judicious selection of the poems and the objective analysis of this period of turmoil and exuberance that he has given in the Introduction.

Srinagar
August 24, 1971.

Ghulam Mohammad Sadiq

Preface

Kashmir has always been considered a 'paradise on earth', a land of supernal beauty, lovely handicrafts and eloquent archaeological remains — things ever-increasingly advertised in various tourists' guides. But in our age, when stress is laid on national integration and global understanding, this knowledge would be as insufficient to understand modern Kashmir as that of Persian carpets and the ruins at Persepolis to understand modern Iran. What is of paramount importance is to know the distinctive culture of the people who have been living there for centuries. Unfortunately, no one has addressed himself to this task. Books have appeared on the 'Kashmir problem', but these do not touch even the fringe of the problem of understanding the people. What a busy journalist or a politician may gather during a few days' hurried visit to the valley may be — and often is — an incomplete or a misleading picture, for most people are looking only for material to substantiate their *a priori* assumptions on a few political problems, other vital truths being of no significance to them.

It is my firm belief that there can be no better bridges of understanding than bridges of song. Poetry is the language in which the basic and primal emotions of all mankind inevitably find their expression. Poets of one place derive inspiration from those of other places, however different they may otherwise be — linguistically, culturally, ethnically or geographically — for the Muse

does not recognize any barriers. Poets can both feel and communicate more strongly than others, and a poem is undoubtedly the finest expression of an idea, a conflict, an ecstasy, a grief, a philosophy, a protest, a frustration or a determination. Thus poems written by many poets in the same period are a mighty orchestration of the voices of the age. They express the joys and sorrows, hopes and frustrations, urges and aspirations of the people living in that period.

My desire to help people understand modern Kashmir, instead of considering it merely as a tourists' paradise or a pawn in international politics, impelled me to translate a selection of representative poems written between 1930 and 1960 and present them to the outside world in this anthology. I have chosen these three decades because I consider them to be the formative years of modern Kashmiri poetry. I have endeavoured to explain the great significance of these years of transition in the Introduction. Although this happens to be the first period anthology of Kashmiri poems in English translation, and also perhaps the first of its kind as far as the modern period in any regional literature of India is concerned, it suffers from the inevitable handicap of most translations — for no translation can ever recapture the beauty of the original.

This anthology is a bouquet of various flowers, as I have not confined myself to a particular type of poem or a group of poets. Poems like Zinda Kaul's *Compulsion,* Mahjoor's *The Peasant Girl* and *Freedom,* Arif's *Quatrains,* Nadim's *I will not sing to-day* and *The Bitter and the Sweet,* Roshan's *Spring,* Rahi's *Let's talk of To-day* and Kamil's *The Village Iris* — to name only a few — cannot thematically be put in the same basket. The reader will find in this selection love lyrics, philosophical poems, expressionist poems, patriotic poems, poems on war and peace, satires, monologues, sonnets and gazals. They do indeed articulate

a modern sensibility in the modern idiom, but they are all essentially poems of Kashmir. In spite of the impact of various social and political forces, the emergence of new problems and the introduction of new forms, the basic characteristics of Kashmiri poetry — i.e., its firm roots in the soil, its rhythms, its mellifluousness and, above all, its essentially secular character — have remained unchanged.

I regret that certain poems I would have loved to include had to be left out because of the fact that their beauty is almost entirely textural, and would therefore inevitably fall to pieces in translation. The exclusion of poets like Abdul Ahad Zargar, Samad Meer and Laala Lȧkhyman — whose work I value highly — does make the anthology less than sufficiently representative. But this is essentially an anthology of translations, and I cannot imagine a greater disservice to these poets than presenting a travesty of their poems to the outside world. Also, in the case of a few poems, I have left out those lines which have a beauty of the subtle and untranslatable nuances of language in the original, but would only be a bald repetition of an idea in translation. With these few exceptions, all the poems have been translated in their entirety. I have not selected merely purple patches and fine poetical phrases from a poem, consigning the rest of it to oblivion, nor have I subjected a fine satire to censorship because it may be distasteful to some. My primary object is to introduce the reader not merely to good poetry but also to the modern Kashmiri mind and the poetical climate reflected in the poetry of the times.

The Kashmiri text of each poem is given on the left-hand page and its translation on the page opposite. I consider this necessary for various reasons. Those who know Kashmiri would naturally like to know what exactly has been translated, and how much of the poem left out if the poem has not been translated in full. He might also like

to compare the original with the translation. For the reader who does not understand Kashmiri but is interested in the work done in the various regional literatures of India, the original poem will definitely convey an idea of its rhyme, rhythm, metre, stanzaic structure and verbal melody.

I have used the Roman rather than the Persian or Devanagari script so that the text may be easy to read for everybody. A guide to this script is given after the Preface. In addition, the symbols used for the most important and peculiar Kashmiri sounds are also given in the footnote which will be found, wherever space permits, below the text of the poem on the left-hand page. This might serve as a ready guide.

I would refer the reader interested in knowing something about the Kashmiri language to Sir George Abraham Grierson's monumental work, *A Survey of Indian Languages*. He calls Kashmiri an old and rich language — rich in idiom and in racy humour with subtle nuances. It has received its sap from the soil, as also from the official languages. It has been assimilative. It absorbed a large number of Sanskrit words before the advent of Muslim rule, and even a larger number of Persian words during the Muslim times. Now it is busily absorbing large chunks of the English vocabulary. Incidentally, these words have got naturalized in a way characteristic of very mature languages, in which the conjugation is synthetic. I find it necessary to point it out to correct a likely erroneous impression of Kashmiri being a parvenu language.

I regret that this book couldn't be published before the sad and untimely death of Shri Ghulam Mohammad Sadiq, former Chief Minister of Jammu and Kashmir and President of the Jammu and Kashmir Academy of Art, Culture and Languages, who was kind enough, despite his numerous preoccupations, to go through the manuscript, make

some valuable suggestions and contribute the Foreword. I shall always owe him a debt of gratitude. I am also grateful to Shri Dina Nath Nadim, Mirza Ghulam Hasan Beg Arif, Shri Mohammad Amin Kamil and Shri Moti Lal Saqi for helping me whenever I wanted any information, and to all the other poets whose poems appear in this anthology alongside their translations. Finally, I must thank *Visvabharati Quarterly*, *Poetry India* and *Poetry Eastwest* for giving me permission to reproduce some of the translations that have already appeared in these journals.

Trilokinath Raina

Contents

1. Foreword .. v
2. Preface .. ix
3. The Roman Alphabet as used for transliteration in this book .. xix
4. The Formative Years .. 1
5. Poems

ZINDA KAUL

The Rosary .. 33
Unpreparedness .. 37
Compulsion .. 41
Ferry Me Across .. 45

GHULAM AHMAD MAHJOOR

Youth .. 53
Flower of Nishat Bagh .. 57
The Peasant Girl .. 59
I'll put on saffron robes .. 63
My Beautiful One .. 65
Come, Gardener ! .. 69
Fussy Bird .. 71
A garden is our land ! .. 73
Freedom .. 75
O Golden Oriole ! .. 79

ABDUL QUDOOS RASA JAVIDANI

Gazal 1 .. 85

Gazal 2 .. 85

ABDUL AHAD AZAD

Change .. 89

The Wild Rose .. 91

The River .. 95

Fight with the sword of Truth .. 101

Gazal .. 103

O, My Countryman! .. 105

MIR GHULAM RASUL NAZKI

Quatrains .. 109

MIRZA GHULAM HASAN BEG ARIF

Quatrains .. 113

DINA NATH WALI ALMAST

Gazal .. 123

DINA NATH NADIM

Determination .. 127

I will not sing to-day .. 131

Tomorrow .. 139

I will ask .. 143

On the Death of a Comrade .. 147

My Hope of Tomorrow .. 149

Song of the Boatwoman .. 155

Our Motherland .. 157

Don't you remember those days? .. 161

The Moon .. 163

Morning .. 165

Signature on the Peace Appeal .. 167
The Mole .. 169
The First Flower .. 173
The Bitter and the Sweet .. 175

NOOR MOHAMMAD ROSHAN
The Martyr's Mother .. 181
Spring .. 183
Quatrains .. 187

GHULAM NABI FIRAQ
Morning .. 191
To the Bulbul .. 193

MOHAMMAD AMIN KAMIL
Tulips in Bloom .. 197
Life and Death .. 199
The Song of the Sun .. 201
The Village Iris .. 205
Naked Thoughts .. 209

ABDUL RAHMAN RAHI
Symbols .. 213
Monologue of the Old Woman .. 213
Life .. 221
Let's talk of Today .. 227
On the Golden Isle .. 233
Gazal .. 239
Quatrains .. 241
The Flood and the Bank .. 245

VISHWANATH VISHWAS
The Foolish Boatman .. 251

VASUDEV REH
The Night Watchman .. 257
A Flood is Coming .. 261
MUZAFFAR AZIM
Quatrain .. 265
GHULAM NABI KHAYAL
The Poet and the Lamp .. 269
MOTI LAL SAQI
Daybreak .. 275
6. Index of first lines in Kashmiri .. 277

A GUIDE TO THE ROMAN ALPHABET USED IN THIS BOOK FOR TRANSLITERATION OF KASHMIRI WORDS

Letter	Pronounced as the sound italicised in the English word	As used in the Kashmiri word	Meaning of the word in English
a	l*u*ck	akh	one
aa	f*a*ther	raat	n*i*ght
ȧ	pertain	ȧchh	eye
aȧ	b*i*rd, m*u*rder	aȧs	mouth
au	c*ow*	au	yes
e	m*a*le	jel	jail
ee	s*ee*	teel	oil
ė	m*e*t (approx)	trė	three
i	s*i*t	pin	pin
o	g*o*	mol	father
oo	t*oo*l	roon	husband
ȯ	*o*asis (short sound)	ȯn	blind
wo	g*o*t (approx)	swon	gold
u	f*u*ll	kun	alone
u̇	scr*i*pt	tu̇r	rag
uu̇	long *u̇* sound	tuu̇r	cold
ü	vowel sound beginning as *u* and ending as *u̇*	gür	mare
ch	*ch*ain	chon	your
chh	same as the Hindi consonant छ	pachh	fortnight
d	*th*is	dod	pain
ḍ	*d*o	ḍoon	walnut
ṅ	hu*n*t	tsooṅṭh	apple
t	en*t*re, *t*ableau (Fr.)	trė	three
th	*th*ing	tham	pillar
ṭ	*t*ill	noṭ	pot

Letter	Pronounced as the sound italicised in the English word	As used in the Kashmiri word	Meaning of the word in English
ṭh	same as the Hindi consonant ठ	vyȯṭh	fat
ts	*ts*ar (Russian)	tsam	skin
tsh	aspirate of *ts*	tshȯṭ	short
'a'	short indeterminate sound at the end of a syllable or word	gara	home
'–y'	combining with a consonant preceding it, as in मुन्य, सत्य, अन्य	kuly	trees
Consonants	b, f, g, h, j, k, kh, l, m, n, p, ph, r, s, sh, v, y and z have the same sound as they normally have in English.		

Here is an example of a stanza from Roshan's *Bahaar* transliterated in this way:—

Yuthu̇y baala pėṭhy soṅta vaavan tarun hyȯt
Vȧṭith ȯbranu̇y dupṭanu̇y taah karun hyȯt
Naban neejaraah neela kheṅkuk harun hyȯt
Siree asani lȯg doori teṅtaali pȧty kiny
Sangarmaali zan hoori aȧrak hėtin yiny
Hyȧtsu̇n daamȧnas tal vuzu̇ny joyinu̇y diny
Yi vuchh aaravu̇y draay thapi thaari laaraan
Palav pėṭhy dwodas zan ti chhwokh aȧsy khaaraan
Ḍyakas meeṭhy dee dee vanan aabashaaran
Panun maȧrymȯt az bahaaraa chhu aamut

No transliteration, however, has been attempted as far as the names of the modern poets are concerned.

Since this anthology is not intended to be read only by linguists, certain departures from orthodox practice in the use of the Roman alphabet may be pardoned. For example, the symbols used by me for the consonants च and छ are *ch* and *chh* respectively, as they are easily understood by the general English knowing Indian reader.

The Formative Years

The history of Kashmiri poetry begins with the later half of the 14th century, when the mystic poets Lal Dyad and Nundaryòsh gave us our first considerable metrical forms called the *vaakh* and the *shrukh* — both essentially a 4-lined stanza with no rigid rhyme scheme, which Lal Dyad used for communication of her intense mystical experience and Nundaryosh for his moral exhortation. This form died with the mystic poetess, Rwopa Bavaanee, in 1721. The 6 or 8-lined stanza called *pad* evolved from *vaakh* and remained a popular form till the dawn of the 19th century. The new mystic poets like Swochha Kraal, Vahab Khaar, Shamas Faqir and Ahmad Baṭavaaree wrote in stanzas where every fourth line was a refrain. Habba Khaatoon (1551-1606) revived the most exquisite of Kashmiri love lyrics called *vatsun* — a highly musical short poem of 6 — 10 lines, with refrain, assonance and alliteration, end and medial rhyme, liquid consonants and flexible rhythms. This form became very popular and was used successively by Ȧrnyimaal (d. 1800), Mahmood Gaȧmee (d. 1885), Rasul Meer (d. 1870), Ghulam Ahmad Mahjoor, Zinda Kaul and Rahman Rahi — not to mention a whole host of lesser poets.

The nineteenth century saw the growth and influence of Persian language and poetry in Kashmir. Persian, which continued to be the official and court language for over 400 years, acquired the status of the language of culture and considerably influenced and enlarged Kashmiri voca-

bulary. In poetry, quantitative rhythm and metre gradually replaced the indigenous qualitative, i.e., accentual metre. New forms were imported from Persian literature. These included the *gazal,* the *masnavi,* the *naat,* the *marsiya* and the *naama* — all Persian in form, metre and language. This was accompanied by a wholesale borrowing of Persian epithets, figures of speech and themes. Since the writers in this tradition were by and large second-rate poets, their poems betray a remarkable lack of freshness and originality in subject matter, language and poetic diction. It may be said that cultural strangulation was as near completion as possible by the end of the nineteenth century.

Kashmiri poetry existed largely speaking in oral tradition upto 1930. Since the manuscripts of all that was written never saw publication, access to past literature was difficult. With the notable exception of Habba Khaatoon and possibly Ȧrnyimaal, the poet had no direct relationship with the ruling class. On the contrary, he was more intimate with the common man, and often came from the same stock. Those who were from the aristocracy were more attracted by Persian, which by virtue of being the court language was a passport to social recognition. The poet thus wrote largely for an illiterate class. Furthermore, continued tyranny under the Afghan and Sikh rule led to widespread frustration from which only mystical poetry derived any sustenance. In the case of the lesser poets, mysticism became a necessary and fashionable attitude, and they dabbled in mystical symbols without having had any mystical experience. As Firaq points out, if you remove the two themes which the poets had restricted themselves to — i.e., mysticism and love — Kashmiri poetry disappears. A number of *jang naamaas* (war poems) were written, but they were 'more war than poetry'. The only poems that really reached the people were devotional verse in both Hindu and Muslim tradition,

satirical ballads called *laḍi shah,* dance songs for women called *rȯv,* and songs written only to be set to the popular *chhakree* music.

Literary stagnation thus went hand in hand with political humiliation as a result of continued rule by outsiders. Effete traditions, now grown more than stale, persisted. The worn symbolism of the *gul* and the *bulbul* was used with sickening reiteration in poem after poem, and drained themes were droned in ever the same manner year after year. The Muse fell asleep with the death of Parmanand in 1885, which marks the end of an era of great poets like Mahmood Gaamee and Rasul Meer. One doesn't find anything of merit in the *razmia* or war poems of Muzaffar Shah Kreree, Ghulam Mohammad Hanfi and Neel Kanṭh Sharma or the *masnavis* of Mohammad Shaabaan Ḍaar, Mohammad Ismail Naamee and Lasa Khaan (which stand nowhere in comparison with Maqbool Shah Kraalavaari's *Gulrez,* a work of considerable literary merit and popular till this day). The mystical poets who continued with traditional form and content are Ahmad Pare, Ahad Zargar and Samad Meer. With the dawn of the twentieth century, the poet Peer Aziz Ullah Haqani (d. 1928) felt the need to Kashmirize poetic diction, but because of the shackles of old practice, he didn't achieve much. Stereotyped forms like *the ravaani nazam* continued.

Yet all these years Kashmir stood on the threshold of a new era. Various historical and political forces led to the end of the isolation of feudal Kashmir. The building of two cart roads linking the valley with the rest of India made it possible for tourists to come here and young Kashmiris to go outside for higher studies. Contact with progressive forces in India and the powerful impact of the freedom struggle in the country created a new ferment in the minds of the intelligentsia and an awakening in the souls of men. In spite of the best efforts of the Maharaja

to stem the tide, these forces continued to simmer, and socio-political changes were inevitable. At the same time, the sudden switch over from Persian to Urdu as the court language in the beginning of the century ended the dominance of Persian and made the middle classes develop a keen interest in Urdu and English. The publication of *Lalla Vaakh* by Grierson and Brunt in 1920 and of the first Kashmiri dictionary by Grierson in 1924 encouraged some educated young men to devote more attention to their mother tongue and burn with a sense of shame that this language had suffered from neglect for centuries. With the development of a sense of identity and a changed and freer environment, old literary forms and themes needed radical reform.

The pioneers of the new age were Ghulam Ahmed Mahjoor and Abdul Ahad Azad. With them came into Kashmiri poetry a certain morning freshness and imagination, and a sweetness of diction. They freed Kashmiri from heavy Persian influence and discarded old forms like *pad* and *ravaani nazam*. It is ironical that though Mahjoor's poems attained great popularity in the early twenties, he had to be discovered by the poet Tagore, who called him 'the Wordsworth of Kashmiri poetry', before he was accepted by the 'educated class' in Kashmir as an artist and not a mere rustic rhymester. After his initial attempts at writing in Persian and Urdu, he realized that his artistic fulfilment would come only if he wrote in his own mother tongue, which he passionately loved. As a *patwari*, which he remained throughout his life, he had the opportunity of seeing almost every nook and corner of Kashmir and come into intimate contact with the people and know their joys and sorrows. He also saw that the only poetry that had succeeded in enduring was folk poetry and what was written by great masters of the lyric like Habba Khaatoon, Arnyimaal, Mahmood Gaamee and Rasul

Meer, and certainly not what smelt of the lamp and was influenced by or a slavish imitation of the effete mysticism, stylised imagery and stale epithets of decadent Persian poetry. His greatest contribution was to make Kashmiri as a poetic medium more natural and to strive untiringly to popularize it. Abdul Sataar Aasee, who was a coolie poet writing in Persian, started writing in Kashmiri at his insistence in 1942. He had already persuaded Abdul Ahad Azad in 1935 to switch over from Urdu to the neglected mother tongue, and he was delighted to find a kindred spirit in Mirza Ghulam Hasan Beg Arif. It is significant that all the major poets of the modern age, including Zinda Kaul and Nadim, gave up their early devotion to Urdu and Persian and started writing in Kashmiri in the forties. This Kashmir owes to the ceaseless efforts of Mahjoor. 'There are thousands who write in Persian', he said, 'only Kashmiri remains a helpless, neglected language.

Mahjoor was a lover of life, with his eyes laved in the living hues of nature. He didn't brood over life s impermanence and death. He wasn't a mystic or a recluse. In his early life he wasn't interested in politics. His interest in religion was confined to his belief in the efficacy of *taaveez* (amulets), which he used to write for his *mureeds* upto his death, but his refusal to follow his father's priestly profession was ample evidence of his having a catholic mind which was opposed to bigotry and fanaticism, the unfortunate concomitants of organized religion. As a poet, he moved closer to nature. Reviving the lyrical tradition of Rasul Meer, he enlarged his canvas to include new themes and new rhythms and steeped his poems in the living hues of spring and summer in Kashmir. To the simplicity, softness and music of Habba Khaatoon, Ȧrnyimaal and Gaamee, he added colour, form and beauty. But, like Rasul Meer, he never wrestled with the profound questionings of the human soul. 'His poems', says Zinda

Kaul, 'are like a beautiful lotus in bloom. The depths are unknown to him'. He had an unfailing instinct for the right word, if by the right word we mean the purely musical word. As a matter of fact he resembles Swinburne in more than one way: in him, as in Swinburne, words do sometimes seem to lack the divine necessity of expression; there is a straining after music for its own sake — a weakness (Arif calls it *saarang nawazi* — i.e., 'slavery to music') which one finds in most poets who compose verse mainly for music.

Mahjoor stands as a link between old and new poetry. But for him, we wouldn't be able to understand the modern age in literature. In spite of the rejuvenation of Kashmiri poetry that he was responsible for, he remained to some extent a blend of traditionalism and experiment. His was not the attitude of outright revolt. While he discarded stylised love, foreign symbols, sights and sounds of Arabia and Persia, he retained the symbolism of the *gul* and the *bulbul* throughout his poetical career. Living close to the people, he couldn't escape the impact of popular urges and new values. After his earlier phase, i.e., in about the middle of the thirties, he did realize that the conventional fountains had almost run dry, and that the only thing that would give life and vitality to his verse was a new theme. But whether he became the voice and head priest of the modern age is highly debatable, and this we shall consider when we discuss the developments after 1947.

Abdul Ahad Azad was a poor teacher languishing in a village primary school. He began writing in Urdu in the romantic tradition under the pen name 'Ahad', which he later changed to 'Jaanbaaz' and finally to 'Azad'. These three pseudonyms divide his poetry into three significant periods of his evolution as a poet — the first that of juvenile verse, the second that of love lyrics and the third that of poems of a socio-political content. Under Mahjoor's

influence, whom he met in 1935, he started writing in Kashmiri, but there is no evidence in his poetry of any abiding thematic influence of Mahjoor. Both sought for the rejuvenating waters of the spirit, but Azad felt that a genuine renewing must have its origin in vast moral and social changes and a broadening of the consciousness. After 1931, his literary influences were Iqbal and the progressive writers as far as spirit, forcefulness and technique are concerned. Politically, he remained a Radical Marxist throughout his life. He was strongly affected by political suffering, but was never convinced of the purposefulness of the political movement in Kashmir at that time. He may truly be called the first rebel, a lone forerunner of revolutionary ideas and a poet of deep intellectual conviction. He was the first poet to enlarge his canvas to include new themes like religious fanaticism, social inequality and war and to champion the cause of the modern man and sing of universal brotherhood and peace. He was also a pioneer in exploring Kashmiri language and literature. His valuable work, *Kashmiri Language and Poetry,* written in Urdu, was published posthumously by the J & K Cultural Academy.

Zinda Kaul started writing in Kashmiri only at the age of 58 in 1942. Earlier, he had written in Persian and Urdu. His slender volume of 35 poems, entitled *Sumran,* won him the Sahitya Akademi award for 1956. All these poems belong to his period of maturity and are philosophical and devotional in content. 'His work', says Prof. J .L. Kaul, 'stands between two worlds of poetic imagination: one that has little hold on the present, and the other that borrows little from the past'. Though he wrote at a time when poetic imagination was swept off its feet by the lure of a socialist dream, he always remained outside the ring of political enthusiasm. The kind of social awareness that one finds in *Kariinaavi taarakh naa* (Ferry me across!)

has no connection with politics, although some political enthusiasts saw a mythical political bias in the poem. His poems express the doubts and anguish that torment the modern mind, but he does not resolve these by the assertion of any dogmatic philosophy. He is the first poet who has departed from the tradition of stating mystical certitudes to present the eternal conflict between faith and reason and the problem of evil and suffering. Knowledge, which has given us material prosperity, has banished assurance and serenity from our hearts. Love, according to Zinda Kaul, is the only key to happiness, and God is the Hound of Heaven, forever waiting for man to turn to Him:

'Having strayed, tottered and fallen,
How dare I face Him again?'
'But you'll find it unavailing —
This lame excuse to fly Him.

'For even if you turn,
He will pursue for ever;
This bond is from the dawn of life,
Not a passing childish fancy'.

We find the finest expression of his belief in the supremacy of faith over reason in two of his poems, *Majbooriyaah* (Compulsion) and *Naatayaàree* (Unpreparedness).

Zinda Kaul introduced new stanzaic and metrical patterns and is perhaps one of the very few Kashmiri poets who have used the *gazal* form successfully. In most poems his vocabulary is slightly sanskritized. Though, as I have said, he doesn't belong to the poetical climate of the forties, any review of this period would be incomplete without reference to him, for he remains one of the foremost poets of the twentieth century. Nor can we ignore two other traditionalists in mystical poetry — Samad Meer (1901-1959) and Abdul Ahad Zargar (b. 1903). Both of them

show strong influence of Shamas Faqir. Both are also influenced to a considerable extent by Hindu spiritual discipline. Both use imagery which cannot be called stale. And both are often obscure. Zargar is more romantic than Samad Meer and sometimes uses the symbols and images of horror. His use of *rang* and *shashrang* give evidence of his consummate mastery of the poetic medium.

The year 1931, with the first memorable uprising of the century, marks the dawn of political awakening in Kashmir. In 1938 the National Conference was founded and the people had their first political dream. The new era dawns formally with Mahjoor's poem, *Vwolo haa Baagvaano* (Come, Gardener!) :

> Come, gardener! Create the glory of spring! make
> *Guls* bloom and *bulbuls* sing — create such haunts!
>
> Rank nettles hamper the growth of your roses;
> Weed them out, for look thousands
> Of laughing hyacinths are crowding at the gate!

The 'thousands of laughing hyacinths' are the lower classes, the untapped reservoirs of virgin sensibilities and intact forces and, as Cazamian says, the literature of the future can live only if it continues taking its sap from the people. The kettle drums of the past are but poor music for our troubled times which demand an adequate reply to their 'accelerated grimace'. Thus Mahjoor in the same poem:

> Bid good bye to your dulcet strains; to rouse
> This habitat of flowers, create a storm;
> Let thunder rumble — let there be an earthquake!

The great ferment that began in 1938 had its full flowering in 1947, and the impetus came from the invasion of the valley by Pakistan on the 22nd of October. The fall of Baramulla to the raiders from across the border was

perhaps as epoch making in Kashmir as the fall of Constantinople to the whole of Europe. It unleashed a whole fund of spiritual strength and opened new vistas that only yesterday would have seemed impossible. This year marks as complete a break with tradition as it is possible to find in the history of any literature. We must remember that three things happened at the same time: (1) the invasion; (2) the dramatic collapse of feudalism; (3) the formation of a people's government which very soon introduced the promised land reforms of a far-reaching importance. This generated an atmosphere of confidence and triumph and of new dreams and desires which were mostly Utopian. A new fervour gripped a new generation of poets who looked at new horizons and sincerely believed that they were the makers of a new reality.

It would be wrong to say that either Mahjoor or Azad remained the beacons or leading lights. The national poetry that was now born had new dimensions. It was the offspring of political adolescence and marked the beginning of the progressive movement in Kashmiri literature. A new environment threw up a new generation — a generation of city-bred young men, strongly influenced by Marxist thought, the Russian and Chinese revolutions and Indian nationalism. The literary influences that were dominant were progressive Indian and English writers and Russian poetry. These young writers found rhetoric more appealing than imagery. Persian models were now no longer looked up to, for they didn't answer the needs of the period. The socialist movement was the sole aim in life, and their minds were so gripped by this aim that in whatever they wrote, whether it was a story like Nadim's *Rai* (Blight) or a poem like Rahi's *Ṭhahri kati Jaägirdaäree* (How can feudalism survive?), artistic considerations like organic unity were always secondary. Art was for life and social change — it became socialist propaganda.

Unfortunately, as Noor Mohammad Bhat points out, 'the war between affluence and poverty raged more fiercely in the poet's imagination than in reality'. It is difficult in this short review to deal with the plethora of names that one finds swimming into the poetical firmament, but I want to observe that though the bulk of their output may be wanting in refinement, it has abundant vigour and spontaneity. Its being essentially minor verse does not detract from its merit as pioneer work, and it is always the general level of its minor verse that determines the poetical climate of a period. The enriching of the content, the awakening of an intense national consciousness, the broadening of the horizons of the mind and a broad indication of the lines along which the literature of the future was to develop — these are some of the contributions of the writers of this period, and the future was the richer for their service.

In April, 1948 the Kashmir Cultural Front, a voluntary non-governmental organization of all the available artistic talent in Kashmir, published a small booklet entitled *Kashmir, Sing on!* — an anthology of patriotic and marching songs, poems on exploitation, the raid, communalism and other such themes. It is dedicated to 'workers and peasants'. It may be compared to *Poems and Ballads of Young Ireland* (1888), not because it has any mentionable artistic merit but because it is the testament of the will of a people, of a new faith. In October, 1949 this organization, now rechristened the National Cultural Congress, started publication of its monthly organ, *Kwong Posh*. Subsequently the Bazme Adab, which had been formed in 1940 with the aim of preserving old literary values, started publishing its journal, *Gulrez*, but to *Kwong Posh* belongs the distinction of shaping the literary history of Kashmir from 1949 to 1956, the year it stopped publication. Mr. Sadiq, in his presidential address to the National Cultural Congress in 1950, called it an independent people's

organization which was a product of the national movement and had the same aim. 'Literature', he said, 'is a weapon to awaken the people. It is both a representative and an architect of the people's culture, an interpreter of their struggles and aspirations. It will expose imperialist, capitalist and feudal designs on the people's freedom and give leadership and direction to their struggle and fight for world peace'. (*Kwong Posh* — March, 1950). It may be mentioned that the regular feature, *About Ourselves,* emphasised only this aim and never made any mention of literary problems and values. As far as the general level of the verse is concerned, it must be pointed out that the repetition of the new themes and free use of words 'exploiter', 'capitalist', etc. and of the new imagery of fire, storm, thunder, lightning, 'gunpowder in flower beds', mid-winter and spring do give one the impression of its being juvenile.

In this environment, Mahjoor found himself on a new wicket, and a very uneasy one at that. Though he was associated with the progressive group and chief editor of *Kwong Posh* till his death in 1952, he did not, in spite of his best efforts, share the ebullient enthusiasm of the younger generation of poets who hailed the revolution as if the millenium had come. Some of his poems like *Ala Baȧny* (The Plough) are definitely second rate and lack originality of thought, nor do they have the beauty and appeal of his love lyrics. From among his poems with a socio-political content, his satires on the new regime like *Aazaȧdee* (Freedom), *Poshinoolo* (O Golden Oriole!) and *Sangarmaalan pyav Paraagaash* (Daybreak over the Hills) save him from lapsing into mediocrity. It is in these that he regains his individuality and acquires an incisive phrase which one could hardly have anticipated, considering his essentially sensuous, romantic temperament and his love of the mellifluous language:

They searched her armpits seven times
To see if she was hiding rice;
In a basket covered with her shawl
The peasant's wife brought Freedom home.

(*Aazaàdee*)

Hawks have left your garden,
And birds are all in song;
Now if you yourself turn a hawk,
How futile was this change!

(*Poshinoolo*)

Politics was never his forte. To suggest that his exquisite lyric *Greesy Koor* (The Peasant Girl) is an expression of class conflicts is as ridiculous as calling Lal Dyad the first progressive Kashmiri poet, which was actually done in those days of infantile Marxist criticism. Mahjoor's spirited *Vwolo haa Baagvaano* (Come, Gardener!) is already dated and no longer inspires as it did once, for there is a yawning gulf between the Age of Mahjoor and our own day. The latter half of this poem, which is devoted to the glorification of all the famous careerists and military conquerors of Old Kashmir, is a direct contradiction of the first half where the poet speaks of individual freedom and democracy. It would be right to say that Mahjoor had nothing specific to contribute after 1947, and that the Age of Mahjoor ended that year.

The leading poets after 1947 are Nadim, Firaq, Kamil, Arif, Nazki, Rahi, Almast, Premi, Khayal, Muzaffer Azim, Santosh and Reh. Most other poets whose poems were published in various journals have followed in the footsteps of Nadim and Rahi and make no claim to originality. The main poets among the traditionalists are Ariz, Nand Lal Ambardar, Rasa Javidani and Nawaz Ratanpuri.

With the flood tide of verse that was written during this period came experimentation with various forms and

metres. The new forms that were born are free and blank verse, the sonnet, the monologue, the opera, the quatrain and the *ṭukh*. Various Persian stanzaic patterns like the *mussamat* (of various length) were introduced. Surprisingly, more songs were written for *rȯv* and *vanavun*.

While these forms were introduced or revived, there are some that died. It is sad that both *laḍi shah* and *naamaa*, the traditional forms of satire, disappeared, although the former is still being used by the village bard. But this loss has been compensated by the revival of the *rubaayee* (quatrain), which has infinitely more punch and epigrammatic terseness. The *gazal* has been a definite casualty. This form was first used in Kashmiri poetry by Mahmood Gaamee, and later by Rasul Meer, Maqbool Shah Kraalavaaree, Prakash Bhat, Shamas Faqir and Ahmed Batavaaree, to mention only a few names. Writing a *gazal* became a craze, because it was not only a popular form used by great Persian masters and Urdu poets like Ghalib and others, but also a convenient receptacle for wandering disjointed thoughts which lacked tragically in any centrality. The main *gazal* writers from 1920 to 1947 are Dilsoz, Majeed Meer Islamabadi, Ghulam Ahmad Naaz and Asad Meer. Zinda Kaul, Rasa Javidani, Mahjoor and Azad are perhaps the only poets who used the form successfully during this period. The stress on realism after 1947 led to the rejection of the loose form of *gazal* and the change over to the *musalsal gazal*, i.e., one having a centrality of theme. Mere appeals to the beloved about a hundred assorted things found themselves replaced by social and political problems. The best *gazals* today are those of Nadim, Kamil and Rahi, but this form is no longer considered the 'crown of poetry'.

In the past, paucity of material and absence of complexity of emotion made for a limited canvas. Modern poetry, because of an enlarged canvas, discards the con-

ventionally artificial poetic language and adopts the rhythm of speech. A beautiful poem like Nadim's *Mė chham aash Pagühüch* (My Hope of Tomorrow) cannot be put on the *santoor* or *chhakree* in spite of its perfect rhyme and rhythm. It is a music of ideas, not of words. The best poems show a perfect blending of matter and manner. In this category there are other poems like Kamil's *Yaarabaluk Sahar* (Dawn on the River Bank) and Firaq's *Bulbulas Kun* (To the Nightingale), though the latter suffers considerably by its inevitable comparison with Keats' *Ode to a Nightingale.*

The most significant poet of the period is Dina Nath Nadim. In fact it wouldn't be wrong to call this period the Age of Nadim. When the Cultural Congress was formed and *Kwong Posh* started publication, the mantle of leadership fell almost automatically on Nadim, the spirit of the new movement of progressive writers. He joined the Communist Party in 1950, but his revulsion and revolt against the prevailing social order had begun when he was only a school boy. Childhood memories burn deep into a sensitive soul, and the political revolution and the progressive movement were only an answer to his soul's quest and not the cause of his education or conversion. The writers who shaped his personality were the English romantic poets and the moderns, particularly T. S. Eliot; Mayakovsky and Gorky; Josh and Ehsan Danish. His career as a poet is most intimately linked with the political developments in Kashmir from 1946 to the present day. To write about him is to write about the progressive movement in Kashmir. He sang of the dawn of the freedom movement in 1946 in his *Vwothee Baagüch Kukilee,* opposed the Macnaughton Plan in *Dapaan aḍ karav az,* hailed the land-to-the-tiller resolution in his *Asi Kaäshiryav tul nòv rut kadam* in 1951, wrote his opera *Bòmbur ta Yam-*

bürzal after Sheikh Abdulla's arrest in 1953. That same year brought the beginning of disillusion, which is reflected in his poem *Zindabaad mė haz az chonuy sreh* (1954) as also in Arif's *Sooṭ chhuy tayaar habaa,* which was published in *Gulrez.* When after 1956 the progressive movement disintegrated, not only because it was a spent force with most individuals but also because a new organization came into being with Bakshi Abdul Rashid as its president, a strain of sardonic humour crept into Nadim's poems, as is seen in *Huti nazran ḍolaan chhee dyaar matyo* and *Radee kaagaz akhbaar künyiv* (1957).

His exploitation of the resources of the Kashmiri language is remarkable. He not only shows unerring command of the vast word hoard, but also demonstrates that the language of everyday speech is as rich and flexible a poetic medium as any and doesn't need to deck itself in borrowed robes. Using poetry as the vehicle of propaganda, he infused it with a vigour and masculinity it had never known before. He made use of rhyme, rhetoric and effective repetition to awaken the sensibilities of men to the dangers of war, imperialism and capitalism. In fact, during this period he hardly ever wrote a single poem without a direct political bias. His *Bü Gyavana Az* (I will not sing today) may be said to be the manifesto of the new movement:

I will not sing today
I will not sing
Of roses and of bulbuls
Of irises and hyacinths
I will not sing
Those drunken and ravishing
Dulcet and sleepy-eyed songs
No more such songs for me!
I will not sing those songs today.

He introduced the rhythm of speech, as in the superbly constructed and restrained *Mė chham aash Pagŭhŭch* (My Hope of Tomorrow), or of popular songs and hawkers' cries, as in *Dal Haanzni hŏnd Vatsun* (The Song of the Boatwoman):

I've brought them fresh from the lake —
Come buy! come buy! come buy!
Small brinjals and round big gourds —
Come buy! come buy! come buy!

Fresh radish gleaming in the shade of the weeds,
Marsh turnip blushing like a belle —
O my boat is like the flowering dawn!
Come buy! come buy! come buy!

The most distinctive feature of Nadim's style is his impeccable use of words and his startlingly original imagery woven with the warp and weft of everyday Kashmiri life, thought and custom. Some of these images may appear far-fetched, but they convey the meaning most beautifully, as for example in *Son Vatan* (Our Motherland), where he compares his motherland to a long absent uncle arriving from the village with a gift of apples. One also sometimes gets the feeling that the similes which almost choke his lines are not used out of a compulsive necessity to elucidate the meaning, and this is a weakness that one finds in many other younger poets whose thought and expression have been fertilized by Nadim.

Nadim began his experiments in free verse early, though he retained rhyme which with him hardly ever proved a handicap. *Suba gaŭhee* (Morning), a beautiful description of daybreak, is in blank verse. Incidentally, this poem along with *Aadanuk Posh* (The First Flower), *Tsyatas chhuyi* (Do you remember?) and his very success-

ful *gazals* marks the beginning of his latest phase and departure from his total commitment to propagandist and tendentious poetry. The title of the first poem in this phase, *Naabad ta Ṭyaṭhavyan* (The Bitter and the Sweet), translated literally, means 'candy and wormseed', and these two words are used as symbols for the ecstasy and agony of extra-marital sexual love. Certain images and references are private (though not personal) and therefore lead to obscurity. The emotional sequence is in three phases — passionate craving, consummation and the aftermath. The poem is dominated by erotic symbols, like the sandalwood tree, *vyoog,* Sheshnag, the hooded snakes, Brahma, the lotus and the cypress. There is repeated reference to pregnancy, as in 'the big and bulging chenar', 'the manger-born child' and 'the jessamine bulging in the middle'. The expressions 'blushing' and being 'red to the lobes of the ears' suggest a sense of guilt as well as the ecstasy of remembered bliss. The only image that suggests rape is that of the monal leaping into the glen. *Kaȧṭhy Darvaaza pyaṭha Gara taam* (From Kaȧṭhy Darvaaza to Home), *Zalüry Zaȧjy* (Spider Webs), *Raatüky Trė Pahar* (Three watches of the Night), *Tsor Vakh* (Four Moments) and *Haȧrysaat* (Incidents) also belong to this period of maturity.

Nadim has introduced the sonnet, both in the Petrarchan and Shakespearean forms, and has written a few operas, the first being *Bo̊mbur ta Yambürzal* (The Bumble bee and the Narcissus), which contains some delightful songs. He established the fact that propagandist literature need not necessarily be second rate. His politics are so vital and inseparable a part of his personality that they rather enrich than impoverish his poetry, though his efforts sometimes fall short of the fusion of his complex experience as poet and man into an artistic whole. One of his most forceful

poems, *Aman Apeeli pyaṭh Daskhat* (Signature on the Peace Appeal) could very well do without the seventh and eighth stanzas which mar its organic unity.

The influence of Nadim is evident in the work of many poets, some of whom have borrowed not only his ideas but also his very images. Abdul Rahman Rahi's early work is seen clearly bearing Nadim's impression. He made his debut in the early fifties with the publication of a few propagandist poems which were rich in promise, giving evidence of his skill in handling various stanzaic patterns and the *gazal.* But at the same time one notices how uneasy the artist in him was grafting revolutionary exhortation on sensuous passages — an uneasiness he fortunately overcame quite early with his discovery of the monologue which he introduced into Kashmiri poetry. In *Gaṭa ta Gaash* (Darkness and Light) the dispossessed *jagirdar* and the now happy peasant speak alternately. He published his poems under the title *Novroz Sabaa,* and this collection revealed a careful artist, maturing both in thought and expression.

As in Nadim, his imagery is fresh and original and drawn from everyday proletarian life. His forte, however, is the evocation of an atmosphere through significant details and images — the symbolist technique. In *Zindagee* (Life) he evokes both the anguish and joy of existence through two pictures — the first that of a mother watching her son being arrested at midnight, and the second that of an expectant mother watching the joyous atmosphere of a school at closing time:

> Four o'clock. The sun's face is flushed.
> In the school at Maarbal the peon,
> Swinging his arms lustily, strikes the bell.

Life in the class rooms wakes up with a yawn,
Like a flower shrub shrunk and limp with the sun's heat
Suddenly finding the shade of a cloud.
The teachers give the boys home tasks, and leave.
Two class mates decide to play under the chenars
Like a couple of pigeons resolving to soar in the sky.
The school ground raises a merry din, seeing children at play
Like birds flying down from their nests into the garden,
Like buds appearing in profusion on a tender bough,
Some running strapping satchels, some swinging slates,
Some like quicksilver, some bounding like the deer.
The peon swings open the outer gate
And the entire market bubbles with life.
The gram vendor's stock is gone in a flash
The beansman hawks his wares.

Path agar yiyihe ti motas vaäry (Then if Death were to come) is the monologue of an old woman with an unquenchable love of life but with no illusions about the hereafter:

O heart! O foolish heart! Ungovernable!
Knock at the door of my youth! Call him back!
I would wash the dark robe of the night,
Send brocade for the sun to wear
And plumes for his head,
Play many a lilting tune while drifting on the lake,
Water the only convolvulus in my yard.
Then if death were to come, he wouldn't gather much —
And I don't care if they close all the gates of paradise!

His poem *Àzich Kath* (Let's talk about Today) stands above the rest with its superb construction and imagery. Without recanting his political faith, he argues that if the fabric of our socialist dreams has to have a reality, we must start with the reorganization of our present existence. Otherwise it will only be 'vacant shuttles weaving the wind':

When the moon comes up with borrowed sheen
The impatient cry, 'It's the midday sun!'
Flowers in a vase delude the fool
To feel that the garden is in bloom.
The fowl flies to perch on the low mud wall,
And thinks he has flown over lands and seas.
Promise of gold bracelets dulls one's ears
To the clanking of chains in one's own feet.

In his recent work Rahi has moved on to a contemplation of the fundamental problems of existence and of the role of religion, politics and philosophy throughout man's history. Poignancy of the memory of a dead love forms the theme of *Dahi Vuhüry* (After Ten Years). *Rèh ta Raks* (The Flame and the Dance) has epigrammatic terseness and *Pay chhu Zulmaata vuzaan* (Out of Darkness comes Light) is an experiment in symbolism. One notices a certain growing preoccupation with the theme of death and the evanescence of life.

Mirza Ghulam Hasan Beg Arif is one who stands outside the ring, being by training and temperament a scientist who loves and is capable of detachment and would rather belong to an intellectual minority, and assess and criticise if necessary, than follow the beaten track. He has been one of the foremost figures in the field of Kashmiri letters for a quarter of a century. A man of rugged originality and sincerity, he has been associated with various literary and cultural activities ranging from the search

for a script to the publication of literary journals. Though he founded the *Bazme Adab* as early as 1940 and organised a number of *mushairas,* his aim was not to found a school but to give Kashmiri language and literature the status it had been denied. His literary influences were Iqbal, Ghalib, Chakbast, Hasrat Mohani, Josh, Faiz and Munshi Prem Chand. But he has never liked love poetry — in fact, he doesn't consider love a subject fit for poetry at all. He has written on almost every other subject and reflected the different facets of social and political life in Kashmir. His mystical poems, however, fail to convince the reader about the intensity and depth of the spiritual experience.

Although he has been a prolific writer, he has not published much. *Dusa* (The Shawl), a poem on the exploitation of the shawl weavers, is quite forceful, and so are *Baanahaj Baal* (The Banihal Mountain), which describes the sufferings of coolies crossing over the mountain snows, and *Zanaanan hŏnd Ehtejaaj,* a plea for the emancipation of women. But Arif is a satirist *par excellence,* and his special medium, like that of the other distinguished satirist of our time, Mir Ghulam Rasul Nazki, is the *rubaayee* (quatrain) which he uses with excellent effect. He has throughout remained the watch dog of the revolution, as the following quatrains will show:

The rich man called him scum and fed him on
his crumbs;
The political juggler called him king
and robbed him even of his rags.
The poor have for ages seen
The changing make-up of the knaves.

Political friendship is a paper boat,
Fit bed only for the foolish word.
If you would fare forward, beware
The wave of time and the wind of self interest.

Satan arranged a jolly fete —
The crowds were huge, though the fees were high.
Intellect is now clean of the rust of honesty,
And religion is now an ace of trumps.

Apart from his quatrains, his best and most popular poems are *Guna hyath gur gom aabas, Mözrėny, Magar Kaaravaan son pakaan gav* and *Gaṭi mañz phaṭa yaa raṭa nooraanas.*

Mohammad Amin Kamil's *Mas Malür* (Flask of Wine) was published in 1955. He has successfully experimented with different metres and forms, from the strident rhythm of *Aalyuk Poshinool* (The Oriole in his Nest) to the nine-lined stanza of *Vakh chhu Vüchh* (Now is the Time). His poems show a true poetic sensibility, though some of them are marred when, as in *Gul-i-Laala* (The Tulip) the revolutionary suddenly wakes up and takes the platform to say a thing or two. His *Gaama Masval* (The Village Iris) recalls Mahjoor's celebrated *Greesy Koor* and is frankly derivative, but Kamil introduces a note of modern sensibility and feminism when comparing the peasant girl to a respectable middle class lady. Mahjoor makes the comparison thus:

What gulfs between you and high-born dames!
You are the soul of freedom and flowers
And the dames languish in shuttered prisons.

And Kamil:

Others there are whose life's current stopped
flowing long ago -
Languishing veiled in mansions, with life
anaesthetised;
For these poor pallid moons, youth comes as a
misfortune,
A cloud that brings death.

> They have ever lived gagged by conventional demureness,
> Lulled nightly to slumber by fairy tales of chastity,—
> Moth-eaten, mildewed, like an old account book,
> Like a story long forgotten, like spent lightning.

Kamil tried his hand at unrhymed verse in *Dal Toofaan* (Storm in the Dal Lake), an allegory of the relentless struggle of life without the opium of a hereafter. His *Nyatha nány Maane* (Naked Thoughts), like Rahi's *Rèh ta Raks,* is epigrammatic and, among other things, touches upon the poet's eternal wrestle with an inadequate medium:

> The brocade of words is not to be had,
> And naked thoughts just waste away.

Terseness of expression is also evident in his other poems like *Doori prazlyav taarukhaa* (A distant star shone bright) and *Tsú ta Bú* (You and I). These poems mark a total departure from his earlier facile technique. It may be said that he discovered his poetic medium only after 1960. A poem with him now is a music of ideas, an orchestration of articulated thoughts, half suggestions and overtones. His publications, *Lava ta Prava* (1965) and *Bèyi suy Paan* (1967) firmly establish him as one of the three most significant poets of the modern times.

The accent on realistic art or people's poetry is best seen in the poems of Dina Nath Wali Almast. His *Baala Yapaari* (This side of the Mountain) appeared in the same year as Kamil's *Mas Malúr*. Essentially a painter, Almast makes no claim to breaking new ground in form and metre. His *gazals,* like those of Rasa Javidani, have only a certain degree of virtuosity. The title poem *Baala Yapaari* and its sequel, *Baala Apaari* (Across the Mountain) describe the plight of a wage labourer crippled by disease and reduced to begging in the hot plains while his impecunious wife

and children are waiting for his return home. There are other poems — on themes like the Hindu widow (*Vyadvaah*), women gathering cowdung and water weeds (*Khüry Haañzany*), a girl abducted by the raiders and sold into a Pakistani brothel and so on. Many other poets also have written on the proletarian Eve. Fazil had written earlier two excellent lyrics, *Kraala Koor* (The Potter's Daughter) and *Pàhàly Koor* (The Shepherd Girl) in the manner of Mahjoor's *Greesy Koor*. Bahaar wrote *Gaàry Haañzany* (The Water nut Seller), Nadim, *Ḍal Haañzni hŏñd Vatsun* and Premi, *Tüyi* (The Yarn). These are all, except for Fazil's two poems, reminiscent of Hood's *The Song of the Shirt*. Indeed it became a fashion to write on some working class woman or other. It would seem that each daughter of the soil can now boast of more than one poem composed on her.

Ghulam Nabi Firaq began as a member of the National Cultural Congress. In his earlier days he believed in communism and was in the vanguard of the progressive movement. His poetry shows a deep influence of the Urdu progressive and English romantic poets. He has enriched Kashmiri poetry with his numerous translations of English poems. In 1956, with the disintegration of the progressive movement, he joined the Kashmir Cultural Centre. Ever since he has been mainly writing poems describing the beauty of nature.

Fazil has written some delightful poems like *Kraala Koor, Pàhàly Koor* and *Chana ròs pyaala gom khaàliye*. They are essentially songs and do not have much depth. His description of nature has only a photographic interest. There is no aim at interpretation, nor can we say that he has essentially an ideology, a point of view or any ground whatsoever to stand on.

The note of disillusion was struck early by Noor Moham-

mad Roshan in his *Shaheed sùnz Maùj* (The Martyr's Mother) as he felt that the revolution had been betrayed:

> While there was many a mile to go
> And the road still wet with the martyrs' blood
> They rested, using old laws as pillows.
> They forgot the distant goal,
> The motherland caught in the whirlpool,
> And turned their back on the caravan.
> With painted grief they've come today,
> Offering flowers — not to salute you, my son,
> But to show how great they are!

But it is only in his poem *Bahaar* (Spring) that he may be said to be really calling on the Muse. This poem, describing the advent of spring in Kashmir, vibrates with the joy of life:

> When the spring breeze crossed over the mountain,
> The clouds packed up their dull grey shawls;
> The sky turned blue as a sapphire;
> The sun laughed from behind the distant peaks;
> The mountain snow perspired like a bashful
> nymph in confusion,
> Giving birth under her mantle to infant rills.
> Beholding this, streams leapt wildly forth,
> Bounding over rocks like churned, foaming milk,
> And kissing on the forehead the waterfalls,
> They cried, 'Our darling spring has come!'

Roshan's last medium was the *ṭukh*, a form of the *rubaayee*. I say 'last' because he has not written anything for a decade now.

It is difficult at this early stage to judge whether most poets with the exception of Nadim and Roshan recanted their socialist faith or merely felt that the raising of political slogans in poetry was only juvenile and inartistic.

However, with the end of the period of turmoil and exuberance in 1960, the poet came to the painful realization that he was not, as he had imagined himself to be, an integral part of society. The cleavage between him and the environment and the wobbling of the ideals which had seemed steadfast, made the sixties a period of spiritual unrest. Many old voices became silent. Only a few of them, i.e., Nadim, Rahi, Firaq and Kamil, in whom the creative urge burned bright, remained.

Among the recent poets whose mature work is really not covered by this period, are Ghulam Nabi Khayal, Vasudev Reh, Muzaffar Azim, Ghulam Rasool Santosh, Chaman Lal Chaman, Sajood Sailani and Moti Lal Saqi. Reh's *Shabgard,* Khayal's *Zanjoori hȯṅd Saaz* (which was written in jail), Muzaffar Azim's *Zolaana,* Sailani's *Shėhjaar* and Saqi's *Mȯdury Khaab* are recent publications. The most original of these poets is Santosh, who is also the most distinguished modern painter. His work is suffused with a spirituality. His use of Shaivite symbols and his auditory imagination are remarkable. He has written a few sonnets, but his best poems so far are *Vyas myaȧny Noorah* and *Raat.*

I must also mention a poet whose insipiration does not smell of the lamp or recall the political platform. Laala Lakhyman, the people's poet who died recently, was a village postman. In language which is far from sophisticated he has painted delightful vignettes of rural life caught between conservatism and change. The comic situations produced by the impact of modern civilization on amused and mildly recalcitrant villagers form the subject of his poems. His laughter does not always have a satiric ring; he sees it as the spice of life — a factor which has made his *Laala Lȧkhyman Shakdaare Draav* and other poems very popular.

To sum up, the contribution of the poets who have written during the period under review has been the enriching of the content of Kashmiri poetry with the inclusion of an intense national consciousness and social awareness, the introduction of a wide variety of forms and metres as a consequence of an indefatigable search for a new medium and the simplification of the language of poetry, which is now more akin to the spoken language. Since 1955, when revolutionary ardour was more or less spent and disillusion had seeped in, the major poets have been seeking to articulate a complex sensibility and experimenting with expressionism. The first shot was again fired by Nadim with his *Naabad ta Tyaṭhavyan* (The Bitter and the Sweet) in 1960. One finds the poets engaged now in a search for a new idiom and a reaction against their own earlier facile technique. But because of the discovery of a new Helicon, the poetry of this period of bold experimentation is by and large young and fresh and does not suffer from any of the diseases of opulent old age.

Trilokinath Raina

Poems

ZINDA KAUL

1884–1965

Born at Madanyar in Srinagar. Had his early education in *maktabs* (private schools). Showed great proficiency in learning Persian. Admitted in the Govt. Middle School but had soon to discontinue his studies (at the age of 13) to be apprenticed to a photographer. Later, joined the C M S School and passed the Matriculation examination in 1902. Was appointed teacher in the Hindu High School in 1903, where he taught till 1922. Passed the B A examination in 1915 as a private candidate. Considered an ideal teacher and held in great respect and affectionately called 'Masterji' throughout his life. Worked from 1922 to 1940 as an assistant in the Department of Archaeology, as a translator in the Publicity Department and finally as a teacher in the Vasanta Girls' School. His first poetical attempts were in Persian. Later, wrote in Urdu and Hindi. Published his collection of Hindi poems, *Patar Pushp,* in 1940. His Persian and Urdu poems were published under the title *Diwan-i-Saabit* in 1966. Started writing in Kashmiri in 1942. *Sumran,* his collected Kashmiri poems, was published by Laala Rookh Publications in 1955. Won the Sahitya Akademi award in 1956. Compiled, translated, edited and published the poetical works of Parmanand in 1941-42.

SUMRAN

Sumran panůny ditsaånam loluk nishaana vėsiye
Råtshůrun tògum na rovum, osum na baana vėsiye

Path kaali chhum na dyutmut swon mwokhta daana vėsiye
Ȧny saari kyaah labakh vwòny tim mwokhta daana vėsiye

Vaålinji manz thavun gòtsh, haavun thòvum athas pyaṭh
Raah kas chhu kòr mė paanas nwoksaan paana vėsiye

Haavun chhu raavaraavun, chaavuk samar chhu khaåmee
Thaavaan chhi chhaava baapath baanan zi ṭhaana vėsiye

Yana suy nishaana rovum tana måts gamůts ta phalavaa
Nyun hyòn na kėṅh ti pheraan chhas vaana vaana vėsiye

Yåtsh patsh ma haar, byaakhaa hyath yoory vaati
kaantshaa
Tas chhaa kåmee nishaanan, båry båry khazaana vėsiye

Dolan kòhan vanan manz, sholan chhi gulshanan manz,
Żotan chhi taarakan manz kaåtyaah nishaana vėsiye

å : pertain	aå : b*i*rd	e : m*a*le	ė : met
o : g*o*	ò : *o*asis	ů : scr*i*pt	uů : long *ů*
wo : g*o*t	ṭ : *t*ill	ḍ : *d*o	ts : *ts*ar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

'He'd given me his rosary
As a token of His love;
But careless, undeserving,
I lost this precious gift.

'Not having shared in all my births
Gold and pearl with others,
What avails my groping now
For the pearls that I have lost?

'What I should have treasured
In the temple of my heart,
I displayed on my hand
In childish ostentation.

'Impetuosity's fruit is imperfection;
What is displayed is surely lost;
That's why the pot is lidded fast
To cook anything at all.

'Ever since I lost this gift,
I've roamed about distracted;
I move from shop to shop,
But I know not what to buy'.

'Lose neither hope nor faith!
A new sign is on its way,
For in His royal treasures
There is no dearth of tokens.

'They abound in every forest,
Lie ungathered on the mountain,
They blaze in every garden
And twinkle in the stars.'

Vyasarith, ḍȧlith, pathar pyath buth kyaah dimav
tȧmis nish
Path pheranu̇ky pakaan chhaa yithy hiv bahaana vėsiye

Maanav zi ȧsy hyamav path, chhoryaa tasund mȯhabath
Payvand yi aadanuk chhaa shury dostaana vėsiye

Dil phuṭymu̇tyan su toshan, yȧts gȧrymu̇tyan chhu roshan
Gatsh vȧrymu̇tyan Swodaaman pru̇tsh gaȧybaana vėsiye

Ȧndy pȧkhy tatee chhu aasan bwoda bror Soordasun
Bozaan chhu maay laȧgith lolu̇ky taraana vėsiye

ȧ : p*e*rtain   aȧ : b*i*rd   e : m*a*le   ė : m*e*t
o : g*o*   ȯ : *o*asis   u̇ : scr*i*pt   uu̇ : long *u̇*
wo : g*o*t   ṭ : *t*ill   ḍ : *d*o   ts : *ts*ar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य   tsh : aspirate of ts

'Having strayed, tottered and fallen,
How dare I face Him again?'
'But you'll find it unavailing —
This lame excuse to fly Him!

'For even if you turn,
He will pursue for ever;
This bond is from the dawn of life,
Not a passing, childish fancy.

'He does not like those who use
Reason's nimble fingers,
But Sudama will tell you that He hugs
The broken, penitent heart.

'He is always by your side,
He has always been there,—
The child listening to Surdas
Singing of His love.'

Sudama — Krishna's childhood friend who, driven by dire poverty, visits him in his palace at Dwarka.
child — Krishna, disguised as a child.

NAATAYAȦREE

Myaani khwota yus baraan me yatsh ta lol
Aash tay gaash osh tay sarkaar myon
Kaanchhivun me tshaaravun tay gaaravun
Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon

Tȧmy dȯpum kėṅh kaal yath deshas andar
Yath makaanas roz myaȧnee vath vuchhaan
Dooryaras manz vaari phwolanay lola posh
Aȧzi hamsaayan hakan tim baȧgraan
Taar chon ada zaana bü tay kaar myon
Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon

Yath kulis sag dikh zameenas vaati srėh
Lol yėmy yas kaȧnsi bȯr tȧmy bȯr dayas
Lol tȧsy nish draav tȧsy vaataan tswopaȧry
Gaaṭalyav yee zon yim vaȧtith payas
Yee chhu loluk raaz yee israar myon
Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon

Khat patür sozaan chhum yȯt kaala vaȧsh
Kaagzan hȯnd rang byȯn byȯn beshumaar
Posha margaah, bȯḍ saraah, taarakh nabaah
Nȧdiyaah yath Ährabal hyoo aabshaar
Poshinoolah, pompuraah, yambürzalaah,
Khinda karavüny harna jooryaah sheerkhaar
Maȧrymȯndaah, swondaraah, bȯḍ gaaṭulaah
Pȯz phakeeraah naphsa tworgas shaahsavaar
Kėṅh na aȧsith yus dapaan samsaar myon
Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon

Pȧtymi pȧhray trov yėli pȯt zoonyi gaah
Mushk poshav tshȯṭ sapun khwoshboy vaav
Poshinoolan naala dyut vanhaari bool
Saaz aakaashuk ta aaruk aavalyaav
Vyoor hyath lȯt lȯt pakaan sworguk havaa

UNPREPAREDNESS

My hope and light, my lord and master —
Desiring, seeking, waiting for me
From eternity;
Before whose love and care
My self-love pales into nothingness —

Gave me this home in this land
And said, 'Wait here for me,
And when blossoms of love
Bloom bright in separation,
Give them to your neighbours.

'If you water a plant, the earth is moist;
Your love for man, thus, reaches me,
For love which flows from me alone
Flows back to me from everywhere.
This is love's secret and my command.
The wise know this and are blessed.'

He sends me letters every day
In myriad-coloured envelopes;
Meadow, lake and starry sky,
River, thundering waterfall,
Butterfly and oriole and narcissus,
A frisking pair of young fawns,
A beau, a belle, a wise man,
A true saint in full control
Of the fiery steed of desire,
Who having nothing, still does claim
The world as his dominion.

When before dawn the late moon shone bright,
Flowers unbuttoned their fragrance
And the air was heavy with scent,
The golden oriole sang and the wild mynah,
Aeriel music vied with the stream's orchestration,
Breezes from heaven stole softly in, laden with pollen;

Tyuth samaaṅ saȧṅpun mė dȯp suy yoory aav
Saala rȯstuy aav baalay yaar myon
Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon

Mandachheyas yȧts gumav suu̇ty gaȧm shraan
Tshwonḍ tshyap dima haa natay gatsha haa mȧrith
Ḍeshimay yėmi haala man maa hundaryas
Ḃu̇y varish bėyi rozahaa dooryar zȧrith
Nanz, vastu̇r, paan taamat chhum na saaph
Sanz kėṅh poozaayi hȯnd maa chhum kȧrith
Yim na baȧgu̇rymu̇ty mė lookan lola posh
Maala karahakh, tim vuchhim pemu̇ty hȧrith
Shroots jaayaah chham na vathraavas kate
Gardi tay garaveṭha suu̇ty aamut bȧrith
Baana kuṭh gomut chhu ṭhokurdvaar myon
Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon

Yȯdvay nay lolas chhi tas gaȧmu̇ty phuṭal
Saala rȯstuy saani yun zaanun chhu aar
Yuth samaaṅ aȧkhu̇r nanyav khat os byaakh
Paana kȯt yiyihe mė zaȧnyith naatayaar
Sharam rachhȧvun myon pardaydaar myon
Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon.

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : b*i*rd	e : m*a*le	ė : m*e*t
o : g*o*	ȯ : *o*asis	u̇ : scr*i*pt	uu̇ : long *u̇*
wo : g*o*t	ṭ : *t*ill	ḍ : *d*o	ts : *ts*ar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

Such was the enchantment in the air
That I thought He had arrived —
My first and only love, not waiting for my call.

Ashamed, bathed in perspiration,
I wished I could hide or even die;
Better that I should bear separation
Than He grow cold to see me thus,
With body, dress and house unclean,
With no flowers for His garland.
Then I remembered the flowers
That I should have given my neighbours,
But, alas! neglected, they had withered.
And where could I seat my love ?
Full of dust and household goods,
My temple was a lumber room.

But I soon realized
Though His love is as the sea,
And He could come whenever He chose,
This enchantment was yet one more
Of His strange messages;
For how could He come, my lord and master,
Knowing that I was unprepared?

MAJBOORIYAAH

Vadihe manush chėyihe na ȯsh
Vadanas vuchhun taȧseer kyaah
Haȧrith ȧchhyav kiny khoon kyaah
Chhaȧvith palan suu̇ty heer kyaah
Boozith zi bozaan chhum na kaaṅh
Fariyaad karanu̇ch zeer kyaah
Laȧyith nabas yim teer kyaah
Majbooriyaah, laachaȧriyaah

Mȯr aana aanay chhus maran
Bwochhi tuu̇ri treshe povmut
Daadyav, khuryav, baȧtsav, shuryav
Phikrav, gamav hȯbrovmut
Yim gam tsȧlith hȧty haavsan
Mȯtsrovmut, vyasrovmut
Kunyi pyaṭh khyavaan thak chhus na dil
Kath taany kun chhus hovmut
Rut ḍeshanay, rut zaananay
Tshaaraan chhu kyaahtaany rovmut
Mas nyėndri manz chhukh chovmut
Nafsu̇ch ta shoku̇ch khaȧriyaah

Kartaany, kȧmytaamat bonaa
Pȯt tshaayi doore ḍyooṭhmut
Saanyav kanav tee boozmut
Saȧnis dilas tee byooṭhmut
Tȧmysund chhu ȧsy dooryar zȧrith
Suy monmut chhukh rooṭhmut
Goshan gupith zan byooṭhmut
Lolas chhi bȧly bemaȧriyaah

Yėmy doori roozith tsoori zan
Phambaah lȧdith thȯvmut kanan
Zaaṅh chhaa pru̇tshaan ahvaal son
Zaaṅh chhaa sworaan zaaṅh chha vanan
Yim kaala gaṭi me traȧvmu̇ty

COMPULSION

I could weep floods, and not drink
The salt of my own tears;
But what avails my bootless grief,
Even if blood streams from my eyes
And I dash my head on callous stones?
I know my cries fall on deaf ears,
Then what urge, deathless, makes me complain,
And aim vain shafts at the sullen sky?
What compulsion! What helplessness!

Man's life is one protracted process of dying.
Harassed by hunger, thirst and cold; beset
By trouble; afflicted with disease; benumbed
With worry, grief and the sordid business of living;
And, when these release their grip,
Assailed, maddened, enfeebled by desire,
His mind failing to rest on any object,
Driven from distraction to distraction,
Haunted by something he knows not what!
Having neither seen nor known the Good, seeking
For something lost, like one made drunk in sleep!
What affliction of flesh and longing!

Someone, sometime, somewhere
Has caught, as we are told, here below
A distant shadowy glimpse of His beauteous form.
Since this our hearts cannot dismiss as fiction,
We cannot bear the cruel distance that separates,—
For in great displeasure He sulks apart,
Hidden in retreats unknown to man.
Fond love's quest is ever futile!

He who lives so far away, in hiding as it were,
Plugging His ears with cotton wool,
Does He ever think of us? Does He ever care?
Does He ever ask, 'What has befallen
The unfortunate souls I cast in utter darkness

Laȧgith chhamban chhaaran vanan
Amaa timan gȧyi kyaah vanan
Husnas na kaaṅh gamkhaȧriyaah

Dapahav ȧmis yas ratsh na srėh
Tȧmysůnz diyee phal veer kyaah
Vyȯd maa ti chhuy maa pay pataah
Labanuk karakh tadbeer kyaah
Dil chhus na maanaan path atsun
Vaavas karav zanjeer kyaah
Tas te vůchhav takseer kyaah
Chhaa lol yaraftaȧriyaah

Panunuy kanan manz chhus sadaa
Chhus naapha paanas manz khȧṭith
Laaraan chhi amaa roosykȧṭ
Parbat ta van traȧvith tsȧṭith
Laaraan tithay paȧṭhyan chhu dil
Atha khor traȧvith ȧchh vȧṭith
Mushkaah yivaan chhus yaara sund
Lȧmy lȧmy kaḍaan chhus suy rȧṭith
Soorith ȧkis cheezas andar
Bėyi manza chhus neraan phȧṭith
Shamůan yėmis hov doori paan
Pompur bėhaa daaman vȧṭith
Tas pata mȧty mȧty nerinaa
(yȯdvay ȧchhyav nish chhus khȧṭith)
Sath akli hȧndy jaamay tsȧṭith
Chhaa husan jodoogaȧriyaah

Haȧraȧniyaah, lachaȧriyaah
Nafsůch ta shokůch khaȧriyaah
Lolas chhi bȧly bemaȧriyaah
Husnas na kaaṅh gamkhaȧriyaah
Chhaa lol yaaraftaȧriyaah?
Chaa husan jodoogaȧriyaah?

To wander o'er hills and ravines and woods?'
Beauty has no compassion!

I reason: Fool! He who is so untouched by pity,
What fruit will His willow yield?
And how do you hope to find this Stranger?
For you wouldn't know Him if you met Him!'
But the fond heart isn't thus restrained,
For who can ever chain the wind?
And can I really blame the heart?
True love is no flirtation!

Lo! this enthralling music comes only from within you!
Lured by her own musk's fragrance, the musk deer
Bounds restlessly in vain quest o'er hill and dale;
So runs the human soul in mad and blind career,
Drawn irresistibly by the fragrance of the Beloved,
Glimpsing Him in all created things,
Now in one and even now in yet another.
Having seen the lamp from afar,
The moth cannot sit still,
But will ever run after, with frenzied ecstacy,
Tearing through the seven robes of wisdom
(Even though the flame be hidden from his gaze).
Is Beauty mere enchantment?

What compulsion! What helplessness!
What affliction of flesh and longing!
Futility of fond love's quest!
Beauty's stony indifference!
True love is no flirtation,
But is Beauty mere enchantment?

seven robes of wisdom — the five senses, reason and judgement.

KARANAAVI TAARAKH NAA!

Naakaara gomut nagar son
Basanas na laayakh roodmut
Looṭas ta havsas baȧjybaṭh
Manzbaag miskeen moodmut
Tsalahaa ta bėyi yimahaa na yor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Zaȧlim zalar zan zaal hyath
Zaagaan gareeban zora vaȧly
Khotsan na haȧkim maari maa
Prütsha gaȧr maa kunyi aasi kaȧly
Chhukh peera phwokh tay dyaara zor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Maanav bȧnyith mȯhnyuv mazoor
Chhȯn nȯn malyun ȧchh gaasha rȯs
Lari looka hȧnzay baȧdaraan
Nari losanaavaan baashi rȯs
Saaraan khara sündy paȧṭhy bor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Day zonmut chhukh jaȧbiraah
Poozaa tasünz bachanuk chhu tshal
Zėvi kiny khwoshaamad chhis karaan
Aase ta anyi maa kėňh vwodal
Aslee chhu ḍȯkh son peera zor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Pȧzyaȧry, rahbar, rėsh, valee
Kar taam asi nish moodymüty
Zuva rȧsy mȧry path kun tihündy
Mȧty, mȧry ta mandar roodymüty
Vati raavaraan mulaa ta gor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Sėdy saada swondar jaanavar
Asi nish yiman bachanüch chhi aash
Maȧrith muhith chhikh ȧsy karaan
Ṭhoolav bachav saan aȧly naash

FERRY ME ACROSS

This city is now evil,
No longer fit to live in.
Robbery and greed in league
Crush the helpless in between.
I'd run away and never return!
Won't you ferry me across?

Like cruel spiders with their webs,
Propped up by wealth and priests,
Those in power wait for the poor,
Unafraid of earthly justice,
Or of higher justice one day.

Man, turned menial, wage labourer,
Hungry, naked, unclean, sightless,
Building houses for others' comfort,
Wears out his limbs in joyless toil
Like an ass that carries loads.

God to us is a hard tyrant,
Wrathful if not worshipped,
Offended if not flattered,
And He well might work great harm.
Thus we have to lean on priests.

Sages, high-souled and honest guides
Have long since been forgotten;
But we worship their lifeless sloughs
Such as madmen, shrines and temples;
And our priests mislead us every way.

Beautiful birds in innocence
Expect of us protection;
But we destroy them, nest and all,
With eggs and lovely fledgelings,

Chhuna khoona ròs vwotalaan ṭor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Yèti saarivùy day monmut
Kun daata maàlik maàjy mol
Khwokabaàṭy, taarakh, viginyi, yachh
Traàvith baraan tàsy yot lol
Pava nish na ḍalavùny or yor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bù tor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Yèti baàzy, afsoon, shilpa vyaz
Khurynaava zaànith anyigòṭ
Bakhtee, prèyam, seevaa, dayaa
Shòd darùm maanan tshòṭ ta mòṭ
Äthy vati pyaṭh thaàvith chhi khor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bù tor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Yèti desh vòth, zal thal vèshaal
An, pan ta phal, mad gyav vòphoor
Dyutmut dayan tim baàgaraan
Khyath chhukh hùraan, zaanan na tsoor
Swombarun chhi ganzaraan vwolabor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bù tor
Karanaavi taraakh naa apor!

Kèṅh kaàṅsi nish yàts tsòr na kam
Bèyi sund vùchhith àlyfas na bam
Ada kyaazi traavan topa dùh
Ada kyaazi pyan asmaana bam
Dushman na kaaṅh, phojuk na bor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bù tor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Àry dàry manush pàshy chaava suùty
Yèti kaàm kòṭ saàree karan
Path chhakh syaṭhaa rozan mwokal

To provide a feast that gladdens all.

O my soul yearns to go
Where everyone knows God
As the only giver, lord and father,—
Where goblins and stars haunt no minds,
For all love Him alone.

There charms and spells and magic rites
Are known as mere patterns of darkness;
And all work steadfast on the path
Of devotion, love, service, compassion —
The simple faith of people there.

That's no forbidden country!
There's open land, with gushing streams,
Grain and fruit, milk and honey —
God-given abundance shared by all!
Each gets enough and more; none thieve;
Hoarding is meaningless folly.

That's not a land of sharp contrasts,
And the green-eyed monster preys on none.
That is why no cannon boom,
No bombs rain from serene skies —
No enemies, no crushing burden of arms.

O what lusty limbs in man and beast!
Happy are their hearts in work,
And happy hours of leisure follow

Gindan, gyavan, lekhan, paran
Asanuk ta vyasanuk dor dor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bü tor
Karanaavi taraakh naa apor!

Yėti kaaṅh na vadanaavaan shuryan
Yėti deeviyay maanaan triyan
Yėti koor gȯbras khwota ṭaạṭh
Yėti nwosh na kạaṅh karmas düyan
Yėti baạy srėh vuzanas tswopor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bü tor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Vani, vaari, aaṅgan, jaayi saaph
Shrȯgy baana bartan, shrootsy shraạny
Sėdy saada vastür shoobavüny
Ȧry paan swondar nundabaạny
Kaaṅh maa kwokaarav kiṅy kwokor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bü tor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Kaaṅh maa hyatsarzad tay bichor
Kaaṅh maa chhu mȯt yaa phyor chor
Sworanay na naphsüny dorador
Pashanuk na vwosh, vadanuk na shor
Santosh vrat chhakh lachh kworor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bü tor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Yėli saarinüy asi ṭoṭhi day
Yėli pheri pay prėymuk tswopor
Saạree banan pạzykiny manush
Rozee na yėti kaaṅh hoon bror
Tee gav zi Raamun nagar khor
Roozith yapaaree tạry apor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bü tor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

For books and song and fun and play
And sounds of echoing laughter.

There children are not made to cry;
Women are treated as goddesses;
Daughters are dearer than sons;
Daughters-in-law don't curse their fate,
And love gushes from every spring.

Orchards, gardens, houses are clean;
Pots and pans are shining, though cheap;
Garments simple and graceful;
Bodies steeped in health and beauty,
For none is deformed with vice.

Distress, depression, unsound minds
Do not plague men there, —
Nor gnawing pangs of hunger
Or sighs of remorse or sounds of wailing.
Contentment is their boundless wealth.

When God blesses us all
With the sap of love in every vein,
It's only then that we'll be men,
And not mere cats and dogs.
The here will be the hereafter —
We'll build the city of Rama.

GHULAM AHMAD MAHJOOR

1885–1952

Born at Metragam, Pulawama. Son of Pirzada Abdulla Shah, who was well-read in Persian and Arabic and from whom he received his first lessons. Sent later to village Traal to study under the poet, Ali Ghanai Aashak. Admitted in Nazrat-ul-Islam School, Srinagar at the age of 18. Studied here till he passed the Middle School examination. Went to Amritsar where he made the acquaintance of the Urdu poets, Bismil Amritsari and Shibli Naamaani. Adopted the pen name Mahjoor, learnt Urdu calligraphy and worked as a *kaatib* (writer) in a newspaper office. Returned to Kashmir and married in 1908. Started writing poetry, first in Persian and then in Urdu. His first Kashmiri poem, *Vanta hay Vesy* appeared in 1918. Wrote subsequently only in his mother tongue. His father wanted him to enter his own profession which, however, did not attract the sensuous youngster. Appointed as a *paṭwari* in 1908. Though he kept aloof from politics, he enlarged his canvas to include subjects like unity, social equality, communal harmony and freedom. With the birth of New Kashmir, he was the most honoured poet till his death in 1952.

LWOKACHAAR

Baȧzy kȧrithüy tsȯlkhaa baȧzygaaro ho
Navbahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon yaavun khasavun haar shraavun
Jalva haavun ta aalam tambalaavun
Bosh poshan rood dȯh taaro ho
Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon lwokachaar vanakuy os divdaar
Labi dȧriyaa chhaavaan taaza sabzaar
Mato tsaṭṭam haa tabardaaro ho
Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon lwokachaar joshdaar kaayur naar
Shola maaraan khoonkhaar zoraavaar
Josh soryom tshėta gom naaro ho
Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon lwokachaar khaabaah os mazadaar
Khyom aphsoos yaamat gos bedaar
Tee bů vuchhahaa bėyi dubaaro ho
Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon lwokachaar baaguk jaanaavaar
Poshi lanji pyaṭh bolaan khwosh guftaar
Teer mo laay meeri shikaaro ho
Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon lwokachaar sholavun os gulzaar
Suli phȯlymüty aȧsy tath guli anaar
Vaava hardünyi gos loora paaro ho
Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon lwokachaar tsalavun aabi Rȧmby aar
Gav neerith pheerith yun chhu dushvaar
Kwolaraadan dȯd yi sabzaaro ho
Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

YOUTH

How very soon after conjuring
A vision so sweet, you left, O wizard!
Life's spring time, O my youth!

How like high midsummer was my youth,
Tempting the world with lifted veil!
But alas, the blossoms remained for a day!
Life's spring time, O my youth!

It was like a cedar in the forest
Enjoying the river bank's pubescent green.
Cut it not down, O stern woodman!
Life's spring time, O my youth!

It was like the blazing pine-wood fire,
Showering sparks with tongues of flame.
Spent is its force, the fire is out.
Life's spring time, O my youth!

My youth was only a dream so sweet
That my grief was great when it was gone.
O could I dream that dream again!
Life's spring time, O my youth!

It was a sweet-throated bird in the garden,
Singing perched on a flowering bough.
Do not aim your arrow, O hunter king!
Life's spring time, O my youth!

It was a garden aflame with the colour
Of the bright red blossoms of pomegranates.
But the autumn wind destroyed the bloom.
Life's spring time, O my youth!

It was like the hurrying waters of Rambi stream
Which rushes down, but can't come back
Even though the grass on the banks may wither.
Life's spring time, O my youth!

Graay kariṭhủy tsȯl me yaavan raay
Laay roozủsna hiyi tanyi traȧvnam haay
Yiyi naa bėyi haavi deedaaro ho
                Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Chhas Zulaykhaa vati pyaṭh laȧgith maay
Shaahi Yoosuf yiyinaa yaavan raay
Bėyi aki laṭi gatshi milatsaaro ho
                Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

ȧ	:	p*e*rtain	aȧ	:	b*i*rd	e	:	m*a*le	ė	: m*e*t
o	:	g*o*	ȯ	:	*o*asis	ủ	:	scr*i*pt	uủ	: long *ủ*
wo	:	*go*t	ṭ	:	*t*ill	ḍ	:	*d*o	ts	: *ts*ar (Russian)
		consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य							tsh	: aspirate of ts

I stand forsaken by the Lord of Youth,
And soot has covered my jessamine frame.
My eyes starve to see him again.
Life's spring time, O my youth!

I am the forlorn Zuleika on the road,
My love, Yusuf's footfall awaiting.
I yearn to meet him once again!
Life's spring time, O my youth!

Rambi stream — a straggling stream flowing through Shopian, which looks like a broad river when swollen during the rains

BAAGE NISHAATA KE GULO

Baage Nishaata ke gulo
Naaz karaan karaan vwolo
Khanda karaan karaan vwolo
Mwokhta haraan haraan vwolo

Tsaakh tsu̇ yaam dar chaman
Bosa kȧree tsė kosaman
Shok chhu̇ yambu̇rzalan
Khaȧsy baraan baraan vwolo

Saȧri ḍaluk tsu̇ vu̇chh bahaar
Baage Nishaato Shaalamaar
Chashma zu̇ thaȧvmay tayaar
Taara taraan taraan vwolo

Sangdilaa sitamgaraa
Aar tsė chhuy na akh zaraa
Zaayi gȧyas bu̇ swondaraa
Maay baraan baraan vwolo

Baava kȧmis bu̇ yim sitam
Maara matyo tsu̇ boztam
Hola gȧjis bu̇ dam ba dam
Lol haraan haraan vwolo

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : b*i*rd	e : m*a*le	ė : m*e*t
o : g*o*	ȯ : *o*asis	u̇ : scr*i*pt	uu̇ : long *u̇*
wo : g*o*t	ṭ : *t*ill	ḍ : *d*o	ts : *ts*ar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

Flower of Nishat Bagh!
Come with your blandishments,
Come with your laughter,
Come showering pearls.

When you entered the garden,
The *kusum* kissed you;
The narcissus glowed with passion;
Come filling glasses.

See, spring has come
To Dal, Nishat and Shalamar!
I've kept ready two gushing springs.
Come rowing across.

O stranger to all pity,
Hard-hearted tyrant!
My bloom is wasted.
Come love me true.

Who'll heed my woes
But you, my love?
I'm dying of grief.
Come showering love.

two gushing springs — 'chasma' means both 'spring' and 'eye' The two springs across the Dal Lake are Chasma Shahi and Chashma Sahibi

GREESY KOOR

Poshivůnyi baagůch poshi gwondåriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondåriye
Sworgůch Heemaåly Kaafůch påriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondåriye

Aazaad vanůchee poshe thåriye
Mushka suůty ṭoory kåmee båriye
Sath rang bakhshee kåmee rangåriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondåriye

Syȯd saada jaama chhee shaama swondåriye
Na zi chhee goṭa nay zåriye
Kaatsa zoonyi zan chhi kaala ȯbrůky ṭhåriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondåriye

Neeran pheraan chhakhay shaah påriye
Goshan kar havaa khoriye
Poshan vyoor hyath vasee tůlåriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondåriye

Yaahoo karaan neree kotåriye
Baagan pheree ranga tsåriye
Naaga sabzaarůch baaga babåriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondåriye

Vanavaan draayakh pyaṭh thazåriye
Viginyav shaabaash kåriye
Changa saaz vaayaan chhakhay didåriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondåriye

Tsė ta khwojabaayan chhaa baraabåriye
Tsė gulan suůty dilbåriye
Khwojabaayi trȯparith daari ta båriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondåriye

Roshi roshi draayakh baaga andåriye
Poshav kan tsė maa båriye
Bulbul kårythakh kåly tay zåriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondåriye

THE PEASANT GIRL

Bouquet from Beauty's everlasting garden,
Heemal of Heaven or Caucasian fairy —
O peasant girl, what grace! what beauty!

Flowering plant in the woodland of freedom,
Who filled your buds with fragrance?
Whose brush painted you in gorgeous rainbow hues?

Exquisite beauty, how simple is your attire,
With neither flashy border nor brocade!
O bright Kartik moon, draped in black clouds!

Queen of the fairies, you roam in freedom
In glens and fragrant bowers,
Like a honey bee gathering pollen.

With song on your lips, O bright song bird,
You glide among flowers, scattering fragrance
Like sweet basil leaves growing wild on green banks.

I heard you singing on the heights
Like one playing on a harp in ecstacy,
And the fairies clapped their hands in joy.

What gulfs between you and high born dames!
You are the soul of freedom and flowers
And the dames languish in shuttered prisons.

When you entered the garden — O what coy grace! —
What did the flowers whisper to you?
You've robbed the bulbuls of their speech.

Gahna kanyi posh chhee tanyi jȧry jȧriye
Gȧrymu̇ty kȧmee zargȧriye
Paȧry lȧgyzi ath kaȧrygȧriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondȧriye

Royas chaȧnis may paykȧriye
Aab-o-rang chhuna baazaȧriye
Moyas maa chhay phȧlilu̇ch tȧriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondȧriye

Hayahu̇ki aaba chhay chashma bȧry bȧriye
Gaȧratu̇ch chhay dilaavȧriye
Sharmi chaanyi hoorav taȧreeph kȧriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondȧriye

Daji pyaṭh vuchhmakh thȯd ladith nȧriye
Lolo karaan lolȧriye
Nari maa losay tsoor kȧry kȧriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondȧriye

Guma hatsa shoobaan buma vanjȧriye
Chhi karaan gaarat gȧriye
Hyas yinay raavee mas malȧriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondȧriye

Bulhavas may laag guli paykȧriye
Aalutsh yuth nay aavȧriye
Chika chaav panunuy yinay raavȧriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondȧriye

ȧ	:	p*e*rtain	aȧ	:	b*i*rd	e	:	m*a*le	ė :	met
o	:	g*o*	ȯ	:	*o*asis	u̇	:	scr*i*pt	uu̇ :	long *u̇*
wo	:	g*o*t	ṭ	:	*t*ill	ḍ	:	*d*o	ts :	*ts*ar (Russian)
consonant + y	:	सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य							tsh :	aspirate of ts

You wear no jewels, but your lovely skin
Sparkles with millions of them!
Glory to the jeweller who wrought this miracle!

Your hair, innocent of purchased scents,
Frames a face whence flows such heady wine
As for its hue and power has no compeer.

O those gushing springs of bashfulness!
The houris envy your grace, and yet
You're framed in virtue, strong-souled maiden.

I saw you working in the field,
Yours sleeves rolled up, singing a love song —
O what rough work for those delicate arms!

O the loveliness of those sweat-soaked arched eyebrows!
How many are the hearts that it has slain!
O urn full of wine, beware your own drink!

Flower among fairies, let not the primrose path tempt you!
May you escape the deadly embrace of sloth
And the wayward doom of unbridled desire!

Heemaal — heroine of the immortal Kashmiri love story, *Heemaal Naagyraay*

Caucasian fairy — The Caucasus mountains, according to legend, were the home of ravishing beauties.

NERAHAA SANYAAS LAȦGITH

Nerahaa sanyaas laȧgith yaara sund pay tshaarahaa
Pherahaa shahran ta gaaman baal tas pata laarahaa

Yaara su̇ndis poshibaagas rosha vasahaa lola saan
Poshivu̇ny akh poshi ḍaȧlyaah dwon ȧchhan manz
khaarahaa

Yȯd su dilbar marshi traȧvith syȯd mė kun karihe nazar
Shraavanas zan hee bu̇ phwolahaa yaavanas tshȯh
maarahaa

Kaamadeev kari saȧri Ḍal boozum shabas gatshi Telbal
Darshanas aabas andar pamposh laȧgith praarahaa

Posh phȯlymu̇ty vaari keṅtsan rang keṅtsan rango boo
Rozavun yus gul chhu baagas suy gulav manza tshaarahaa

Bekhabar paȧṭhy aam khabre lola tab chhum kyaah vanas
Akh damaa ṭhȧhraav karihe dyava zaraa sandaarahaa

Soz bozu̇nyi paana yiyihe bozihe myaȧnee vedaakh
Shoka saan dilȧkis rabaabas taara lolu̇chi chaarahaa

Vadana suu̇ty taȧseer gatshihe yȯd tamis sangeen dilas
Raat dȯh pananyav ȧchhyav kiny khooni baaraan haarahaa

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : b*i*rd	e : m*a*le	ė : met
o : g*o*	ȯ : *o*asis	u̇ : scr*i*pt	uu̇ : long *u̇*
wo : g*o*t	ṭ : *t*ill	ḍ : *d*o	ts : *ts*ar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

I'LL PUT ON SAFFRON ROBES

I long to put on saffron robes
And find out where my love has gone,
Roam in every town and village
And over hill and dale.

I would glide into his bower
With love in every limb,
And gather in both my eyes a bouquet
Of flowers that do not fade.

If my love would only look at me,
Leaving his high disdain,
I'd be the Shraavan jessamine,
Abloom with youth and joy.

The God of Love is coming to Dal Lake
And will go at night to Telbal;
O could I become a patient lotus
In the lake to see him pass!

Variegated flowers bloom,
Some with ravishing perfumes;
But among these flowers I long to find
The one that does not fade.

He came to see me unexpected;
How could I show him the anguish
Of my love? I'd have revived
If he had stayed a moment.

I long for him to come and hear
The song of my love-sick soul;
I'd tune the strings of love
In my heart's harp in joy.

If his flint heart will melt
Only with my tears,
I shall weep a rain of blood
From my eyes every day.

Telbal — an exquisitely beautiful spot in the Dal Lake.

NUNDABAANYI DILBARA MYAANI

Nundabaanyi dilbara myaani vȧjythas maayi vanay kyaah
Heemal kȧrthas zaayi Naȧgeeraayi vanay kyaah

Chhim aaru̇vali hȧndy paȧṭhy gamu̇ty paara badaȧnas
Kastoori roodukh doori vanȧn tshaayi vanay kyaah

Daana daana zan sheena maȧny gȧjis chaanyi amaaray
Thėhė paan loyum lolache Gangaayi vanay kyaah

Raavun chhu labun yaam zonum Raam sapnum dil
Ada naar gȯnḍnam khophache Lankaayi vanay kyaah

Vȯth shor yaamat vaav husnas moj tulith gav
Izhaar kȯr tee zulphache thatharaayi vanay kyaah

Dil myon gul zan ȧshka vaavan kȯr yi pareshaan
Shahbaaz thovuth bulbulas hamsaayi vanay kyaah

Masval bu̇ aayas ṭukra jigaru̇ky pesh kashee hyath
Bėyi kyaah bu̇ anay chhum yutuy sarmaayi vanay kyaah

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : bird	e : male	ė : met
o : go	ȯ : oasis	u̇ : script	uu̇ : long u̇
wo : got	ṭ : till	ḍ : do	ts : tsar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

MY BEAUTIFUL ONE

How shall I tell you, O beautiful one,
A Heemal, enmeshed in your love,
Is pining, wasting away for you —
O Naágiray, how shall I tell you?

Sweet thrush, you've hidden in distant woods
While, like the wild jessamine's,
My bloom is falling off, petal by petal —
How shall I tell you?

I waited like a patient glacier,
Melting with yearning for you;
At last, grown desperate, I hurled myself
Into the Ganga of Love.

'Lose, if you would find!' Realizing this,
My heart became Rama, subduing Ravana,
And the Lanka of all my fears
Was burnt down to ashes.

Breezes stole into Beauty's world,
Causing ripples of desire;
Long tresses are still a-tremble,
And O! the havoc in my heart.

O breeze of love! why do you tease
The simple rose of my heart?
You've made the hawk neighbour to the bulbul —
How shall I tell you?

I've come to offer you all I have —
The pieces of a broken heart;
Alas! how shall I tell you, my love?
Like the hyacinth, that's all I have.

Vata chaanyi vu̇chhahaa vaara nazran raȧchh chhim
kam taany
Boozum vwoṅ karanam raȧchh dilache raayi vanay kyaah

Gul royi mė ṟooṭhukh ta gokh kaman mėhėrbaan
Naacheez kanḍyan pyaṭh tsė trovuth saayi vanay kyaah

ȧ	:	pertain	aȧ	:	b*i*rd	e	:	m*a*le	ė	:	m*e*t
o	:	g*o*	ȯ	:	*o*asis	u̇	:	scr*i*pt	uu̇	:	long *u̇*
wo	:	g*o*t	ṭ	:	*t*ill	ḍ	:	*d*o	ts	:	*ts*ar (Russian)
consonant + y	:	सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य							tsh	:	aspirate of ts

I would gaze long at the path you took,
But they are watching my eyes;
I hear they are going to put a watch
Soon over my beating heart.

O rose-faced beloved, forsaking me,
You turned your heart to others;
On worthless thorns you lavished love —
How shall I tell you?

VWOLO HAA BAAGVAANO

Vwolo haa baagvaano navbahaaruk shaan paȧdaa kar
Phwolan gul gath karan bulbul tithee saamaan paȧdaa kar

Chaman vaȧraaṅ rivaaṅ shabnam tsȧṭith jaamay pareshaaṅ gul
Gulan tay bulbulan andar dubaaray jaan paȧdaa kar

Ma thav gulzaaras andar swoy gulan kits swoy kharaȧbee chhay
Yivaan sumbal chhi pay dar pay gule khandaan paȧdaa kar

Karee kus bulbulaa aazaad panjaras manz tsu̇ naalaan chhukh
Tsu̇ pananye dasta pananyan mushkilan aasaan paȧdaa kar

Hakoomat maalo dolat naazo nemat bėyi shahanshaȧhi
Yi soruy chhuy tsė nish paanas tsu̇ amichee zaan paȧdaa kar

Agar vuzanaavahan bastee gulan hȧnz traav zeero bam
Bunyul kar vaav kar gagraay kar toophaan paȧdaa kar

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : b*i*rd	e : m*a*le	ė : m*e*t
o : g*o*	ȯ : *o*asis	u̇ : scr*i*pt	uu̇ : long *u̇*
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consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

COME, GARDENER!

Come, gardener! Create the glory of spring! make
Guls bloom and bulbuls sing — create such haunts!

The dew weeps and your garden lies desolate;
Tearing their robes, your flowers are distracted;
Breathe life once again into the lifeless gul and the bulbul!

Rank nettles hamper the growth of your roses;
Weed them out, for look thousands
Of laughing hyacinths are crowding at the gate!

Who will set you free, captive bird,
Crying in your cage? Forge with your own hands
The instruments of your deliverance!

Wealth and pride and comfort, luxury and authority,
Kingship and governance — all these are yours;
Wake up, sleeper, and know these as yours!

Bid good-bye to your dulcet strains; to rouse
This habitat of flowers, create a storm,
Let thunder rumble,—let there be an earthquake!

BULBULO MȮT GOKH POSHAN

Vyoor poshan kam tulaan chhaavaan chhi kam
baaguk bahaar
Bekhabar ami raaza nish chhukh shora shar bisyaar chhuy

Vaalavaashan chaanyi baapath vaalabȧry zaȧvily kȧrikh
Poshi thari ȧndy ȧndy hyuvuy maa zaal tay sabzaar chhuy

Poshi thari pyaṭh aȧly han chhay vaalanay ath zaalanay
Kaȧly traavun baag aasee vwony ṫsė kyaah inkaar chhuy

Yus shihul kul aasi bakhshaan Ruma Rėshun aay tas
Shihli rȧstyan makh chhi divaan tath gavaah divdaar chhuy

ȧ	: pertain	aȧ	: b*i*rd	e	: m*a*le	ė	: m*e*t
o	: g*o*	ȯ	: *o*asis	ů	: scr*i*pt	uů	: long *ů*
wo	: got	ṭ	: *t*ill	ḍ	: *d*o	ts	: *ts*ar (Russian)
	consonant + y	: सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य				tsh	: aspirate of ts

FUSSY BIRD

Fussy bird, you do not know
Who drink delight from bud and blossom,
Ravish spring in all her beauty —
Fussy bird, you do not know!

New clapnets have been made for you,
And finer are the meshes;
The snare around the flower shrub
Is camouflaged in green.

Your pretty nest is on the bough —
But they'll burn and bring it down!
And, fussy bird, you will have
To leave the garden soon!

We love a shady tree and wish
It were to live for ever,
But axe the one that gives no shade —
Even if it's the proudest pine !

GULSHAN VATAN CHHU SONUY

Bulbul vanaan chhu poshan
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy
Sonuy vatan chhu gulshan
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Sumbal vanaan bunafshas
Roozith tsů tshaayi chhukh kas
Van traav baag kun vas
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Ȧndy ȧndy saphed sangar
Devaari sangi marmar
Manz baag sabůz gohar
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Manz baag kohasaaran
Rȧṭ jaay navbahaaran
Phȯly laala shaalamaaran
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Naagan kwolan ta aaran
Joyan ta aabshaaran
Dyut soz navbahaaran
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Baagan kȯhan ta baalan
Naaran vanan ta naalan
Kam rang gul chhi khaalan
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Lȧjymůts phulay chhi poshan
Baagan vanan ta goshan
Bulbul vůchhith chhu toshan
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Mahjoora des sonuy
Baagaah chhu nundabonuy
Ath lol gatshi baronuy
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

A GARDEN IS OUR LAND

The bulbul sings to the flowers:
'A garden is our land!'

The hyacinth says to the violet,
'Why are you hiding thus?
Come down from the woods to the garden.'
A garden is our land!

Like walls of white marble
The mountain peaks enclose
A sunny space of emerald green.
A garden is our land!

The early spring has come again
And camped on mountain heights,
And tulips blow in Shalamar.
A garden is our land!

The sweet gift of spring
To fountains, rivulets, streams
And waterfalls is music.
A garden is our land!

Colourful flowers bloom
In gardens and on hill and mountain,
Forests, ravines and river banks.
A garden is our land!

Blossoms are everywhere
In orchards and on hills,
And drunken sings the bulbul:
A garden is our land!

Mahjoor, our motherland
Is the loveliest on earth!
Shall we not love her best?
A garden is our land!

AAZAȦDEE

Sanaa saȧree pariv saanyan garan manz tsaayi aazaȧdee
Syaṭhaa yȧtskaȧly asi kun jalva haavaan aayi aazaȧdee

Yi aazaȧdee chhi traavaan magribas kun rahmatuk baaraan
Karaaṅ saȧnis zameenas pyaṭh tsharyay gagraayi aazaȧdee

Gareebee muphlisee bebooj naapursaaṅ zabaaṅ bandee
Amee ru̇tsi traayi asi pyaṭh aayi traavaaṅ saayi aazaȧdee

Yi aazaȧdee chhi sworgu̇ch hoor pheryaa khaana path khaanay
Fakat keṅtsan garan aṅdar chhi maaraan graayi aazaȧdee

Yi aazaȧdee dapaaṅ sarmaayidaȧree chham na kunyi thaavu̇ny
Vwoṅ pananyan nish chhi sȯmbaraavun hyavaan sarmaayi aazaȧdee

Lukan maatam garan andar bihith maahraaza hiv haȧkim
Yimav rȧṭmu̇ts chhi paanas suu̇ty khalvat shaayi aazaȧdee

Nabir Shekh zaanyi kathi hȯnd maanyi tas tsȧly khaanadaarėny hyath
Su gav fariyaad karne tas vwopar gari pyaayi aazaȧdee

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : b*i*rd	e : m*a*le	ė : m*e*t
o : g*o*	ȯ : *o*asis	u̇ : scr*i*pt	uu̇ : long *u̇*
wo : g*o*t	ṭ : *t*ill	ḍ : *d*o	ts : *ts*ar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुख्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

FREEDOM

Let us all offer thanksgiving,
For Freedom has come to us;
It's after ages that she has beamed
Her radiance on us.

In western climes Freedom comes
With a shower of light and grace,
But dry, sterile thunder is all
She has for our own soil.

Poverty and starvation,
Lawlessness and repression, —
It's with these happy blessings
That she has come to us.

Freedom, being of heavenly birth,
Can't move from door to door;
You'll find her camping in the homes
Of a chosen few alone.

She says she will not tolerate
Any wealth in private hands;
That's why they are wringing capital
Out of the hands of every one.

There's mourning in every house,
But in sequestered bowers
Our rulers, like bridegrooms,
Are in dalliance with Freedom.

Nabir Sheikh knows what Freedom means,
For they took away his wife;
He raised a hue and cry, until
She bore a child elsewhere.

Katshan taamat daapaaṅ vuchhahas sate laṭi tȯmla
mwochhi baapath
Phȯtis kyath gara ȧny pootse tshaayi aaram baayi
aazaȧdee

Gaṃüty damphȧṭy chhi saȧree bekaraȧree chhakh
dilan andar
Dapaaṅ vanahȧv panun ahvaal asi maa laayi aazaȧdee

ȧ	:	pertain	aȧ	:	b*i*rd	e	:	m*a*le	ė	: m*e*t
o	:	g*o*	ȯ	:	*o*asis	u̇	:	scr*i*pt	uu̇	: long *u̇*
wo	:	**got**	ṭ	:	*t*ill	ḍ	:	*d*o	ts	: *ts*ar (Russian)

consonant + y : मृत्य, अन्य, मुल्य

tsh : aspirate of ts

They searched her armpits seven times
To see if she was hiding rice;
In a basket covered with a shawl
The peasant's wife brought Freedom home.

There's restlessness in every heart,
But no one dare speak out —
Afraid that with their free expression
Freedom may be annoyed.

Nabir Sheikh — used as a generic name for those who suffered thus
hiding rice — officials at the octroi post have to see that rice is not smuggled into Srinagar

POSHINOOLO

Poshinoolo hoshi saan roz vaṅda draav bėyi soṅt aav
Ranga ranga phȯly posh baagas ner tsủti gulzaar chhaav

Panjaras maṅz zaakh ȧthy maṅz
vaȧṅs guzaraavaan aakh
Khula fizahas maṅz vuphun hėchh vaash kaḍ vasvaas traav

Aayatan chhay poshi thari yath lanji khwosh chhuy tath
bėhakh
Baagavaanay gaȧr aasee pas tsė maa rozee yi baav

Shraavanas zaan kadro kuủmat yaavanas tul kaaṅh
maphaad
Baȧy varzith lookh arzith ulfatuk mas baȧgaraav

Phaȧz gav sủy vaati yus aaman ta khaasan varna kyaah
Kas na rȧtsharaavủny tagan yėti baȧy band tay aȧshnaav

Dushmanas sangeeṅ sazaa dyun badla hyȯn chhuna
kaȧṅh kamaal
Tyuth salookah kar tsủ tas yuth lola saan hėyi chon naav

Draay vaaryal baaga maṅza jaanaavaran pheer zindagee
Tsủ ti agar vaaryal banakh bas gav baraabar aav jaav

Chaani baaguk khaara jigaras nyėbrimėn jaanaavaran
Tsaay baagas maṅz dapaan chhukh yim karan myonuy
bachaav

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : bird	e : male	ė : met
o : go	ȯ : oasis	ủ : script	uủ : long ủ
wo : got	ṭ : till	ḍ : do	ts : tsar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

O GOLDEN ORIOLE

O golden oriole, winter's gone,
Gay spring has come again!
Step out and feast your weary eyes
On the myriad flowers abloom.

Born in a cage where the candle
Of your life has guttered low,
Shed your fear and, spreading wings,
Learn flight in God's free air.

Flowering plants have spread their arms,
Perch on the bough your fancy takes;
But with an alien as your gardener,
This freedom won't remain.

Know how precious midsummer is!
Don't let your youth run waste!
Pour the wine of universal love,
For all men are friends, not foes.

Goodness does not discriminate
Between the high and the low;
There's no greatness in lavishing bounty
On one's own kin alone.

Strength lies not in severe reprisals
Nor in cruel revenge.
You can win over bitterest foes
With the force of love alone.

Hawks have left your garden,
And birds are all in song;
But if you yourself turn a hawk,
How futile was this change!

Naive indeed is your faith to see
As saviours and redeemers
Interloping birds that burn
With envy of your lot.

Dig satu̇ty su̇nz zaani bumsin gaȧrzaanan kyaah khabar
Thȧz kulaah dith jaanavaaraah suu̇ty chhis vaaryal ta kaav

Zor saȧlaabuk chhu Vwolaras khatra Vijavaavuk ti chhus
Gaaṭ chhuy vunyi door vaarah vaav vu̇chh vu̇chh naav
traav

Os gulzaaras andar Mahjoor vaayaan lola saaz
Az dapaan bulbul ti kyaah gav panjaras maṅz kona tsaav

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : b*ir*d	e : m*a*le	ė : m*e*t
o : g*o*	ȯ : *o*asis	u̇ : scr*i*pt	uu̇ : long *u̇*
wo : g*o*t	ṭ : *t*ill	ḍ : *d*o	ts : *ts*ar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

The earth-worm knows how the hoopoe bites.
Those unaffected do not know
This grand high-turbaned bird is one
With all the hawks and crows.

The Wular Lake is still in flood,
The North Wind howling strong,
The shore is far away and you
Must steer your course with care.

Mahjoor has always sung love songs
In freedom in his garden.
'This is no way', the new bulbuls say,
'For he must enter a cage!'

North Wind — a dangerous wind on the Wular Lake

ABDUL QADOOS RASA JAVIDANI

b. 1901

Born at Bhadrawah. Comes from a family which migrated from Anantnag to Bhadarwah during the Sikh rule. Started business after having studied upto the 8th standard. Passed the Persian examinations, Adib Fazil and Munshi Fazil and started writing poems in Urdu. Was appointed teacher in a Govt school, in which profession he continued till his retirement. His first Urdu poem, *Laila Sahra* was written in 1926. His advent into Kashmiri poetry came much later. Literary influences: Rasul Mir and Mahjoor in Kashmiri and Akhtar Shirani in Urdu. Represented Kashmir in the National Mushaira in 1961. Has published his Kashmiri poems under the title *Nairang-e-gazal.*

GAZAL I

Dȯpun vandaham tsů kyaah dȯpmas javaånee
Dȯpun tamy pata mė dȯpmas zindagaånee

Dȯpun kyaah chhukh yatshaan dar har do aalam
Mė dȯpmas bas chaånee mėharbaånee

Dapyaamas parda tul dȯpnam chhuyaa taab
Vȯnum 'årinee' ta boozum 'lan taraånee'

GAZAL II

Jaan lekhayaa kina jaanaana lolo
Naama shoobee kamyoo anvaana lolo

Kath na shaaye chhu chon nooraana lolo
Kaaba baasaan chhumo butkhaana lolo

Az na Majnoon ta Farhaad paana lolo
Sood åshkun rood afsaana lolo

Paan vandanye su aayaas lola bȯrmut
Zol shamahan kyaazi parvaana lolo

Mang ma yaåree tsů har shaayi gaatajaaras
Kunyi jaaye laag devaana lolo

Gona graavay pazi naa naakhwodaayas
Naav bȯṭh låjy yėli toophaana lolo

Husni seerath chhu Rasahas chon mahboob
Khat-o-khaalas chhuna devaana lolo

GAZAL I

She said, 'What will you offer?'
I said, 'My youth.'
She said, 'After that?'
'My life,' I said.

She: 'What do you crave for
In this world and the next?'
I: 'Your kindness
Is all I want.'

'O lift your veil!' I implored.
She said, 'Can you bear it?'
I said, 'I can', and I heard,
'Boast!'

GAZAL II

Shall I call you my life or my love?
How shall I address these lines to you?

Show me the place where your light isn't seen —
The kaaba and the temple are the same to me.

Gone are both Majnu and Farhad —
Only the stories of their love remain.

He came to offer his life with love.
Then why should the lamp have burnt this moth?

Don't seek always wisdom's guidance —
At times be also mad.

Who would blame the boatman for complaining
When the boat is caught in a shoal in storm?

Rasa is in love with your tender heart;
He is not bewitched by line and form.



ABDUL AHAD AZAD

1903–1948

Born at Rangar, Badgam. Studied upto the 3rd standard. Was appointed teacher in Arabic in a Govt school in 1919. Passed the Munshi Alim examination in Persian in 1926. Started writing poems quite early under the pen name 'Ahad', which he later changed to 'Janbaz' and finally, in 1931, to 'Azad'. Wrote first in Persian and Urdu, and later in Kashmiri. Met Mahjoor in 1935, when he was undergoing training at the Normal Training School, Srinagar, and was quite impressed. Literary influences: Iqbal and the progressive writers. Politically, he remained a Radical Marxist throughout his life. His work *Kashmiri Language and Poetry* was published in 1959 by the Cultural Academy.

INKALAAB

Zindagee kyaah? inkalaaban hȧṅz kitaab
Inkalaab-o-inkalaab-o-inkalaab

Zindagee hȯnd asal maane iztaraab
Iztaraabuk maane matlab inkalaab

Inkalaabav paȧda kȧry mazhab ta deen
Inkalaabav kos shak hovukh yakeen

Gaatajaȧree khatam kȧr paygambaree
Rooz baakuy shaȧyiree sodaagaree

Bronṭh kun pakh darda baagan bar mu̇tsar
Chhay banemu̇ts parda hish pananee nazar

Yėmy bahaaran sheen traȧvith ḍoṭh trov
Poshibaagu̇y zaani tȧmy kus daag thov

Akh ti maaryas byaakh haaryas daari khoon
Tshaavu̇lis teeris hihuy puj raamahoon

Khooni mardan thov konoonan halaal
Rath chavaan paadar su̇han kamzaat shaal

Vaay majbooree gwolaȧmee bandagee
Bekaraȧree bekasee sharmandagee

Parda tsaṭh dilakyan hubaaban tul nakaab
Inkalaab an inkalaab an inkalaab

ȧ : p*e*rtain	aȧ : b*i*rd	e : m*a*le	ė : m*e*t
o : g*o*	ȯ : *o*asis	u̇ : scr*i*pt	uu̇ : long *u̇*
wo : g*o*t	ṭ : *t*ill	ḍ : *d*o	ts : *ts*ar (Russian)
	consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य		tsh : aspirate of ts

CHANGE

What is life but the book of change?
Change — more change — and yet more change!

Flux is the living reality,
And change the meaning of flux.

It's change that brought forth religion,
Banished doubt, revealed true faith.

Now reason has banished prophecy —
Only poetry and trade remain.

Advance! Open the gates of the garden of love;
Your own sight is veiling your eyes.

Ask flowers how cruel is spring,
Breaking frost with a shower of hail!

To the sheep and the goat, the butcher and the wolf
Are alike — one slays, the other drains blood.

The law has sanctioned human slaughter;
Mean jackals are feasting on lions' blood.

O compulsion! slavery! subjection!
O restless, helpless heart! O shame!

Rend the veil! Uncover the seething, bubbling heart!
Change! Change! Bring a new change!

poetry and trade — the poetry of the rituals and the lucrative business the priests have found in them

AARAVAL

Vaara mė vanta aaravȧly kyaazi gȧyakh vwobaȧliye
Jaȧdy kȧree ta kan bȧree vanta yi kȧmy gulaȧliye

Saaza ḍyakas shoobee tsė swon vanta yi kyaah gayee vanan
Door tsȧjikh phȯjikh vanan noora barůtsy mashaȧliye

Zooni tsů chooni chhakh jaraan saaz karaan tsů dyan baraan
Nėhagaṭe tsů kyaah karaan rwopa vanůch gȯpaȧliye

Droy phȧṭith yi lola zar parda tsȧṭith rȯṭuth thazar
Chhaa sů khȧṭith vanan andar yėmy tsů karůkh vwobaȧliye

Shoka yasůndi chhakh chhivaan nari yėmis tsů aalavaan
Chhum na kunye vane yivaan shama dilůky mė zaȧliye

Äshk pharaan kaman kaman tapa rėshan ta aȧliman
Ȧshk karaan chhů mosuman poshi badan kazaȧliye

Tulri ṭwopal avaara vaav lol panun ma raavaraav
Maara matis tsů guzůraav paana panůny yi ḍaȧliye

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : bird	e : male	ė : met
o : go	ȯ : oasis	ů : script	uů : long ů
wo : got	ṭ : till	ḍ : do	ts : tsar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

THE WILD ROSE

Tell me truly, O wild rose,
What makes you waste away.
Has the tulip put a spell on you,
Or a hard word in your ear?

Gold should deck your scented brow,
Which is languishing in sad neglect.
O flaming torch, why run away
To bloom in distant woods?

I see you bloom in the light of the day
And gather gems when the moon is bright;
But what do you do on coal-dark nights,
O queen of the silver woods?

Your love's anguish bursts through all
Disguise, O dweller on heights!
Has he gone to hide in the deep woods
For whom you are pining thus?

He whose thought is joyful dance,
To whom you offer life and soul,
Why can't I see him anywhere,
Though I've lit the lamps of my heart?

Love has plundered every one,
Holy saints and learned men;
Love puts black soot on the rosy frames
Of young and innocent souls.

Don't make your love like the wayward breeze
Stung by wandering bees;
Make it a precious offering
At the feet of the one you love.

Darda gulan gȧyakh buchhith aarapalan tsė dil rȧchhith
Sangdilan andar vu̇chhith laal mwolu̇ly mwolaȧliye

Gaara gayee tsė khworda saȧly yaar banaan chhi dyaara vaȧly
Meer vuchhum banaan phatsaȧly daata banaan savaȧliye

Bosh ta husan pooshynay poshi bahaar tooshynay
Chhaavee dȯhay dilu̇ch phulay toshee tsu̇ poshimaaliye

ȧ : p*e*rtain	aȧ : b*i*rd	e : m*a*le	ė : m*e*t
o : g*o*	ȯ : *o*asis	u̇ : scr*i*pt	uu̇ : long *u̇*
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consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

How glad you've made the stones in brooks,
Leaving the lovesick guls forlorn!
Are you there because precious rubies
Nestle in hearts of stone?

Or were you early driven by deep disgust
With the hollow friendship of moneyed men,
Or seeing rich men turn penurious
And generous donors poor beggars?

May your joy and beauty never wane!
May floral spring adorn you!
O lovely flower, may the bloom on your face
And the bloom in your heart increase!

DȦRIYAAV

Tsalaan chhum shar hubaaban iztaraaban valvalan andar
Yivaan chhum zindagee hȯnd soz safran manzilan andar

Kanyan khambryan khayan khraashan pakaan chhus
manz gaṭyan gaashan
Na chhus mȯhtaaj shaabaaṣhan na chhus mushtaak
gindabaashan
Yuthuy chhus raata kruu̇lan manz tyuthuy chhus
bulbulan andar

Khoshaamad kȧrytanam kaaṅtshaa maalaamat
kȧrytanam kaaṅtshaa
Bu̇ yath kyut chhus gȯmut paȧdaa karun chhum tee
ḍarun kas kyaah
Bu̇ nokar chhusna kaaṅh afsar lėkhyam naakaȧbilan andar

Mė aadat chhuy na path pherun mė nish gav
brȯṅhkunuy nerun
Na chhus gul paan chhum sherun na bulbul ol chhum yerun
Bu̇ chhus khwosh pechtaaban inkalaaban zalzalan andar

Baṭhyan beran sanyan vwognyan ts ȧṭith vaalaan
chhus boshe
Daryan takryan ṭharyan sȧry pėṭhy gȧtshith ḍaalaan
chhus hoshe
Na chhum thaarun na dil haarun mė nyaayan gaaṅgalan
andar

Kaman sangeen kalaayan tay balaayan paan chhaavaan
chhus

ȧ : p*e*rtain aȧ : b*i*rd e : m*a*le ė : m*e*t
o : g*o* ȯ : *o*asis u̇ : scr*i*pt uu̇ : long *u̇*
wo : g*o*t ṭ : *t*ill ḍ : *d*o ts : *ts*ar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य tsh : aspirate of ts

THE RIVER

My yearnings find expression
In bubbles, commotion, tumult;
It's in wandering to distant goals
That I find the music of life.

I move on day and night
Through rocks, ravines and ditches;
I do not pause for praise,
I do not pause for play;
I am at home with the bats
As I am with the bulbuls.

Flattery cannot tickle me
Nor disparagement make me falter;
A purpose brought me here
And I live to see it through;
I am not fettered, as men are,
By the fear of disapprobation.

Forever faring forward,
I know no turning back;
I don't adorn myself like flowers,
Nor build nests like the bulbuls;
My delight is in swift eddies,
Revolutions and earthquakes.

I cleave the sides of the banks and bunds,
And level the high ground with the low;
Leaping o'er proud, strong obstructions,
I scare their wits away.
I do not seek a fight.
But meeting it, I do not quail.

I hurl myself against stone ramparts
And other mortal barriers;

Panun chhakraavanay aamut kunyar bėyi sȯmbaraavan chhus
Tsaṭaan sangar ta ṭhaasaan baal pheraan jangalan andar

Dyutum parvaaz ȯbras raahatuk taȧseer baaraanas
Vȧlim yim neely jaama ta laajvardee jaama asmaanas
Tulaan chhus hol gagaraayan ta sholaan vuzmalan andar

Bu̇ vathraan pharshi makhmal pyaṭh kinaaran taaza yaaran kyut
Mazooran thȧkymu̇tyan bėyi shoka vaalyan dostdaaran kyut
Behyan raahat karan dyava farhataah vaatyakh dilan andar

Ameeraah baadshaahaa aȧsytan hyȯndaah mussalmaanaah
Bu̇ kath praaras bihin chhaȧvin chėyin naȧvin barin baanaah
Mė nish raajaah navabaah saȧyilaah akh saȧyilaan andar

Sanyar vȯgnyaar bȧṭhy tay bera ḍeeshith jera chhum yivaan
Kunyar yaksaan chhus tshaaraan laaraan yoot maaraan paan
Tavay chhus aab aȧsith vaara tulavyan tyȯngalan andar

Yinuk gatshanuk zyanuk maranuk na chhum parvaah na chhum kaȧṅh gam

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : b*i*rd	e : m*a*le	ė : m*e*t
o : g*o*	ȯ : *o*asis	u̇ : scr*i*pt	uu̇ : long *u̇*
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Then collecting once again the fragments
Of my scattered self,
I hurl down rocks, wear down hills
And roam in the forests free.

I give wings to the cloud
And the gift of mercy to the rain,
And it's I who dress the firmament
In blue and purple robes;
Mine is the voice of the thunder,
Mine the flame in the lightning.

I spread green velvet carpets
On my banks for friends,
For tired limbs of hard-worked labour
And for lovers of pleasure;
They come and sit and bathe and drink
In freedom and in joy.

But I do not wait on any one!
Hindus, Muslims, men of wealth,
Rajas, nawabs come and rest,
Seeking balm for bruised spirits.
But to me they are all suppliants
Among the many who come to me.

I shall not rest till the world is rid
Of the embankments that divide,
Of ditch and hollow that deform
Its smooth and lovely face.
This passion, like a consuming fire,
Burns me even though I'm water.

Coming and going, birth and death
Are all the same to me.

Na chhus haȧraan vaatan kam na chhum pheraan gȧy
kam kam
Chhi yith yith vȧhma tay vasvaas aasaan buzdilan andar

Jigar chhus sangaran katraan raftaaras swo garmee chham
Madanvaaran badan naavan atvaaran swo narmee chham
Syazar tay lol chhum bȧry bȧry varan pechan valan andar

Gulan tay bulbulan manz chhus bu̇ vaayaan myooṭh
santooraah
Palan sangeen dilan manz inkalaabuk ḍol ḍanḍooraah
Yitshu̇y narmee titshu̇y garmee chhė myaanyan
galgalan andar

Ḍaraan yėti kȧhra myaanye lȧhra maaran vakhta bȧḍy
valaveer
Tate poshe tharyan chhus roshi chaavaan daayi hȧndy
paȧṭhy sheer
Zuvak myaȧnyee chhi shamshaadan ta sarvan raȧyilan
andar

Syaṭhaa narmee ta diljoyee karaan chhus khoobroyan manz
Yivaan chhus masvalan hyath tresh khwosh raftaar
joyan manz
Tulaan tasveer pamposhan bihith poshe ḍalan andar

ȧ : p*e*rtain	aȧ : b*i*rd	e : m*a*le	ė : m*e*t
o : g*o*	ȯ : *o*asis	u̇ : scr*i*pt	uu̇ : long *u̇*
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I don't wonder who will come,
Nor grieve at the fine men gone —
Futile fears and anxieties,
Which trouble the weak of heart.

Big mountains know my might,
For I split their hearts asunder;
But with gentle caressing hands I bathe
The bodies of beautiful girls.
My flowing stream and waves and eddies
Are bursting with truth and love.

I play soft tunes on my *santoor*
To flowers and the bulbuls,
But the thunder of the drums of revolution
Is my music for hard-hearted rocks;
My gurgling sound is sweet indeed,
But it hides a potent fire.

Puppets of Time, however great,
Quail at the wrath of my waves;
But I play the nurse to flower shrubs
And feed them with my milk;
To the cedar, pine and cypress
I've given my life without stint.

I love to be gentle, I love to play
In the midst of loveliness;
I carry drink to the thirsty iris
In gracefully moving streams,
And I stop to obtain the image
Of the lotus in bloom in the lake

PAZI SHAMSHERE GINDUNAA KAR

Paziche razi lam kunyiru̇chi vere
Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar
Rinda mastaanan zindagee phere
Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

Valaveer hala vizi path no phere
Valvala ȧmysund tuli mahshar
Su̇ha grazi shaal bėhi tsoori tal bere
Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

Broonṭhymis patapata paku̇vu̇nyi teere
Paana ti bronṭh kun nazaraah kar
Khayi manz maa gatshakh nayi hȧnzi vere
Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

Mardee chhana swon vatharun here
Tsandanu̇ky laagu̇ny daari ta bar
Swona seri laagu̇nyi thazi kana vere
Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

Gȯnd chhuy logmut shoobidaar shere
Baalaadari pyaṭh traȧvmu̇ts lar
Ami suu̇ty huri kyaah tshari kalahere
Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

Pwokhtakaar mwokhtu̇chi veri ta zere
Vasi manz sȯdras nyeryas shar
Aarakȯt treshi hȯt phaṭi maa kere
Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

ȧ : p*e*rtain	aȧ : b*i*rd	e : m*a*le	ė : m*e*t
o : g*o*	ȯ : *o*asis	u̇ : scr*i*pt	uu̇ : long *u̇*
wo : g*o*t	ṭ : *t*ill	ḍ : *d*o	ts : *ts*ar (Russian)
	consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य		tsh : aspirate of ts

FIGHT WITH THE SWORD OF TRUTH

Pull at the rope of truth to gain
The strength of the single mind.
Bold aspirants will gain new life.
Fight with the sword of truth!

No brave man flies from the battlefield;
His tumultuous war cry rends the sky.
At his lion's roar jackals hide behind mounds.
Fight with the sword of truth.

O sheep, blindly following others,
Use your eyes, look ahead, my friend,
Lest, dreaming of meadows, you land in a ditch!
Fight with the sword of truth.

You are not great if you've paved your stairs
Or raised your porch with bricks of gold,
And made doors and windows of sandalwood.
Fight with the sword of truth.

The hollow man doesn't cease to be hollow
By reclining in easeful pavilions,
His turban crested with gorgeous plumes.
Fight with the sword of truth.

The wise man whose heart is set on pearls
Dives into the deep and finds his treasure,
While the timid man dies of thirst by the well.
Fight with the sword of truth.

GAZAL

Laay mȯhabatu̇ch kamand mulki khwodaa shikaar kar
Rozi mȯhabatu̇ch kathaa sozi dilas ma aar kar

Harda vize tsu̇ dil ma haar yi chhu payaami nav bahaar
Taaza gulan chhu intizaar taaza diluk bahaar kar

Zaanyi bichaara banda kyaah lol barun su vwonda kyaah
Bandagiyan khwoshaamadan zyaada ma etibaar kar

Bram ta fareb chhi zulfo kham naazo adaa ta maȧnzi nam
Zindagiye ma kar sitam rinda hanaa tsu̇ aar kar

ȧ	:	p*e*rtain	aȧ	:	b*i*rd	e	:	m*a*le	ė	:	m*e*t
o	:	g*o*	ȯ	:	*o*asis	u̇	:	scr*i*pt	uu̇	:	long *u̇*
wo	:	g*o*t	ṭ	:	*t*ill	ḍ	:	*d*o	ts	:	*ts*ar (Russian)

consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य — tsh : aspirate of ts

GAZAL

Shoot the arrows of love,
And conquer God's dominion.
Sing loud the song of the heart:
The story of love will remain.

When autumn comes, do not lose heart;
It comes with the promise of spring.
Nature awaits new flowers' arrival:
Revive the spring in your heart.

How little does the slavish mind
Know of love or the loving heart!
Do not rely on empty forms,
Easy salaams and flattery.

False, deceitful are beauty's grace,
Wavy tresses and lovely hands.
Save your life from sore distraction —
Drinker in life's tavern, have pity!

HAA VATANDAARO HO

Tshyata kyaazi gȯy gaȧratuk naaro ho
Gatshta bedaar haa vatandaaro ho

Chhukh dabyomut khofu̇chi rabi andar
Bumsinyi hȧndy paȧṭhy chhay traȧvmu̇ts lar
Lahra maaraan neroo shaahmaaro ho
Gatshta bedaar haa vatandaaro ho

Kanyi sheeshi ta aab gȯy seemaabas
Gokh haȧraan pyokh manz gardaabas
Fota sapunuy kyaazi mwokhta haaro ho
Gatshta bedaar ha vatandaaro ho

Joshi ȧndrimi tȯndru̇ki dita akh tshaṭh
Trėṭi hȧndy paȧṭhy pyata arkhalanu̇y pyaṭh
Poshi vananu̇y tsali khaara khaaro ho
Gatshta bedaar haa vatandaaro ho

ȧ : p*e*rtain	aȧ : b*i*rd	e : m*a*le	ė : m*e*t
o : g*o*	ȯ : *o*asis	u̇ : scr*i*pt	uu̇ : long *u̇*
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consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

O, MY COUNTRYMAN!

The fire of your honour is out.
Awake, my countryman!

Do not sleep like a worm
Buried deep in the mud of fear.
Come out in your hooded majesty.
Awake, my countryman!

Caught in a whirlpool, you are amazed to see
Your stone become glass, your quicksilver water,
The pearls of your necklace worthless beads.
Awake, my countryman!

Let flames leap out of the oven of your heart!
Fall like lightning on noxious nettles,
And meadows of flowers will live without fear.
Awake, my countryman!

GHULAM RASUL NAZKI

b. 1909

Born at Mader, Bandipur. Studied Persian and passed the Adib Fazil examination, after which he also passed the B.A. examination. Worked first as a teacher and then as editor of *Taaleem-e-Jadeed,* and finally as a programme executive in Radio Kashmir. After retirement, started his own Urdu Weekly, *Alghufran.* At present, he is editor of *Chaman.* Wrote first in Urdu and published his collection of poems, *Nazaakat* in 1932-33. *Deeda-e-tar,* another collection of poems was published later. He also published *Rooh-e-Ghani* (translation of selections from Ghani in Urdu) and *Abdul Ahad Nadim* (a critical biography of Nadim). Started writing in Kashmiri at the insistence of the younger poets. His *Namrood Naama,* a collection of 200 quatrains was published in 1964. Main literary influence: Iqbal.

RUBAȦYAAT

Swo swondarmaal pheraan aȧs aaran
Kanan gav viginyi vanavun sabzazaaran
Tsalaan thapi thaari buth chhȯl aabshaaran
Dapaan tȧly ṭaari nazarȧah kȧr bahaaran

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Tsė kun ḍeeshith tsůnůny poshan ḍalaan rang
Dekůchy drüh chaȧny ṭooryan dil karaan tang
Yi roshan chon chhum traavaan chhwokan noon
Vuṭhan kumajaar kar zakhman yiyam ang

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Sitaarav zooni vȯn vuchh saȧny mahfil
Tsė kyaah gȯy kyaazi chhakh roozith tsů tanhaa
Vwoshaah traȧvith karůn nazaraah ta vȯnanakh
Gȯtshum akh mahramaa yas raaz vanahaa

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Amis paanas ziyaafȧts jaan pwolaavaah khyȯn
kabaabaah chhuy
Mė dȯpnam maali hyas kȧryzi pato aȧkhůr hisaabaah
chhuy
Rangaarang khyath ta chyath paanas
naseehath jaan kyaah kȧrnam
Tsė chhay rahmat yi gurbat phaaka rozun bȯḍ
savaabaah chhuy

When that lovely woman wandered over stream banks,
A fairy song tingled in the meadow's ears;
Tumbling in haste, the waterfall washed his face
And, they say, spring stole a hasty glance.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Peach blossoms grow pale on beholding you;
Your frown troubles the hearts of buds;
Your radiance is like salt on my old wounds —
The wounds your love alone can heal.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The stars said to the moon, 'Behold our assembly!
What a pity you've chosen loneliness.'
She looked at them and sighed and said,
'O for some one to share my woes!'

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Dining on dainties, *kabaab* and scented rice,
He says, belching food and morals,
'Beware, friend, of the ultimate reckoning!
Blest are the poor! Fasting ennobles the soul!'

GHULAM HASAN BEG ARIF

b. 1910

Born at Anantnag. Worked as a teacher in Islamia Middle School, Anantnag after passing the Intermediate (Science) examination. Worked as a clerk at a ration depot and later as a laboratory assistant in S P College, Srinagar. Appointed Demonstrator in the same college after passing the B Sc examination from Islamia College, Lahore. Won a Govt scholarship and passed the M Sc examination in Zoology from Aligarh University in 1939. Appointed Deputy Director, Sericulture at the Jammu station in 1948. Appointed Director, Programmes, Radio Kashmir in 1948, but reverted to his post and then promoted to the post of Director, Sericulture in 1950. Sent to China on a 6 months' study tour. While at Lahore, lived next door to Iqbal who influenced him strongly and fostered in him a love for the Kashmiri language. Founded Bazme Adab in 1940. Represented Kashmir at the All-India Writers' Conference convened by the Sahitya Akademi. Was a member of the Kashmir Cultural Front and a member of the editorial board of *Kwong Posh,* journal of the progressive writers. Started the Bazme Adab journal, *Gulrez,* in 1952. Appointed member of the Language (Script) Commission. Started writing poems very early in Kashmiri and Urdu. Translated the Constitution of India into Kashmiri. Helped in the preparation of *The National Bibliography.* Translated Tagore's *Cycle of Spring* and 100 quatrains of Omar Khayyam into Kashmiri. Published his *Rubaayat* (3 vols) and a *masnavi* entitled *Laila.*

Siyaȧsee dostee chhay kaagazee naav
Tsü harfüky paaṭhy ath pyaṭh paan mo saav
Pakun chhuy bronṭh bachanüchy thaav soorath
Chhė vakhtüchi lahra doraan garzakuy vaav

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Shikaslad vȯn yėmis sarmaayidaaran
Vȯnus haȧkim siyaȧsee baȧzygaaran
Ditsüs humy myȧṭ karüs yėmy zȧṭ ti kaamůny
Gareeban rang badlaan vuchh ayaaran

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Manaavaan jashni shaȧdee vuchh mė ablees
Syaṭhaa bira baara atsanas logmut fees
Dapaan tsȧjy akli vwony eemaanachee khay
Kȯḍum mazhab panun taȧrüm bėyan pees

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Kalas pyaṭh vot vȯth mulamaaya traamas
Khwochar aav labna ada ṭaakaara aamas
Ḍyakas aav sharmi hȯnd guma asni lȧjy sum
Ṗato hasrat chhu apzis doom daamas

Political friendship is a paper boat,
Fit bed only for the foolish word.
If you would fare forward, beware
The wave of time and the wind of self-interest.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The rich man called him scum, but fed him on his crumbs.
The political juggler called him king and robbed him of his rags.
The poor have for ages seen
The changing make-up of the knaves.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Satan arranged a jolly fete —
The crowds were huge, though the fees were high.
Intellect is now clean of the rust of honesty,
And religion is now an ace of trumps.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

When copper crowned the head, its gilt
Wore off and dross stood all revealed.
The brow perspired for shame, the hair laughed.
Fraudulent show ends always thus.

Vata band gayi jangiyan hònd zor aav
Zyuṭh avaamuk muntakhab az yor aav
Lori tsànḍ khèyi phaaka hàty akh baakh tshàṭ
Haa khwodaayo az ti bùy chhus hor kaav

*** *** ***

Vuchhum aki vwoṭi mwokha sheran banaan shaal
Yivaan yim labana hàsy aasaan mòyi vaal
Pazyuk apazyuk karaan maahol kaàyim
Vyandaan shastùr kalaay aasaan zalùry zaal

*** *** ***

Chikh dits àky bezabaañ shury maaji babi sùsraay vàtsh
Tsyal vachhas dith baañbùre tas diginyi dwoda thatharaay vàtsh
Mė ti gayam gali zyav kòrum mė ti bezabaànee manz sadaa
Kwodratas baba barùna aayam, phitratas thatharaay vàtsh

*** *** ***

Gareebay mota bachi saàlaab gaalyas
Vanday traavyas bichaaras taaph zaalyas
Zameenas aasmaanas àmysundùy zid
Dohaa banyi heri bwona suy zool zaalyas

All traffic's closed; the troops are out to-day,
For the people's elected chief has arrived.
The baton struck the half-starved, eager fool
Who cried, 'O Lord, now too it's I!'

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

One leap shows the jackal with leonine face.
Those who seem elephants lack the strength of a hair.
In this world of strange dissembling,
Spider webs assume the aspect of formidable iron walls.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

With the speechless baby's sudden cry,
restless were the mother's breasts,
And as she pressed them in a hurry,
a spout of milk came gushing forth.
I was speechless with amazement
and a wordless cry escaped me too,
At which Nature's breasts grew restless
and seemed to burst with milk.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Till the poor man dies, he is ruined by the flood;
If the winter spares him, there's the heat that will burn.
Nothing but hate for him fills the earth and the sky.
But one day he'll make a bonfire of everything
above and below.

Aȧrifo pananyis swonas khwȯṭ tsaan mo
Yath na kaahavaṭ shȯd vanee shȯd maan mo
Yuthna naaras manz gȧlith hyakh traam ral
Daȧny tsaȧlith paan bȧly mwola vaal mo

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Zahar khyath zindagee hȧnz aash bekaar
Ȧnyuv pyath aaftaabuk gaash bekaar
Sulaymaan ḍeshanuk yas rėyi na shokŭy
Tȧmis rėyi kyut pakhan hȯnd vaash bekaar

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Chhu yȧts bėhtar mė nish suy rind-i-maynosh
Tsuvati pyaṭh pyath yėmis diyi mȧstiyee hosh
Tȧmis darvesha sŭndi khwota braari buth yas
Yėmis vasi manz bihith Shetaan roposh

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Bŭ kara tath raȧts hȧnzi gaṭi gaash kworbaan
Vuzaan yėmi vizi manas paanay chhu Kworaan
Amee vizi tshyan gatshaan shaȧhee phakeeree
Sikandar tashna Khȧzras pyaala chaavaan

Arif, do not with baser metal alloy your gold!
What the touchstone rejects is never pure.
When you lie molten o'er the fire, take heed
Against contamination by even a grain of copper.

* * *

Vain is the hope of life after swallowing poison,
Or the light of the sun when the eyes cannot see,
And vain would wings be for the ant
Which never knew the passion to climb Sulaiman.

* * *

To me the drunken man, fallen at the crossroads,
To whom wisdom might come with inebriation,
Is far better than the dervish with seemingly innocent face,
In whose very marrow Satan sits concealed.

* * *

I'd sacrifice light to the darkness of that night
When the Quran unfolds itself to the soul —
That moment when king and beggar are equal made,
And Sikandar holds the cup to the lips of thirsty Khizir.

Duhul yus raata kruůlas raat kaavas
Kachhas yus gaavi maza raazas pwolaavas
Vanav kath nazari paȧz, rut kath khayaalas
Ȧkis ywosa eed, swoy dȯymis amaavas

* * *

Ajab sodaagaree insaan maalůch
Chhė chaalaakan athas manz kunz khayaalůch
Shahanshaȧhee nyėtith gȧyi, rooz path tsam
Avaamuk raaj tshůni mȧsy looka daalůch

* * *

Yi keṅtshaa dyut avaamas inkalaaban
Ajab takseem kȯr tath laajavaaban
Hisas khatsa goli lookan, ṭhela khaasan
Yiman dag dod, human aȧshan sharaaban

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : b*i*rd	e : m*a*le	ė : m*e*t
o : g*o*	ȯ : *o*asis	ů : scr*i*pt	uů : long *ů*
wo : g*o*t	ṭ : *t*ill	ḍ : *d*o	ts : *ts*ar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

What is day to the bat is night to the crow.
The cow relishes grass as the rich man scented rice.
Which sight shall we call keen, whose thought noble?
One man's feasting Id is another's fasting Amavas.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Strange is the trade in human material!
Clever men possess the key of ideas.
Kings have shorn us. Now the skin remains,
Which our new rulers will into mocassins turn.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Strange was the division made by God
Of the gains of political revolution —
Bullets to the people, to the leaders wealth;
These got pain and sickness, those affluence and wine!

Id and Amavasya — one, a day of feasting for the Muslims and the other, a day of fasting for the Hindus.

DINA NATH WALI ALMAST

b. 1910

Born at Badiyar, Srinagar. Studied upto the Matriculation, after which he studied art at the Amarsingh Technical Institute. Specialised in water colour landscape painting. Tried modern painting, but gave up the experiment. Started writing in Kashmiri in 1935, his first poem, *Vėsy tsala hay tsala hay* being in the style of Ȧrnyimaal. Joined the Cultural Congress as a sympathiser and wrote some socio-cultural poems, which were published under the title *Baala Yapaari* in 1956.

GAZAL

Lola hȧty armaan myaȧnee chaani kala pėṭhy aalavith
Tee agar marzee chhi chaȧnee chaani kala pėṭhy aalavith

Posh chhi kati butaraȧts pyaṭh tim yim kathan
chaanyan haraan
Chaani khaȧtara Kaamadeev maa sworgakis baagas
pharaan
Navbahaarůch gul fishaȧnee chaani kala pėṭhy aalavith
Tee agar marzee chhi chaȧnee chaani kala pėṭhy aalavith

Kaala ȯbras manz chhi vuzamala prazalithůy dum yuth
tulaan
Kaala dilasůy manz mė zwon chonuy talaatum tyuth tulaan
Ḍoṭh hish ashichee ravaȧnee chaani kala pėṭhy aalavith
Tee agar marzee chhi chaȧnee chaani kala pėṭhy aalavith

Chaȧny husnan chovnas bů dwotshi dwotshe aabe hayaat
Lolanůy chaȧnee mė bakhshum mota ke gama nish najaat
Aalavith duniyaayi faȧnee chaani kala pėṭhy aalavith
Tee agar marzee chhi chaȧnee chaani kala pėṭhy aalavith

Yȯd baṭhyan beran ḍůhith niyi kwoli hanzůy mastaana
chaal
Paathalis manz gȧyi ruhith ḍeeshith yi chaȧny jaanaana
chaal
Aalavith khoonůch ravaȧnee chaani kala pėṭhy aalavith
Tee agar marzee chhi chaȧnee chaani kala pėṭhy aalavith

Marhaba khasavun yi yaavun, marhabaa husne jamaal
Gav rahith Almast vůchhithůy tas musavira sund kamaal
Musaviree myaȧny gazalkhaȧnee chaani kala pėṭhy
aalavith
Tee agar marzee chhi chaȧnee chaȧni kala pėṭhy aalavith

GAZAL

I bring you as an offering
My loving heart and longings.
Whatever you bid me sacrifice,
I'll sacrifice for you.

The earth has no such flowers
As those falling from your lips.
They were stolen by the God of Love
From the garden of Paradise.
Your beauty makes the blossoming buds
Of spring look pale and plain.

Just as quick flashes of lightning
Play havoc with black clouds,
Your very thought creates a tumult
In my gloomy breast.
But though my tears fall like thick hail,
They are nothing for your sake.

From your beauty I've freely drunk
The immortal drink of life.
Your love has given me freedom from
The clammy fear of death.
The entire mortal world, my love,
I'd sacrifice for you.

The drunken mountain stream came down,
Destroying banks and bounds;
But as it saw you on the plain,
It forgot to flow.
The coursing of my warm blood
I'd sacrifice for you.

May God bless your youth and grace!
May your beauty never wane!
Glory to that master's hand
Who could paint this masterpiece!
When I think of you, my love,
What is my poet's and painter's skill?

DINA NATH NADIM

b. 1916

Born at Habba Kadal, Srinagar. Studied at the S. P. College, Srinagar. Influenced by the freedom movement and the heroism of Bhagat Singh. Attempted writing in English at the age of 17. Influenced by Iqbal and Chakbast, he started writing verse in Urdu. Arrested during Sheikh Abdulla's national struggle in 1938, and all his poems were seized by the police and destroyed. First employed in a local school in 1940. Elected to the District National Conference in 1948-49. Started writing verse in Kashmiri in 1946. Joined the National Cultural Front in 1947 and the Communist Party in 1950. Elected General Secretary, Progressive Writers' Association in 1950. Member, National Cultural Congress from 49 to 52. General Secretary of this organization from 52 to 54. General Secretary, Kashmir Peace Committee, 51. Member, All-India Peace Conference, 51-53. Delegate to the Asian & Pacific Regions Peace Conference, Peking, 52. General Secretary, All State Cultural Conference, 54-56. President, Kashmir Teachers' Association, 55 onwards. Chairman, Kashmir National Theatre, 60. Elected member of the Sahitya Akademi, 55-57. Member, J & K Academy of Art, Culture and Languages, 60 onwards. Member, Advisory Board, Radio Kashmir, Srinagar, Text Book Advisory Board, Srinagar and State Educational Officers' Conference. Chairman, Kashmir Bhagat (Folk) Theatre. President, Kaàshur Markaz, Srinagar. Assistant Director, Social Education, 65-69. General Secretary, Hindu Muslim Amity Council, 67. Principal, Lal Dyad Memorial High School, 63-65 and 69 onwards. Given Sovietland Nehru Award by the U S S R in 1971.

IRAADA

Vushun vushun, vwozul vwozul
    Vwozul vwozul, vushun vushun
Vushun vwozul, vwozul vushun chhu khoon myon
    Javaan chhus tuphaan hyoo janoon myon

Mė shok chhum Kasheeri pyaṭh fidaa gatshun ta jaan dyun
Bu̇ vaav chhus mė kyaah karyam yi aavalun, yi aavalun
Malakh bȧnith pazyaa ḍalas andar bihun, khaṭith bihun
Banun chhu yup dushmanas chhu dyun lahun, chhu
dyun lahun
    Tavay tavay vushun vwozul chhu khoon myon

Bu̇ shaad chhus karun vatan aazaad chhum, aazaad chhum
Kȧṭhyush kȧḍith karun chaman aabaad chhum, aabaad
chhum
Vadun rivun pȧtyum ti vaara yaad chhum, mė yaad chhum
Nȯvuy mė josh chhum nȯvuy iraada chhum, muraad chhum
    Tavay tavay vushun vwozul chhu khoon myon

Dazun, dȧzith grazun me kȯr ishaara naara vuzmalav
Taluk pyaṭhuk mė bov seer bekaraar zalzalav
Ragan mė khoon bȯr nȯvuy shaheed mazaara kyav gulav
Shihiny vwophun mė hov zyav mė ȧny bahaara bulbulav
    Tavay tavay vushun vwozul chhu khoon myon

Yambu̇rzalan ta sumbalan ȧchhan chhu nȯv khumaar hyoo
Gareeb greestis karaan ameer zaarapaara hyoo
Buḍith vwomedanu̇y chhu lwokachaar, nȯv bahaar hyoo
Dilas andar mė pron valvalaah chhu bekaraar hyoo
    Tavay tavay vushun vwozul chhu khoon myon

ȧ : p*e*rtain   aȧ : b*i*rd   e : m*a*le   ė : m*e*t
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consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य   tsh : aspirate of ts

DETERMINATION

Red and warm, red and warm!
My blood is red and warm!
My youth the force of a storm!

For Kashmir, my land, a martyr I would die;
And whirlpools do not fill the wind with trepidation.
Lulled in the Dal Lake, waves should not hide and linger.
Let us become the flood and wash down the foe!
That's why — that's why
My blood is red and warm.

What joy to fight, O! for my country's liberation!
To chase out the frost and make the garden bloom!
My spurs are the unforgotten tears of yesterday.
I have a new fire, a new determination.
That's why — that's why
My blood is red and warm.

Lightnings signal me to burn bright and thunder;
Restless 'quakes point to a new apocalypse;
Flowers blooming on martyrs' graves
give new blood to my veins;
The love of vernal blossoms gives me the lion's roar.
That's why — that's why
My blood is red and warm.

The narcissus and the hyacinth have a new fire
in their eyes;
For the rich have learnt to kneel
before the impecunious peasant.
Spring and youth have come to bless grey-haired,
wrinkled hopes,
And centuries' old yearnings are tossing restless
in my breast.
That's why — that's why
My blood is red and warm.

Dazan chhi myaȧny van, yiyam karaar kyaah, karaar kyaah
Rivan chhi myaȧny gul, yiyam mė vaar kyaah, mė vaar kyaah
Bů koṅsalan ta phaȧsalan ti praara kyaah, bů praara kyaah
Tulun mė naar chhum, karyam mė naar kyaah, mė naar kyaah
Tavay tavay vushun vwozul chhu khoon myon

Iraada chhum bů haava yaavanuk bahaar aalamas
Bů sonta vaava paȧṭhy kara jigar nisaar aalamas
Rangan bů pananyi khoona, khaara mwol bů vaara shabnamas
Bȧnyith bunyul ta naar kara bů laara laar dushmanas
Tavay tavay vushun vwozul chhu khoon myon

ȧ : pertain aȧ : bird e : male ė : met
o : go ȯ : oasis ů : script uů : long ů
wo : got ṭ : till ḍ : do ts : tsar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य tsh : aspirate of ts

Can I find rest when my forests are ablaze?
Can I live in peace when every flower mourns?
Have I the time to wait for lazy councils' deliberations?
I am the lighted torch, and a firebrand dreads not fire!
That's why — that's why
My blood is red and warm.

The fire of youth the world shall know when she beholds me.
I make myself an offering, like the spring breeze,
for the garden;
And I shall dye it with my blood, and dear shall be the dew!
And I shall rout the enemy with earthquake, fire and flood!
That's why — that's why
My blood is red and warm.

BU̇ GYAVANA AZ

Bu̇ gyavana az
gulan ta bulbulan ta sumbalan ta masvalan
hȯnduy khumaara hȯt
ta maara mȯt
mȯdur mȯdur ta nyėndri hȯt
su nagma kaaṅh
Bu̇ gyavana az su nagma kaaṅh
ti kyaazi az — ti kyaazi az
Gubaara gard jangachee khaṭan chhi rang masvalan
Ta du̇hy bushanga janga kee tsaṭan chhi choṅth bulbulan
Ta sumbalan apaȧry yapaȧry gatshaan chhwoṅy chhu
haȧṅkalan
Ta vu̇zmalan bihith ȧchhan chhu zaal zan
Khȧṭith chhi kȯh ta baal
Ta kaala ȯbur sangaran vȧlith chhu naal zan
Bu̇ gyavana az
ti kyaazi az chhi jangbaaz jaalsaaz hȯl gȧnḍith
Kasheeri myaanyi zaag hyath

Bu̇ gyavana az
Bu̇ gyavana az Nishaat, Shaalamaar, aabshaara, laalazaar
kuy naram naram
pishul pishul
ta sabz sabz shabnamuk su nagma kaaṅh
Bu̇ gyavana az su nagma kaaṅh
ti kyaazi az — ti kyaazi az
Be vaayi jaayi jaayi taapa kraayi zan chhi zaag hyath
Karan chhi aayi graayi yuth tsalan yi myon baag hyath
tavay chhu shaah ȧndu̇ry gȯmut gulan
chhi laala daag hyath

I WILL NOT SING TODAY

I will not sing today
I will not sing
Of roses and of bulbuls
Of irises and hyacinths
I will not sing
Those drunken and ravishing
Dulcet and sleepy-eyed songs
No more such songs for me!
I will not sing those songs today.
Dust clouds of war have robbed the iris of her hue
The bulbul lies silenced by the thunderous roar of guns
Chains are all a-jingle in the haunts of hyacinths
A haze has blinded lightning's eyes
Hill and mountain lie crouched in fear
And black death
Holds all cloud tops in its embrace.
I will not sing today
For the wily warmonger with loins girt
Lies in ambush for my land.

I will not sing today
I will not sing
Of Nishat and of Shalamar
Of poppy beds and waterfalls
Soft
And silk-smooth melodies
Of the green dew.
I will not sing today
For the determined scorcher
Lies in hiding everywhere
Waiting for a chance to blight whatever is in bloom.
Roses hold their breath in fear
The poppy nurses her stain

Jwoyan chhu güngüraaya pyaṭh ti påhra zan
swoteyi kukili vaah
ta byooṭh haari vanachi åhra zan
Bü gyavana az
ti kyaazi az chhi jangbaaz jaalsaaz hòl gånḍith
Kasheeri myaanyi zaag hyath

Bü gyavana az
Bü gyavana nav bahaara baala yaara ke amaara
kuy rangaaba rang vwozul ta hor
nyool sabaz tòt ta shokh
nagma kaaṅh
Bü gyavana az su nagma kaaṅh
ti kyaazi az — ti kyaazi az
Bahaara süy chhi laar harda vaava ke zahaara chee
Vanan andar avaara taaza shooviyaa chhi naara chee
Sakhar chhi aadamas ti aadamee sünde shikaara chee
Yambürzalan tavay ṭapis chhi bana gamüts
havaa tshènith pyòmut, ta hee chhi
thari bichaari tshyana gamüts
Bü gyavana az
ti kyaazi az chhi jangbaaz jaalsaaz hòl gånḍith
Kasheeri myaani zaag hyath

Bü gyavana az
Bü gyavana az khaahan khalan ta ḍoorinüy
andar su daanda vaåly haåly sund
nyandan hònduy su guma bårith
ti nagma kaaṅh
Bü gyavana az su nagma kaaṅh
ti kyaazi az — ti kyaazi az
Khaahan chhu laavi nyaahli laavi daavi zuv nyumut
Khalan chhu haalavan hånde yinuk ti paåra zan pyòmut

The stream's song
The koel's plaint
Have dried up in their hearts
And the wild mynah is tongue-tied with fear.
I will not sing today
For the wily warmonger with loins girt
Lies in ambush for my land.

I will not sing today
I will not sing
Of the yearning of first love and the blossoms of young spring
For the autumn wind, poison fanged, is in hot pursuit of spring
The hot cry of fire is heard in every forest.
Man has, alas, turned hunter of man!
Behold the poor narcissus with unkempt hair
The jessamine torn from the disconsolate vine
The wind prostrate.
I will not sing today
For the wily warmonger with loins girt
Lies in ambush for my land.

I will not sing today
I will not sing
Of the tiller in the rice fields
Following his plough, sowing, weeding
Transplanting
A song bathed in the sweat of toil
For the poison weeds have sapped earth's vitality
Locust swarms are swooping down on ripe corn

Ḍyakan pyaṭhùy chhu khopha suùty guma zan shiṭhith
gòmut
Palan chhu aavalun tswopaàry gath karaan
ta gaasa taany krètyav
krètith
moola zan chhu rath haraan
Bù gyavana az
ti kyaazi az chhi jangbaaz jaalsaaz hòl gàṇḍith
Kasheeri myaanyi zaag hyath
Bù gyavana az — bù gyavana az
twotaam ywotaam na
kòh ta baal
khaah ta ḍoor
gul ta posh
zag ta pròn
kumir ta kukili
bol bosh
harud ta sònt
van ta baag, jwoyi ta aab, hee gwolaab
shaalamaar, laalazaar, aabshaar, nav bahaar
Zojibaal, Burzabaal, Nangabaal
Sheeshinaag
Vaavajan
Vaara kaara khopha ròst ta pàhra ròst ta àhra ròst
Bù bèyi vuchhakh
Ta tshimbara melavun
sulee
sulee — sulee
Iraada myaàny bèyi asan lasan basan
Ta rathi khasan muraad myaàny
To ṭoṭh myon — nundabon — baag son
Yòhòy panun panun vatan
yi bèyi vuchhan
aabaad aazaad ta khwosh yivun — bahaar hyoo
ta lov lwokachaar hyoo

The sweat on every brow lies frozen with fear
The whirlpool is dancing the Devil's dance
The grass has withered and is bleeding at the roots.
I will not sing today
For the wily warmonger with loins girt
Lies in ambush for my land.

I will not sing today
I will not sing
Until
Hill and mountain
Field and fallow
Bud and blossom
Red rice and white
The koel's song
Spring and fall
Gardens, woods, rivulets, streams
Jessamines, roses, poppies
Cataracts and Shalamar with all the dower of spring
Zojila and Burzal and the sky-kissing Nanga
Sheshanag and Vaavajan
Until all these I see again
Freed from fear, siege and terror
And at the earliest break of dawn
Fulfilment greets my hopes
Until my darling motherland smiles
Like vernal bloom or innocence
In freedom and in joy.

Bů gyava tėlee — bů gyava tėlee
    ta sȯnta phulůyi mȯt gȧtshith bů gyava tėlee
    nata twotaam gyavana gyavana zaaṅh
        su nyėndri mȯt khumaara hȯt
        bů soz kaaṅh
Tavay bů nera — az bů nera — vath bů shera
    bȧṭhy ta bera sȧmy karakh
Bů nėra tez nȯv kalam ta shraakh hyath
    tȧ dushmanan ta rȧhzanan
    bů nera phera ṭhaakh hyath
Dwokur kalam ta drot hyath
Iraada vot prot hyath
Bů phera jaayi jaayi shaayi shaayi pananyi aayi
                prath balaayi drot hyath
    ḍwokur kalam ta drot hyath
Rumav rumav bů guma kȧḍith chhalan yi ṭoṭh baag son
    yi nunda bon
    baala yaar — lwokachaar
    chon myon
Ta khȯh ta khayi, khwoḍ ta layi bů noora suůty pooravakh
Bů gyavana az
Bů nera az
Ḍwokur kalam ta shraakh hyath
Iraada akh be baak hyath

ȧ	: pertain	aȧ	: b*i*rd	e	: m*a*le	ė	: met
o	: *go*	ȯ	: *o*asis	ů	: scr*i*pt	uů	: long *ů*
wo	: got	ṭ	: *t*ill	ḍ	: *d*o	ts	: *ts*ar (Russian)
	consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य					tsh	: aspirate of ts

And then I will sing
Drunk with the scent of spring.
But never till such time
Those dulcet tunes for me!
But today I will go forth
Not heeding any dangers
With a sharp pen and a sharper sword.
I will stall bandits
With pen and hammer and sickle
And a dauntless resolve.
I will roam everywhere and face every danger
With pen and hammer and sickle.
With sweat from every pore
I will wash my garden dear
And I will fill with light
Every gorge and pit and chasm.
I will go forth
With pen and hammer and sickle
And a dauntless resolve.

warmonger — Pakistan.
Zojila, Burzal — mountain passes in the north.
Sheshnag — mountain lake on the way to Amarnath.
Vaavjan — 'the giant of winds'. Wind-swept mountain top after Sheshnag.

SWO VIZ

Swo viz yėli myon gaȧrath seena daȧrith nyeri toophaanas
Phuṭan dand harda vaavas zard rang gatshi kaala asmaanas
Gatshan gagraayi dam phȧṭy tuůr khasi zardaar shetaanas
Traṭan shaah losi naba grany kȯl gatshith bėhi doori vaȧraanas
    Swo viz yėli myon gaȧrath seena daȧrith nyeri toophaanas

Swo viz yėli myaȧny hyamath tsong laȧgith pheri asmaanas
Sůsar lagi vuzamalan din haȧjy baavan chaak daamaanas
Lagan swona shraan bekas nyathananyan muphlis kohastaanan
Vȧṭith ganḍi naar ȯbras taarakan vuzi rėh shamaadaanan
    Swo viz yėli myaȧny hyamath tsong laȧgith pheri asmaanas

Swo viz yėli myaȧny rahmat vaav laȧgith atsi gulistaanas
Vwothan thȯd bara gamůty gul thȯd vȯthith gulzaar vuzanaavan
Yambůrzala lola phwok laȧyith gwolaaban naar vuzanaavan
Su yus kari dwon kunuy setaara tamiche taara vuzanaavan
    Swo viz yėli myaȧny rahmat vaav laȧgith atsi gulistaanas

Swo viz yėli myaȧny seerath choonyi laȧgith nyeri daamaanas
Khayaalan mushka ambar yin tamanaa vachh tsȧṭith nyeran
Bahaarůky jaama vȧly vȧly rȧy gamůty armaan pȯt pheran
Buḍith hasrat lokůṭy gȧtshy gȧtshy khasan aki davi satan heran
    Swo viz yėli myaȧny seerath choonyi laȧgith nyeri daamaanas

TOMORROW

When my wakened ire hurls
defiance at the storm,
The autumn wind shall lick the dust,
the blackest sky turn pale.
Thunder will, stifled, die in her den,
and opulent Satan shiver.
The sky-quake fly to the distant wastes,
and stand tongue-tied and stunned.

When my effulgent lamp of courage
roams the heavens high,
Lightnings, however fierce, shall rend
their robes and tremble and die.
The poor, naked, helpless hills
shall bathe in showers of gold.
Cumulous clouds shall burst aflame,
and the lamps of stars grow bright.

When my gentle breeze of mercy
enters the *gulistan,*
Fallen flowers shall rise again,
the *gulzar* again wake up;
And the narcissi with the breath of love
wake up the roses' fire,
And wake up the strings of the holy lyre
of universal love.

And when I don a robe whose hem
is set with gems and pearls,
Behold the fragrance in each thought!
And strangulated desire
With the immortal sap of spring
will maddeningly return.
Yearnings shall, grown young again,
bound up the seven stairs.

Swo viz yėli myaȧny hyakmat sheri phuṭmut bakht
insaanas
Kajyar tsali bezabaanan zyėvi hajar gatshi door tadbeeran
Gwolaaman pyan vȧsith zolaana bėyi gatshi soor zanjeeran
Mazooran bosh khasi mėhnat kashan baḍi noor takdeeran
Swo viz yėli myaȧny hyakmat sheri phuṭmut bakht
insaanas

Kunuy gatshi dwon jahaanan lola mas gatshi aalamas
jaȧree
Jamhooruk taaj dith kari raaj laachaȧree ta naadaȧree
Vasan bwon zoon taarakh siriyi pȧthris pyaṭh saman
saȧree
Sȧmith din meeṭhy sheras naȧdimas azaad insaanas

ȧ	:	pertain	aȧ	:	b*i*rd	e	:	m*a*le	ė	:	m*e*t
o	:	g*o*	ȯ	:	*o*asis	u̇	:	scr*i*pt	uu̇	:	long *u̇*
wo	:	g*o*t	ṭ	:	*t*ill	ḍ	:	*d*o	ts	:	*ts*ar (Russian)

consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य — tsh : aspirate of ts

When my physic seeks to cure
man's desperate ills at last,
Fetters of all the slaves shall break,
burn down and drop as ashes.
The dumb shall speak, and guile and quibble
no longer plague men's plans,
Nor gnarled misshapen deformity
the tree of destiny.

The here shall be the hereafter,
and the wine of love flow free.
The salt of the earth shall rule the world,
crowned by Freedom's laws.
The sun and the moon and the stars come down,
and assemble here below,
And bless and kiss the forehead
of the meek, the great Free Man.

PRÙTSHUN CHHUM

Dapaan poory kiny gaash lȯg baashi karane
Siyaah bakhtanùy mwokhta daamaana barane
Amaa aav panjaran yi maa bar mùtsarane
Nabas pyaṭh khasun chhum sitaaran prùtshun chhum

Tsȧṭith seena baalan pakun tshaala maaran
Palan baaj hyath baaj dyun kohasaaran
Chhu kus shok aabas andar graayi maaran
Mė anahȧrshyanùy aabshaaran prùtshun chhum

Kasund khooni armaan chhu baalaadaryan manz
Kasund guma chhu larzaan paaṅ tsaadaryan manz
Kasund rath chhu zotaan vunyi hee tharyan manz
Nishaatan prùtshun shaalamaaran prùtshun chum

Chhi kȧmy khoon dith choonyi daamaana jȧrymùty
Panun maaz dith saaz-o-saamaana gȧrymùty
Tsȧṭith nam ta tsam kȧmy chhi durdaana gȧrymùty
Vachhav talakyanùy mwokhtahaaran prùtshun chum

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : bird	e : male	ė : met
o : go	ȯ : oasis	ù : script	uù : long ù
wo : got	ṭ : till	ḍ : do	ts : tsar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

I WILL ASK

I see light lisping
On eastern mountain heights.
Has it come to stud with jewels
The dark robes of the downtrodden?
I must ascend the heavens
And ask the stars to speak.

What desire is leaping
In this restless stream,
Cleaving the breasts of the hills,
Frolicking and dancing,
Rich with the rocks' tribute
And giving the mountainsides a dower?
I ask the virgin waterfalls.

Whose desire, strangulated,
Lives in these pavilions?
Whose drops of sweat are trembling
In every waterfall?
Whose blood still scintillates
In every jessamine shrub?
I ask Nishat and Shalamar.

Who with his heart's blood
Studs hems with pearls
And fashions his flesh
Into ornaments of grace?
Who courts his frame's extinction
Chiselling jewels into form?
I ask the pearl necklace
Adorning Beauty's breast.

Khayaalan pyaṭhu̇y ṭhaana kȯt taam rozan
Bėhyas kahar-o-toofaan kȯt taam rozan
Shȯngith myaȧny armaan kȯt taam rozan
Ti magroor sarmaayidaaran pru̇tshun chhum

Jamhooruk hishar aasi yas sholanaavun
Avaamuk bajar aasi thazi shaayi thaavun
Pazyaa shok tas aḍvate nyėndri saavun
Mazooras pru̇tshun kaashkaaras pru̇tshun chhum

Zaras bosh zardaaranu̇y raaj rozyaa
Tsharyan lori kuṭnan saras taaj rozyaa
Akis tsȯr ta hur byaakh mȯhtaaj rozẏaa
Vachhas pyaṭh khȧsith taajdaaran pru̇tshun chhum

Chhi aki shaayi dolat ta hashmat ta raahat
Ta bėyi shaayi nȧny tan tsharyar phaaka gȯrbat
Chhi kami shaayi tim hyath kalamdaani gaȧrat
Adeeban ta fankaar yaaran pru̇tshun chhum

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How long can the lid
On ideas remain?
How long is it possible
To anaesthetise the storm?
How long can you force
Yearnings to slumber?
O proud and rich, reply.

He who would establish
Democratic equality,
Build a dignified monument
To the greatness of the people,
Should he let his aim
Be trapped into slumber?
Reply, O ye my people.

The rule of the rich man,
The supremacy of wealth,
The crown on hollow sticks,
One man's surfeit with plenty,
Another's pain in want —
Can this remain for ever?
Wearers of crowns, reply.

Wealth and pride and comfort
Carousing on one side,
While poverty, nakedness, hunger and want
Stalk, not very far.
I ask you, with your ireful pens,
Poets and fellow artists,
Which camp is yours?

Tsė gȯy naa kanan nȯv gyavun baaji saane
Dahȧry baaji sane

Thȯkukh kyaazi lar aḍ vate kyaazi traȧvůth
Chhė vunyi kaȧm baaküy nyandůr kyaazi praȧvůth
Dyututh khoon baagas phulay kona chhaȧvůth
Chhi nȧv viz yivaan kona tsė ti aatshanaȧvůth
Karun yas pazyaa tas marun baaji saane
Dahȧry baaji sane

Yi vanaham ti boozum
Khaṭith chhaa? khabar chham
Khabar chham davaa daari baapath tsů loosukh
Khabar chham zi chhėnyi haari baapath tsů loosukh
Dyututh zuv hyȯtuth zaaṅh ti maa pat tsů loosukh
Iraadan navyan path karůth gath tsů loosukh
Tasalee mė chhum zinda chhukh baaji saane
Dahȧry baaji saane

Tsů loosukh ta gav kyaah?
Shȯngith naar rozyaa?
Tsů loosukh zitiny chaȧny maa losi hargiz
Zitiny banyi tyambůr braadi ma losi hargiz
Tyambůr banyi tywongul braadi maa losi hargiz
Tywongul naar banyi braadi maa losi hargiz
Tavay nȯv gyavun chhus gyavan baaji saane
Dahȧry baaji saane

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : b*i*rd	e : m*a*le	ė : m*e*t
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ON THE DEATH OF A COMRADE

Comrade! My comrade!
Don't you hear the new and brave song
That we have learnt from you?

Tired? Why lie you down when the journey's not done?
Wherefore should you slumber when our work is just begun?
Watered with your blood, won't you see the garden bloom?
Won't you wait for a new time's dawn that'll be soon?
Is it right for the architect of the future to assume
Death, my comrade?

Don't I hear what you would say?
Don't I know to what you were a prey?

Chill blasts of poverty made you fade before your noon;
You couldn't afford the cure, — and your sun set soon!
But even in the claws of death you remembered the plighted troth;
To the flame of new resolves you played the happy moth!
You cannot die, for you are the beacon on our path
Forever, my comrade!

You are no more, — but what of that?
Can fire forever slumber?

You are no more, but your fiery emanation can never die!
It'll flower into a myriad sparks and grow, but never die!
Dead coals, infected, will glow and grow, but never die!
Coals blaze into a flaming fire and grow, but never die!
My lyre has caught this tune, my song this stirring theme
From you, my comrade!

Written on the death of Sham Lal Bakaya, a dedicated worker of the Cultural Congress.

MĖ CHHAM AASH PAGAHŮCH

I

Mė chham aash pagahůch
Pagaah sholi duniyaah

Dȯhas gaash huri gul ta gulzaar prazalan
Zameenas süsar lagi ta sabzaar prazalan
Vachhas manz humis lola phańvaar prazalan
Pagaah sholi duniyaah

Kazul laaganay me gatshan ȧchh kazaȧlee
Vasyam dwod ta baba tėnḍy gatshan me vwozaȧlee
Ta dahi vühüry dashahaar yiyi son saȧlee
Pagaah sholi duniyaah

Kanan gatshi mė chaań myaań tsalyam vüy ta vaaye
Vachhas tal mė tsėh tsėh karyam aayi graaye
Laban losa kuṭhisüy khasyam moola maaye
Pagaah sholi duniyaah

Hu bar tsürnyi tȧly kan thȧvith bozi lȯt lȯt
Ta thȧz kaȧr thaȧvith sü bėyi neri pȯt pȯt
Ta vanavun hyamas pȯtra maȧlis yi sȯt sȯt
Pagaah sholi duniyaah

Yinam sȧdra pananyay vadav chhay mubaarak
Bü chhas pȯtra maȧj chhȧtra boony phikri taarakh
Hyamakh kwochhi hyavüny az bü maa kėńh ti praarakh
Pagaah sholi duniyaah

Dapaan jang chhu vwothavun
Pagaah gȯtsh na sapadun
Pagaah sholi duniyaah
Pagaah gȯtsh na sapadun

MY HOPE OF TOMORROW

I

I dream of tomorrow
When the world will be beautiful!

O how bright the day, how green the grass!
Flowers paradisal, earth aching with joy,
And dancing fountains of love in his breast!
The world will be beautiful!

A rare confluence of happy stars!
With my eyes sparkling without collyrium,
Rose-red nipples, breasts swelling with milk —
The world will be beautiful!

At the infant's first cry and sucking at my breasts,
My pains will change into a thrill of joy
And the walls of my room shine like gold.
The world will be beautiful!

Drinking in the glad sounds through a crack in the door,
He'll move out smiling, head proudly high,
While I sing softly to my baby's father.
The world will be beautiful!

Then friends will come, wishing me joy,
Each with a gift of money for the child,
While I, a proud mother, will display my treasure.
The world will be beautiful!

They say war is breaking out,
But surely not tomorrow
When the world will be beautiful!
It can't break out tomorrow!

II

Mė chham aash pagahůch
Pagaah vaada chhum tas

Bů dȯh losanyan hyoo tharyan tshaayi praaras
Ta Heemaal zan lola tay maayi praaras
Gatshyas tser gam kyaah chhu be vaaya praaras
Pagaah vaȧda chhum tas

Su yiyi maayi mȯt tshaayi hȯl graayi maaran
Bů aasay tȧmis maali kity posh tsaaran
Karyam kath bů roshas ta chhoo lagi ishaaran
Pagaah vaada chhum tas

Syaṭhaa hwoṅgni rȧṭytan bů thava kaȧr bwon kun
Ta yėli dȧly raṭyam tėli vůchhas ada ȧchhyan kun
Raṭyam naala ada ȯsh darun maa chhu mumkin
Pagaah vaada chhum tas

Thȧvith kaȧr kwochhi manz dilůky daȧdy baavas
Ta rwopa seena kee daag nazaraana thaavas
Průtshas bů tsė kava laȧjythas lola daavas
Pagaah vaada chhum tas

Vanyam dȯh chhi nȧzdeek tshȯh maari yaavun
Chhu nȧny paȧṭhy asi lol haavun ta baavun
Pȧtyum path chhu traavun ta nȯv nechhanaavun
Pagaah vaada chhum tas

Dapaan jang chhu vwothavun
Pagaah gȯtsh na sapadun
Pagaah vaada chhum tas
Pagaah gȯtsh na sapadun

II

I dream of tomorrow
When I have a rendezvous!

When the soft dark comes, I'll be a Heemaal
Bursting with love, waiting behind the shrubs.
He may be late, but I will be Patience.
I have a rendezvous!

Then love's gait and footfall! He peers into every bush
And finds me gathering flowers for his garland.
He whispers my name, but I'm looking at the flowers.
I have a rendezvous!

He begs, he entreats, but I do not lift my head.
He clasps my knees and our eyes meet
And I am in his arms. Who can hold back my tears?
I have a rendezvous!

I pour out my woes, my head in his lap,
Show him love's scars on my silver-pure heart,
Ask him why he has enmeshed me thus.
I have a rendezvous!

Then his pledge that youth and joy will meet
And love no longer be fugitive.
The past is past, let's welcome the dawn.
I have a rendezvous!

They say war is breaking out,
But surely not tomorrow
When I have a rendezvous!
It can't break out tomorrow!

III

Mė chham aash pagahůch
Shuryan mol vaatyam

Yuthuy boza aalav tyuthuy bronṭha neras
Raṭan naala mati zora ȧndy ȧndy bů pheras
Nȧvis taaza gaasas pyaṭhůy jaay sheras
Shuryan mol vaatyam

Thȧkith aasi aamut gwoḍany paad naavas
Ta mwoṭh dȯg divaan vȧly vȧlee nyėndůr paavas
Ta nakha chee gȧṭhůr brȯṅh kanee nazri thaavas
Shuryan mol vaatyam

Gȧṭhri manz nȧvee gul ta gulzaar aasan
Mė chhiṭh jaani kana vaaji toomaar aasan
Habeebas khatanhaȧj kity dyaar aasan
Shuryan mol vaatyam

Ivůny eez kity ȧsy palav nȧvy banaavav
Ta kacha pooty joraah ti kworbaan thaavav
Habas tsaaṭa baajan shiriny baȧgraavav
Shuryan mol vaatyam

Dapaan jang chhu vwothavun
Pagaah gȯtsh na sapadun
Shuryan mol vaatyam
Pagaah gȯtsh na sapadun

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : bird	e : male	ė : met
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wo : got	ṭ : till	ḍ : do	ts : tsar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

III

I dream of tomorrow
When my husband is coming!

I'll run to the door when he calls my name
And, holding him tight, dance with delight.
Then I'll make him a nice, soft couch of grass.
My husband is coming!

He'll be footsore and weary; I'll wash his feet,
Rub tired limbs gently and lull him to sleep,
And keep the package he has brought home safe near his bed.

My husband is coming!

The package is a garden of flowers for me —
Print for me, rings and pendants for Jaan
And money for dear Habib's circumcision.
My husband is coming!

We'll all have new clothes for the coming Id,
A couple of lambs for sacrifice
And sweets for all Habib's class-mates.
My husband is coming!

They say war is breaking out,
But surely not tomorrow
When my husband is coming!
It can't break out tomorrow!

Taaza taaza mė ȧnymay ḍalay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay
Phulayi vaaṅgan ta paȧrymi alay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Martsavaaṅgan ta vaaṅgan chhi byȯn byȯn
Mas malari hyoo vaaṅgun chhu byȯn byȯn
Naavi manz chhee karaan ṭhwola ṭhwolay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Taaza muji bȯdy chhi hili tshaayi zotan
Ḍemba gwogjaah vwozüjy beeb khotan
Żan sangarmaalanüy lȧjy phulay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Hay tsė latsh pėny tul vwony syaṭhaah chhuy
Draaganüy maȧry kyaah dee tsė raah chhuy
Atha raṭee yath talay hay tsalay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Kyaah vanay pȧtymi brasvaari pyaayas
Zor aȧsim na lȧṭhy zora draayas
Dwoda hyaḍur trov mė phari talay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Aaraaval chhȯt su chhum vaaṭa muj hyoo
Chhȯn ta nȯn tuüri hȯt sheena tuj hyoo
Ȯsh haraan aab zan pyaṭh khyalay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Nasti pambuchhaah kȧrith maȧly sund hyoo
Rempa buth zan lwokuṭ maaji hȯnd hyoo
Lėmbi chhu pamposh phȯṭmut ḍalay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Zan kanan chhum gatshaan shury vadun hyoo
Zan vachhas tal gatshaan chhum brütshun hyoo
Az mė dėdy chham syaṭhaah pȯt kalay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

SONG OF THE BOATWOMAN

I've brought them fresh from the lake —
Come buy! come buy! come buy!
Small brinjals and round big gourds —
Come buy! come buy! come buy!

My chillies and brinjals are lying in heaps.
And look at those big, wine-dark brinjals
Banging their heads in boisterous play!
Come buy! come buy! come buy!

Fresh radish gleaming in the shade of the weeds,
Marsh turnip blushing like a belle —
O my boat is like the flowering dawn!
Come buy! come buy! come buy!

Come, enough! I've given you enough now!
Remember, famine is stalking the land!
I go now. Will you help me lift this basket?
Come buy! come buy! come buy!

On Thursday last my child was born.
I've no strength, but had to totter forth,
Leaving behind the little baby.
Come buy! come buy! come buy!

White like white radish or wild jessamine;
Shivering naked, cold like a lump of ice,
With big tears in bulging eyes, like drops on lotus leaves —
Come buy! come buy! come buy!

His nose, like his father's, a lotus seed,
But his tiny face so like his mother's —
He's a lovely lotus springing from the lake mud!
Come buy! come buy! come buy!

I hear a baby crying;
Someone is whimpering at my breast!
O my good woman, my heart is not here!
Come buy! come buy! come buy!

SON VATAN

Son vatan posh hyoo
Taava hȯt yaavun bahaaruk shaalamaaruk gosh hyoo
Navi poshaakuk bosh hyoo
Phwolavunuy pamposh hyoo
Son vatan lola seeran hȯnd shihul sarposh hyoo
Yaad pyomut osh hyoo

Asi vatan gulzaar hyoo
Zan buthis gindy gindy chhu khȯtmut laalanu̇y
vwozajaar hyoo
Toshivun sabzaar hyoo
Son vatan navjavaȧnee hȯnd vushun khumaar hyoo
Baala paanuk yaar hyoo

Asi vatan ȧchhy gaash hyoo
Korimaȧlis daji gȧnḍith zan paas swonachee chaash hyoo
Poora gatshavūny aash hyoo
Dwod chavun praagaash hyoo
Gaama mȯzryėni zan mȧngith ȯnmut chhu jigaruk kaash
hyoo
Yaavanu̇ch ginda baash hyoo

Asi vatan rut gaam hyoo
Thal ruvith zan bonyi shihlis gruu̇stis aaraam hyoo
Ḍal dahis pyaṭh shaam hyoo
Ȧadanuk baadaam hyoo
Trela hyath yȧtskaȧly vȯthmut gaama pyaṭha zan
maam hyoo
Maaji hȯnd mwomadaam hyoo

Asi vatan jaamvaar hyoo
Ȯngji pu̇tsanith su̇tsni tȧly kȯḍ twopagaryav gulzaar hyoo
Reeshamuk shėhajaar hyoo
Tosa anzu̇ly daar hyoo
Ḍoony hachi pyaṭh tworka chhaȧny khȯnmut chhu
zan lwokachhaar hyoo
Aasanuk amaar hyoo

OUR MOTHERLAND

Our motherland —
A flower
The lusty prime of spring
A bower in Shalamar
Ardour of young innocence
Excitement of new clothes
Lovers uniting after a quarrel
A lotus in full bloom
Memory of one's love

A habitat of flowers
Children's cheeks flushed with joy
Delightful greenery
The drunkenness of youth
First love

The light of one's eyes
Pure gold for one's daughter
Hope nearing fulfilment
Infant dawn
Joy of the peasant woman adopting a child
The wild abandon of youth

A lovely village
Peasant's siesta after hard toil
An evening on the Dal Lake
A green almond
A long absent uncle arriving from the village
with a gift of apples
Sweetness flowing from mother's breasts

Softest wool
Garden conjured up by the embroiderer's needle
The cool feel of silk
A broad-bordered shawl
Youth carved on the walnut wood
The vision of plenty

Ȧsy chhi vatanu̇ky raȧchhdar
Lal Dyedi hȧnz aavaaz hyath
Haba Khotooni yus laluvmut lwoli andar suy saaz hyath
Ȧsy chhi az nȯv saaz hyath
Sonta vaavuk bolavun may khwosh mȯdur andaaz hyath

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : b*i*rd	e : m*a*le	ė : m*e*t
o : g*o*	ȯ : *o*asis	u̇ : scr*i*pt	uu̇ : long *u̇*
wo : g*o*t	ṭ : *t*ill	ḍ : *d*o	**ts** : ***ts*ar** (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

We are her sentinels.
With the voice of Laldyad ringing in our ears,
The fire of Habba Khotan glowing in our hearts,
And with new music we stand today —
With sweet songs that sing on the lips of the spring breeze!

a long absent uncle — In Kashmir, whenever an uncle comes from a village, he brings a bag full of apples and other fruit for the children, for whom his arrival is a great joy.

Lad Dyad — Kashmir's first and greatest mystical poet.

Habba Khotan — the first great lyrical poet, a peasant girl from Pampur who became the consort of King Yusuf Shah Chak (16th century).

TSĖ CHHEE NAA YAAD TIM DȮH

Tsė chhee naa lola myaane yaad tim dȯh
Gindaan os son yaavun 'tsoori tsoore'
Vuchhaan aȧsy akh akis ȧsy doori doore
Karaan aȧsy kaala pagahu̇ch su̇ts baraan dȯh
Na aasun krooṭh pyav haaras kȯrun pȯh
Chhėnith pan pyav bahaaras laavi moore
Magar vunyi tsong loluk saani zoore
Chhu vuzavaan gaash gaṭakaaras karaan tȯh
Amee aki gaashi lu̇yi thȧv aash myaȧnee
Pakaan gav kaȧfilaah saane amaaruk
Amaaran lȧjy phulay nȯv sont vwotalyav
Gulaalav phwolana vizi rȧṭ traay chaȧnee
Chhu vwosh chon khwosh havaa saane bahaaruk
Nȧvis samayas chhu chonuy nek partav

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : b*i*rd	e : m*a*le	ė : m*e*t
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DON'T YOU REMEMBER THOSE DAYS?

Don't you, my sweetheart remember those days
Of our young love, when we played hide and seek,
And our eyes spoke as we stole furtive glances?
O what excitement and what plans for every morrow!
Fell grief came stalking in since I was poor.
Green leaves on the tender branch decayed and fell
In spring time. Bright June into chill December turned.
But the lamp of love we lighted on our sconce
Still blazes bright, making darkness dissolve.
This shaft of love has kept alive my hope.
When I moved with the moving caravan of world love,
A new spring dawned, love blossoming everywhere.
Tulips in bloom were so like you in bloom.
Your sighs are the gentle breezes of our spring,
And the new times bask in the radiance of your light.

ZOON KHȦTS TSȮT HISH

Dȯha aki kȯha pȧty zoon khȧts tsȯṭ hish
Naalas tshenymu̇tsa tanyi vatsha traȧvith
Rwopa tanyi hanyi hanyi daag nȧnyiraȧvith
Pana pana gȧmu̇ts pompu̇ry pȯṭ hish
Zoon khȧts tsȯṭ hish thȧchmu̇ts gȯṭ hish
Zan mȯzaryėni kas taam tshala raȧvith
Ṭhekadaran ȧky thȧv pusharaȧvith
Phuṭavaȧṭis suu̇ty rwopayaah khȯt hish
Zoon khȧts tsȯṭ hish bwochhi lȧjy baalan
Ȯbran hyȧts bėyi gȧjy tshėvaraavu̇ny
Vana viginyav pyȯv zan vwotha daanas
Bata kuly zan khȧty sangarmaalan
Mė ti hėts phaaka phȧris shėchh baavu̇ny
Ȧchh phiry phiry vuchh mė ti asmaanas

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THE MOON

The moon rose from behind the mountain,
Dressed in worn-out, threadbare, Pampur tweed;
Open collar with frayed bands revealing
Sad dark stains on silver-white skin;
With a face like a big round loaf of bread;
Dull like a false rupee a contractor
Gives some ignorant woman labourer
By guile, mixed with other coins.
The moon a loaf, and the mountains hungry!
The clouds put out again their kitchen fires,
But the forest fairies lit their stoves
And rice seemed to grow on mountain peaks.
I gave the glad news to my starving belly
And gazed with all eyes at the hopeful sky.

Pampur tweed — Pampur was famous for the best tweed woven in Kashmir.

SUBADAM

Kunuy zȯn yȧts chhu paratshyȯn gaasha taaruk
Mȧshit gomut chhu shaayad kaaravaanas
Chhu lȯgmut laȧry kiny bechaara daaruk
Panu̇ny tshaaraan divaan vȧny aasmaanas
Gulaalan vuchh ta seenas gav tȧmis daag
Pathar shabnam bȧnyith volun dar aagosh
Zameenan duaa kȯrus nȧvnas kunis baag
Tharyan dukaveri pėy ṭooryan thanay posh
Nabas pyaṭh os kun bwon vȯth syaṭhaa gav
Khwochar thazaruk tsȯlus milatsaarasu̇y manz
Gulan manz gul ta lavi manz mwokhta sapadyav
Hayaatuk pay lȯbun gulzaarasu̇y manz
Avaamas suu̇ty yas gav myul su̇ brȯṅh pȯk
Bėdun yus rood mȧnzilas vaatanay thȯk

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MORNING

Alone, the morning star is truly forlorn.
Left behind by the shining caravan,
The poor sojourner has lost his way
And scans the sky for his comrades.
The tulip, pitying his plight, dragged him down
Into her lap in the form of dew;
Bounteous earth blessed him with increase;
Buds on bushes blossomed in twins.
Alone in the sky, coming down he became many;
Happy comradeship cured the false pride of height.
A flower among flowers, and pearl in the breeze —
The garden taught him the great secret of life.
Erase your ego, and you move forward with the many;
In isolation a bleak death crowns a pointless life.

AMAN APEELI PYAṬH DASKHAT

Mė dȯpmas kaagadas pyaṭh kar tsü daskhat
Ȧchhan kun tas vuchhum kyaahtaam sapdum

Tasünza tima chashma phȯlymüty hee vȧthür zan
Yambürzala bȯmbra rȯs begaash joraah
Divaan sȧdras chhi vȧny aakaash joraah
Dwodaý pyaalan apüz khȧtsmüts chhi thur zan

Chhatis pamposhasüy zaamüty gȯbar zan
Pragaashas zan kapütymüty kaash joraah
Sangarmaalan hȧnzay ginda baash joraah
Kȯhas pyaṭh naaga pwokharyan manz ȯbur zan

Muday gȧnḍith chhi praaraan zan pragaashas
Tshanḍaan mwoniphȧly chhi pyavanis shabnamas manz
Vuphaan zan lȧava hȧty aalamas manz
Zütsan hȧndy paȧṭhy doraan zan chhi raashas

Mė dȯpmas kaagadas pyaṭh kar tsü daskhat
Vuṭhan pyaṭh vasnyi lȯg maȧsum asun tas
Hyȯtun ṭaaryan andar zan yup khasun tas
Kalam saaraan vaaraah ȯsh rȯṭun path

Magar buthy phiry zü phėry ṭaaryan khasnyi lȧgy
Mwolüly durdaana zan dukaveri zaamüty
Chhi nooras vuchhnyi baagas ṭoory draamüty
Gagus trovukh ȧchhar vaalan asnyi lȧgy

Mwochhe manz atha rȧṭith vȯnnam yi lȯt lȯt
Sadaah vȧrishe ȧchhan hȯnd gaash rovum
Vachhe talakuy mė jigaruk kaash rovum
Bamav golav mė kȯrham yaavanas sȯt
Vadun sȧry pėṭhy mė gav vwoṅy vadana hargiz

Ȧchar vaalav dünan dits ȧsh phėryan dwon
Pathar pėyi kaagadas pyaṭh mwokhta lar zan
Hȯkhith gȧy rwopa pȧṭis pyaṭh swona achhar zan
Chhi amanas raȧchh vünyi tim shola maaraan

SIGNATURE ON THE PEACE APPEAL

I said, 'Sign on this paper.'
But when I looked into her eyes, I felt a stab of pain.

Those lightless eyes, two petals of blossoming jessamine,
Two narcissi unkissed by bees,
Cloudless skies scanning the placid lake,
Empty froth on two cups of milk,

Twin infants of a white lotus,
Two slices cut from the earliest dawn,
Two peaks laughing in the morning light,
Two clouds nestling in mountain springs,

Gazed, as if waiting for the dawn,
Or looking for pearls in the morning dew,
Or taking flight from this dark world
Like dancing sparks in an upward blaze.

I said, 'Sign on this paper.'
An innocent smile played upon her lips,
But floods gathered in her eyes.
Groping for the pen, she held them back,

But two obstinate tears rolled out —
Two precious pearls,
Two buds burst forth to greet the light —
And swung on the eyelashes and laughed.

Taking my hand in hers, she whispered,
'It's war that snatched my infant child,
My life's bloom, the light of my eyes!
But I've steeled myself to live again.'

The trembling tears, shaken off by the eyelashes,
Dropped like pearls on the paper,
And dried up like golden writing on a silver plate —
To remain for ever two vigilant guardians of peace.

LAKHCHUN

Lakhchi chhu lakhchun
Bumi hȧnzi sumi tal
Siriyi prazalvun
Zan Naȧgyraayas
Yaari ȧkis tal
Manka chhu mȯṭhmut
Balapooris tshaaraan Heemaal
Nata aasmaanas rwonyi daamaanas
Ȯbras kwochhi kyath sangarmaal

Lakhchi chhu lakhchun
Hwonji hȧnzi lanji pyaṭh
Mwokhta prazalvun
Zan Mȧjloonas Nȧjda vanas manz
Khaab chhu aamut
Laȧl chhi praaraan ṭhari dith baal
Nata zan raȧts chhu buthi pyaṭha tulmut
Shabnam tath chhu banyomut khaal

Lakhchi chhu lakhchun
Ḍyaka kuy ṭika zan
Ṫaaph prazalvun
Sangal deepüchi rwonyi padmaane
Praagaashan ḍyaka myooṭh chhu dyutmut
Noorjahaanaa hoor misaal
Nata zan haranan kwola saras kun
Vana pyaṭha neemüts tshyaph dith tshaal

Lakhchi chhu lakhchun
Ath chhuna mwolavun
Laal prazalvun
Guli laalas zan
Chhwokalad vachhakuy

THE MOLE

Lakhchi's mole
Below the parting of brows
Is like the radiant sun,
Or the gleaming jewel
Naȧgyraay left
Under a pine
On his way to Balapur to meet Heemaal,
Or bright bells pendent in the sky's border,
Or dawn nestling in the lap of clouds.

Lakhchi's mole
On a branch
Of her flowering face
Shines like a pearl,
Like Majnu's dream
In the desert of Najd
Of Leila waiting behind the hill,
Or like the essence of the crystalline dew
Which the night has removed from her face.

She has a mole
On her forehead
Like a beauty mark
Scattering sunshine;
Like beauteous princess
Of Sangal Deep
Kissed on the forehead by bright dawn;
Or Noor Jehan, beauty without compeer;
Or a timorous deer from the edge of the wood
Bounding all of a sudden to Kola Sar.

She has a mole
Priceless
A shining ruby,
Or the darksome stain
In the wounded heart

Daag vwozum hyȯt
Dakalad zoonye
Gaashas gaṭa hish naȧlee naal
        Nata shafkan kȧr shaamu̇chi tshaaye
        Kapṭith pȧtaryan bindaryan maal

Lakhchi chhu lakhchun
Hanga talakanya kuy
Door prazalvun
Harmwokha pyaṭha che
Prėnyi shinamaanye
Vuzamali zan vu̇ny
Bosa chhu kȯrmut
Bȯmbaras praaraan swondarmaal
        Nata zan vana su̇y manz Seetaaye
        Äsh ḍal aamut maalaamaal

Lakhchi chhu lakhchun
Shaah ragi hyȯr kun
Lol prazalvun
Zan dėdi myaanye
Vachha tala rȯchhmut
Mwoni phȯl ȧchh hȯnd
Chhėnyi mȯhbata suu̇ty ȯnmut maal
        Nata aki gȧrbėnyi kana manza tsaȧrith
        Phali phali tujmu̇ts lėji kits tsaal

ȧ	: pertain	aȧ	: b*i*rd	e	: m*a*le	ė	: m*e*t
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	consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य					tsh	: aspirate of ts

Of the tulip, borrowed
By the jilted moon;
Light and darkness in close embrace;
Or dusk making a garland
Of pieces cut from the evening's shadows.

She has a mole
Below the temple,
An earring glowing
Like the kiss of lightning
On the spotless snows
Of Harmukh Glacier;
A maiden glowing before the love tryst;
Or in the lonely forest, Sita's eyes
Brimming over with tears like lakes.

She has a mole
Above her artery
Pulsating love,
As if a mother
Nursed in her heart
The jewel of her eyes,
Whom she rears with love alone;
Joy of the poor woman who has gleaned from husk
Grain by grain, a handful of rice.

the gleaming jewel Naâgyraay left — It is believed that all kings of the Nagas (cobras) had a gleaming jewel in their heads. Naâgyraay would leave his jewel under a pine before assuming human form to meet his beloved, Heemaal.
Najd — the desert in which the lover Majnu roamed as a mad man.
Harmukh Glacier — in Kashmir.

AADANUK POSH

Vaari vuchhum kun poshaa phȯlmut shokh gulaalaa paaraa
hyoo
Dilasůy zan vushaneraa phyoorum chėshman pyom
shėhjaaraa hyoo

Mȯt yaavuṇ zan pȯt aam pheerith haavasanůy zan
shaahphyur gom
Dwosi pyaṭh vėsi suůty tshyaph dith aamut katha
karane lwokachaaraa hyoo

Hȯchhmůtsi kaanůji lari phyur zan dyut dramanan kȯr
bėyi zuvanuk sanz
Zan draav buji Kujidėdi kun zenȧnyi gȯbraa tankhaadaraa
hyoo

Samayůchi hwonji zan lakhchun prazalyav chamanan
zan rȧṭ sontas say
Chilay kalaanuk taapa dȯhaa akh maagas baasyom
haaraa hyoo

Havahas zan lȧjy maȧnzaa paadan tshaṭi trov lȯt
maaharėnyi raftaar
Hardazadas gulzaaras zan gȯnḍ pyėtran ranga dastaaraa
hyoo

Muday gȧnḍith mė thali thali vuchhmas dȯpmas nȧvinay
kunisůy baag
Daagaah hyath bůti zindagee sulavaan tsėti daadyuk
izhaaraa hyoo

ȧ	: pertain	aȧ	: bird	e	: male	ė	: met
o	: go	ȯ	: oasis	ů	: script	uů	: long ů
wo	: got	ṭ	: till	ḍ	: do	ts	: tsar (Russian)
	consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्यं					tsh	: aspirate of ts

THE FIRST FLOWER

I saw a bright red tulip flower,
The only one in bloom.
It gave my heart a warmth, while cool
Sensations laved my eyes.

Drunken youth came back to me,
Reviving desires forgotten;
Childhood stole to the garden wall
To whisper to her friend.

The withered grass too stirred with life,
The lawn planned life again
Like a poor old mother who proudly sees
Her son start earning a living.

The beauty spot on Time's face glowed
With this earnest of the spring;
A sunny day in dreary midwinter
Turned December into June.

The air put henna on her feet,
The wind paced softly like a bride;
The autumn-blighted rose garden appeared
Like a bridegroom with a turban his uncle has tied.

I gazed and said, 'O solitary flower,
May your garden bloom!
I pass my days nursing a pain,
And you too embody a pain.'

turban — among Kashmiri Pandits, the bridegroom's turban is always tied by his uncle.

Bijlee bati ȧndy ȧndy mȧhy joraa
Veegis pyaṭh maharėny maharaaza
Huth kuly shihilis tal Ṭekabaṭany
Vuny draamůts vȯby kiny choka livith
Kastaany saȧly vudini ȧndůry guma ḍȧly
Sumbal mushkan dȧrichas daka dyut
Manzgaami chhu phȯlmut tsandan kul
Neelis pardas vȧtsh thatharaayaa
Kalpataraa maa shraanas draamůts
Guldaanas manz dwon ṭooryan pyaṭh
Dwon sarphan hȯnd aakaaraa hyoo
Ȧndy pȧkhy sȯdaraa Sheeshenaagas
Pamphoshas thana pyomut Bramaa
Bůngůryan gav chhwony chhwony aȧna ȧndůry
Mė chhu baasaan raȧts hȧnza baah aasan
Huth parḍas pȧty kiny katha kath hish
Dwoshavůy daaryav kiny ȧchh joraah
Kaȧtsaah baji kaȧtsaah maayi bȧrith
Mudayaah vuṭha kumajaaraah gilanaah
Reeshům reeshům narmee narmee
Khůra patji chhi vȧtshmůts sheena maȧnyaa
Boonyaa bajaraa bėyi shėhajaaraa
Sarvaa syazaraa bėyi vwonatsaaraa
Swonachicharan vuph tujy arshas khȯt
Dyava minyimari vwoṭh laȧy hůka naaras
Kuntee maa Karanan aalav dyut
Nigiye manz shaayad shur thana pyav
Ȧchh tovur labi pyaṭh tasveeran
Mȯzryėni kȧr dahi dȯhy ruůnyis kath
Tsandaram loosith nėhagaṭi andar
Chhȯt rakh laȧgith Mariyam lȯt lȯt
Humi kȯha daamůny gȧyi tshyaph dith kȯt

Two moths gyrating round a lamp.
Bride and bridegroom on the *vyoog*.
What compulsion brought her to that tree's shade?
Having swabbed the kitchen, Ṭeka Baṭany
Has just appeared at the ventilator.
Some belle, perspiring under her shawl,
Fear and fire consuming her,
As hyacinth fragrance pushes the window.
In Manzgam the sandal tree has blossomed.
The blue curtain is all a-flutter —
Perhaps Cleopatra's moving towards her bath.
Twin buds in a flower vase
Poised to strike like hooded snakes.
Sheshanag in his ocean home.
Brahma born of a lotus flower.
Sound of bangles and whispered speech
Behind that curtain in that room.
I think it's now the middle of the night.
A pair of eyes behind the window panes —
O how big and how passionate!
Devouring gaze, hungry lips, toss of the head!
Smooth silk with softness irresistible —
An avalanche is sliding down that slope!
How big and cool the bulging chenar
And how straight and lofty the cypress!
The monal shot upwards with wingèd speed
And, like a fawn, leapt into the glen.
Convulsed with rage, Karana shouting at Kunti!
In that manger, a child is born!
Frowning look in the pictures on the wall!
The worker's wife talks to her husband
Breaking ten days' ice.
After the setting of the moon, in pitch dark,
Where has Mary, draped in white, with soft
And furtive gait, gone round that hill?

Sahras buthisu̇y vwoshalu̇ny khaaraa
Kana tėhji chhi vwozlemu̇tsa ȯbras
Chhala chaangu̇r gȧyi vaavas zulfan
Kachh soru̇y gav guma sȧry baagas
Hėri bwona aȧvij zaȧvij hee thȧr
Manzbaagan thazaraa vwozajaaraa
Naabad ṭyaṭhavyan ṭyaṭhavyan naabad
Pȧchy Shikuntalaa bėyi maalyun kun

ȧ : p*e*rtain	aȧ : b*i*rd	e : m*a*le	ė : m*e*t
o : g*o*	ȯ : *o*asis	u̇ : scr*i*pt	uu̇ : long *u̇*
wo : g*o*t	ṭ : *t*ill	ḍ : *d*o	ts : *ts*ar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

The face of the dawn is hectic red,
The clouds blushing to the lobes of the ears,
The winds with dishevelled hair
And all grass in the garden soaked with sweat.
The tender, graceful jessamine plant
Is slightly bulging in the middle.
The bitter and the sweet are woven fine.
Shakuntala moves again to her father's home.

moths — This image does not suggest sacrifice but sexual urge.

vyoog — a circle, gaily decorated with pastel and mud colours on which the bride joins the bridegroom at a Kashmiri Pandit wedding.

Ṭeka Baṭany — name of a Kashmiri Pandit girl. It may not refer to any specific person.

Karana shouting at Kunti — the rage of Karana at the revelation of the truth about his birth by his mother who had abandoned him when he was born before her marriage. She now wanted him to desert the Kauravas and fight against them.

Shakuntala — who was jilted by her lover, King Dushyanta, when she was already with child by him.

NOOR MOHAMMAD ROSHAN

b. 1919

Born at Khanayar, Srinagar. Surname originally Kaul. Came under the influence of the progressive writers even before he passed the B A examination. Was one of the first to join the Cultural Congress. Translated Munshi Prem Chand's *Godaan* into Kashmiri. Stopped writing poetry altogether in 1960. Has now set up a silk factory in Srinagar.

SHAHEED SU̇NZ MAȦJ

Magar chham khabar gėny ḍyakas kyaazi khaȧru̇th
Buman chaar dith zan kamaan kyaazi chaȧru̇th
Vu̇chhith haal myonuy dȯgu̇ny kaȧr maȧru̇th
Mė kath chham amich graav yi van baagvaanan
Timan yim na vaadas vwofaa poor zaanan
Tsyatas paȧvy paȧvy yim na zaaṅh myon maanan
Yȯhȯy daag laalas chhu naa laala myaane
Jigar paara myaane ta ȧchh gaash myaane
Chhasay maȧj aamu̇ts shaheedo salaame

Vanay kyaah vatan aḍvȧtis vaatanaȧvith
Vatan pyaṭh shaheedan hȯnduy khoon traȧvith
Bihith praȧny konoon roody shaana thaȧvith
Na zonukh manzil maa chhu dooris mukaamas
Na zonukh vatan maa chhu manz girdiaabas
Phiru̇kh thar ta roody dola zan kaaravaanas
Rȯngukh buth ta az aay thazar haavane
Bajar haȧvy haȧvy posh chhȧkaraavane

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : b*i*rd	e : m*a*le	ė : m*e*t
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THE MARTYR'S MOTHER

(at his grave)

I know why you have raised your brows,
Arching them like a bow drawn tight.
On seeing my plight, you've bent your head.
But ask your friends to explain — not me!
They are lavish with promises that have never been kept.
I've reminded them often, but they never listened to me.
That's my grief, my son, the light of my eyes!
O martyr! your mother has come to salute you!

While there was many a mile to go
And the road still wet with the martyrs' blood,
They rested, using old laws as pillows.
They forgot the distant goal,
The motherland caught in the whirlpool,
And turned their back on the caravan.
With painted grief they've come today,
Offering flowers — not to salute you, my son,
But to show how great they are!

martyr — one of those killed in the first uprising on 13 July, 1931.

BAHAAR

Yuthuy baala pėṭhy sonta vaavan tarun hyȯt
Vȧṭith ȯbranůy ḍupṭanůy taah karun hyȯt
Naban neejaraah neela krenkuk harun hyȯt
Siree asani lȯg doori tentaali pȧty kiny
Sangarmaali zan hoori aȧrak hėtin yiny
Hyȧtsůn daamanas tal vuzůny joyinůy diny
Yi vuchh aaraavůy draay thapi thaari laaraan
Palav pėṭhy dwodas zan ti chhwokh aȧsy khaaraan
Ḍyakas meeṭhy dee dee vanan aabshaaran
Ṗanun maȧry mȯt az bahaaraah chhu aamut

Yi boozith chhamban chharinůy drůh ḍyakas tsȧjy
Vanan vaarinůy zan ti sůsaraay hish lȧjy
Yambůrzal ta mȧts masvalaah baagasůy phȯjy
Yi zan maȧrymȧnz vaȧryvůy haȧr aamůts
Hayaah vyȧts thȧvith bwon kunuy kaȧr aamůts
Bȧrith sworma ṭaaryan chhi achhidaȧr aamůts
Yuthuy chashma mutsryan vuchhun laala aamut
Su mastaana sumbal chhu kami haala aamut
Madanvaar hyoo zan ta phirasaala aamut
Vanaan maayi myaane bahaaraah chhu aamut

Phwolaan asavůne chaanṭi baaman yivaan gȧy
Yimay dwodahyaḍar hee thana zan pyavaan gȧy
Ta shȯd sheer zan dwodji praatsav chavaȧn gȧy
Su sabzaar baagas andar os zaamut
Sabaz pomburaah hish vȧlith os aamut
Phulay chhaavane zan khwojaah os draamut
Rȧṭith naala vaavas gindaan zan ishaaran
Důnan poshi kulinůy divaan os dyaaran
Chavaan shabnamuk mas vanaan os yaaran
Su durdaana dilbar bahaarah chhu aamut

Vuchhum baagasůy az nȯvuy rosh hyoo os
Thari pyaṭh yi zan phwolavunuy posh hyoo os
Yi zan maaji kwochhi manz jigar gosh hyoo os

SPRING

When the spring breeze crossed over the mountain,
The clouds packed up their dull grey shawls;
The sky turned blue as a sapphire;
The sun laughed from behind the distant peaks;
The mountain snow perspired like a bashful nymph in confusion,
Giving birth under her mantle to infant rills.
Beholding this, streams leapt wildly forth,
Bounding over rocks like churned, foaming milk,
And kissing on the forehead the waterfalls,
They cried, 'Our darling spring has come!'

The wrinkled brow of the earth got smoothened
And a wild thrill ran through woods and farms;
The narcissus and the iris blossomed;
The mynah, with her neck arched coyly —
Like one returning from an urgent love tryst —
Opened her collyrium-sparkling eyes.
She saw the tulip already arrived,
And the youthful hyacinth, beautiful as a bridegroom,
Who said, 'My darling spring has come!'

Then blossoming buds arrived in flocks
With smiling mouths like tender, nascent mushrooms,
Or tiny babes replete at mothers' breasts;
Young blades of grass shot forth, and the earth,
Like a *khwaja* in a light green shawl
With his eyes laved with Nature's living hues,
Held the breeze in a tight embrace,
And drunk with the dew and the blossoming boughs
'Behold!' she said, 'My darling spring!'

Nature is not the same today.
The single, new-born flower on the bough
Is like a precious infant in its mother's arms;

Chhu yȧtskaȧly az bonyi sabzaar aamut
Buḍith naanyi zan bėyi su lwokachaar aamut
Yi zan saayi sarakuy ta shėhajaar aamut
Rangith jaama vwozalee chhu gulilaala toshan
Baraan navjavaȧnee hȯnduy josh poshan
Vuchhith bulbulaah zan gyavaan os Roshan
Mė az loḷa vatnas bahaaraah chhu aamut

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : b*i*rd	e : m*a*le	ė : m*e*t
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consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

Like youth revisiting an old grandmother
Is the ancient chenar's pubescent green —
O what green shield and what green shade!
The tulip, frolicking in a bright red dress,
Infects the flowers with the joy of life.
And Roshan like a bulbul sings in ecstasy,
'I've found a blazing bright fire today,
For spring has returned to my world of love.'

Vuchhum pamposhisůy aȧs paaṭikee paȧṭhy valna
aamůts hil
Yi zan aȧs baala paanay haalȧ kamitaany zaala lȧjymůts
gil
Mė zon zaȧhir khabar kȧmy zaȧliman zolaana kȧrymůty
chhis
Pato ḍyoothum gȯmut os zulfanůy mȧnz band yi myonuy
dil

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Raboodaah hyoo gȯmut Iblees pheraan os aasmaanas
Zameen traȧvith khȯtukh kava yor pruthshus yėli zaati
Rahmaanan
Araz kȯrnas Ilaȧhi chhapnyi aas yȯt kaaṅpanyomut chhus
Mė soruy kaari shetaȧni muhit nyoomut chhu insaanan

ȧ : p*e*rtain	aȧ : b*i*rd	e : m*a*le	ė : m*e*t
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I saw a lovely lotus flower, with silken weeds round it coiled,
Like a girl in youthful bloom caught in a web of circumstance.
I thought perhaps some tyrant had caught it in its snare —
But I found it was my own heart enmeshed in lovely tresses.

*** *** ***

Seeing Satan roaming in the heavens, breathless and aghast,
God said, 'Why come up here, when your work is down below?'
He pleaded, 'God, I've come to hide! I'm stunned by what I see,
For man has mastered all my art — there's nothing left for me.'

GHULAM NABI FIRAQ

b. 1922

Born at Srinagar. Orphaned at an early age. Passed the B A examination in 1947. Worked first as a school teacher and later as librarian in S P College, Srinagar. Passed the M A examination in English and appointed lecturer in the same college in 1949. Started writing in Urdu in 1947. His first Kashmiri poem, *Kàsheer,* appeared in *Kwong Posh.* Became an intimate friend of Abdul Rahman Rahi and both published their poems together under the title *Yim saàny aalav.* In his first phase, strongly influenced by socialism. Joined the Communist Party in 1953. Worked enthusiastically to popularise Kashmiri as the cultural medium. Organized with Rahi, Kamil and Pran Kishore the Kashmir Cultural Centre. Translated numerous English and Persian poems into Kashmiri. Attempted unrhymed and free verse. Has also written critical essays. Literay influences: Firaq Gorakhpuri and the English Romantic poets.

SUBAAH

Taarakan shak gav chhu kastaam aav aav tim tsoori roody
Aasmaanan log zaȧvyul reeshmee shafkuk libaas
Raȧts lȯtsaraȧvy jaanavaaran ṭaȧry gȧy bedaar tim
Shraan karne ḍal dahis kuṉ aav laaraan aabshaar
Bulbulav hyėty zeero bam chaȧrith gyavu̇ny nȧvy nȧvy gazal
Nyėndri vȯthithu̇y laȧgy sangarmaali zarbaafu̇ky palav
Shabnamaah lȯg mwokhtaphȯty baagas andar chhȧkraavane
Poshi ṭooryav hyȯt barun bevaayi suy halman tswopaȧry
Khwosh havaavan naafa mȯl badanas ta mushku̇ny daar vȧtsh
Aaftaabas sȯdra khwonyi manz aȧna vuchhanuk shok gav
Paan paȧraȧvith tavay khȯt baala daamu̇ny shoka saan

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : b*i*rd	e : m*a*le	ė : m*e*t
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MORNING

The stars hid themselves, feeling some one was soon
arriving,
But the sky draped itself in fine robes of silken dawn;
The birds woke up, for the night had gently
rubbed their heavy eyes;
Tumbling in haste, the waterfall rushed to bathe in
the lake;
Tuning their lyres, the bulbuls began to sing new songs;
The eastern peaks on waking up dressed themselves in
brocade;
The dew started scattering basketfuls of pearls
Which flower buds everywhere gathered in their robes;
Musk-anointed soft breeze filled the air with fragrance;
And eager to see his face reflected in the mirror of the
mountain lake,
The sun in all his splendour climbed the hill with joy.

BULBULAS KUN

Ajeebůy tsů chhukh bulbulo jaanavaaraah
Bėkhabree andar aalavaah shokh loyuth
Yi dil saada dil myon phalavaȧy kȯrthan
Tsihis manz tsė badlovthan myon duniyaah
Gulav bulbulav sonta sabzaara bȯrthan

Bů osus phiraan pron yoonaȧny ḍraamaa
Panun paan mȧshrith panun shok chaavaan
Paraan zindagee hȧnz mȯdůr badshaah kath
Kithȧny nyaay nȧvy nȧvy vwothaan nyaay saavaan

Kulis tal rwophůy rwoph chhu yus hėri tay bwon
Tsė mizraab loyuth phulay hyȧts mė chhaavůny
Dilan ḍora dyut shokachyan gaȧṅṭa beran
Baahaaras chhu aazat nazar raavaraavůny

Vuchhum siriyi prazlaan neelis nabas pyaṭh
Hanaa door prȯn sheen hyoo ȯbra langaah
Bů zan tsaas mahboob hyath vȧshy akis manz
Khȯtus laȧṅki pyaṭh dwon ḍalan tulni mojaah

Achaanak kuṭhis bar mutsur myaȧny yaaran
Mė khaabůy vuḍith gav bů bedaar sapdus
Turůny sheena tshaṭh tsaayi zan hamla aavar
Lobum paan tȧtithůy yȧtyath vuny bů osus

Kuṭhis manz bů chhus daari darvaaza trȯparith
Shishar gaȧṅṭa prath tarpha zan sheesha prazlaan
Nabas az ti tsaadar vȧlith kaala ȯbrůch
Turun vaav dwodamaaji hȯnd yaad paavaan

Kunuy bonyi vȧthraa chhu yath bonyi shaakhas
Bėhyas laash zan phaaṅsi kooṭis avezaan
Panun mad panun dȯh panun shaan maagas
Bėbis manz bȧrith naara kaangůr chhi haanaan

Ajeebůy tsů chhukh bulbulo jaanavaaraah
Karaamat karaan chaȧny madumaȧty aalav
Hamaakat magar chon ėhsaan mȧshrun
Vandas manz bů phiranovthas poshi margav.

TO THE BULBUL

O bulbul, strange bird!
Your loud call was so very sudden
That my sad heart gave one wild leap,
For in a flash my world was quite transformed —
Full of roses, bulbuls and spring verdure.

I had been reading a Greek play,
My mind absorbed, my fancy feeding
On a king's story, so true to life,
Where new strife treads on the heels of the old.

Though silver lay on the tree and around,
When you struck your harp, blossoms came
And my wingèd fancy soared to heaven —
Spring often does bewitch one's eyes.

The sun shone bright in an azure sky;
A snow-white cloud sailed, not very far.
We stood, enraptured, gazing at the lake,
My love and I, in an island bower.

Suddenly some one knocked at the door.
Fled was the dream and I was awake.
A cold gust rushed in like a raider,
And back I was where I had been.

I have fastened doors and windows;
Icicles on all sides sparkle like glass;
A black cloud blanket wraps up the sky;
A chill wind pierces the marrow of my bones.

The last chenar leaf on the branch
Hangs withered and lifeless like a corpse.
Drunk with power, Midwinter has his day.
Even the fire pot we cling to is cold.

You are a strange bird, O bulbul!
How can I forget that in dreary midwinter
You made me roam in flowering meadows?

MOHAMMAD AMIN KAMIL

b. 1924

Born at Srinagar. Passed the B A examination from S P College, Srinagar. Obtained the degree in law from the Aligarh University. Worked for some time as lecturer in Urdu in S P College, Srinagar. Later, practised as a lawyer in Srinagar. Now, editor, Urdu-Kashmiri section in the Cultural Academy, and also on the editorial board of the Kashmiri Dictionary, which is under preparation. Has published *Mas Malür, Lava ta Prava, Bèyi Suy Paan, Gaṭi Manz Gaash* (a novel), *Kathi Manza Kath* (short stories), *Soofee Shaȧyir* (a collection of Kashmiri mystical verse in 3 vols) and *Noor Naama* (the poems of Nundaryȯsh). Was given the Sahitya Akademi Award for Kashmiri poetry for his *Lava ta Prava.*

GUL-I-LAALA

Guli laala phȯlith aay vanan manz ta ḍalan manz
Pyav shȯhra tswovaapaȧry yi baagan ta khalan manz
Kumiran ta jalan manz

Kȯr zool yi zan maaga bȧchith soṅta bahaaran
Dyut aashkav rang yaavanuk zan lola amaaran
Betaab ishaaran

Guli laala zan mas pyaala bȧrith thovmut kalavaȧly
Yaa greesy kȧtaah lochh vwozul naar tshūnith naȧly
Ya sholavūny mashaȧly

Zan ḍooly aamu̇ts kori maȧlis kaharanu̇y hȧndy dȧsy
Ya ṭopi han vȧti pyaṭh vwozu̇jy pemu̇ts chhi shuris vȧsy
Vaatu̇ny yi gȧtsh bėyi tasy

Chyath jaami shahaadat chhu zan Sharwaȧny su valaveer
Hėnzyaani vuchhith ȧnzini hȯṭaa zan chhu Rasul Meer
Pur josh duaageer

Zan maahrėnya vwoshalemu̇tsu̇y ḍeeshith panun khaavand
Ya baȧzygaran naara rėh kȧrmūts chhi nazarband
Ya laali Samarkand
Zan kaartikchi zooni buthis pyaṭh chhu siyaah khaal

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : *bi*rd	e : m*a*le	ė : m*e*t
o : *go*	ȯ : *o*asis	u̇ : scr*i*pt	uu̇ : long *u̇*
wo : g*o*t	ṭ : *t*ill	ḍ : *d*o	**ts : *ts*ar (Russian)**
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

TULIPS IN BLOOM

Tulips are in bloom in meadows and on river banks:
Is spring going gay
At deliverance from winter's icy clutches?
Or have lovers dyed in the bright hues of youth
Their passionate sighs and longings?

The tulip is like a cup brimful with wine,
A peasant lass in a bright red gown,
A flaming torch,
A golden palanquin brought by bearers for one's daughter,
A red cap left on the road by a child
(O forgetful child, now sobbing wild!)
Sherwani, brave martyr, dyed in crimson,
A Rasul Meer, aflame with passion and prayer
On seeing the swan's grace of a Hindu maiden,
A bride blushing on seeing her lord,
A flame charmed by a wizard,
The Kartik moon with a lovely mole,
The ruby of Samarkand.

Sherwani — Mohammad Maqbool Sherwani, who died bravely, trying to stop the Pakistani raiders at Baramulla in 1947.

ZINDAGEE TA MOT

Akh baala kwolaah tshaala nivaan aȧs mė vȯnmas
Průtshůhay bů kathaa boztam aasee tsė khabar dyav
Motuk ta hayaatuk tsė maa az taam lȯbuth pay
Vȧtsh aaba lȧhraa akh zi dariyaavůch bů chhasay zyav
Rukanůch mė mahal chhay na safar zyooṭh
karun chhum

Daamaana rȯṭum soṅtakis betaab havaavas
Jaanaana lagay paȧry kadam thaav kathaa boz
Khabraah mė vanakhnaa tsů kaaṅh margůch ta hayaatůch
Drasa dith su vȯthum lonchi ma lam door ukun roz
Vakh chhuy na mė butaraȧts halam poshi
barun chhum

Kami aashi vȯnum pomparas devaana katha boz
Naavas bů lagay karta tsaȧngis kam tsů akůy gath
Motůch ta hayaatůch mė kaaṅh dita taaza bashaarat
Tshȧṭ dith ta zaȧlith paan kȧrůn ora yitsůy kath
Naaras andar thėha paan laȧyith yaar
saruṅ chhum

Akh taarukhaa meezaana nish ḍȯl yaam mė vȯnmas
Haa rikyni gindan vaali rumaah paan tsů ṭhȧhraav
Motuk ta hayaatuk tsė maa az taam sȯruth raaz
Traȧvith vwoshaa loyun sadaa vwony myaȧny kathaa traav
Motůch mė chhay tsala laar vanay kyaa mė
marun chhum

ȧ : p*er*tain	aȧ : b*ir*d	e : m*a*le	ė : m*e*t
o : g*o*	ȯ : *o*asis	ů : scr*i*pt	uů : long *ů*
wo : g*o*t	ṭ : *t*ill	ḍ : *d*o	**ts : *ts*ar (Russian)**
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

LIFE AND DEATH

I said to the leaping mountain stream,
'I'd like to ask — perhaps you know —
Have you found the truth of life and death?'
A rising wave said, 'I'm the river's voice;
But I can't stay — I've a long way to go.'

I caught the robe of the impetuous spring breeze.
'Stay a moment, sweet one, listen to me!
Tell me something about life and death.'
'Hold off! Don't pull at my robe', he said,
'I've got to fill earth's lap with flowers.'

With hope I said to the moth, 'Mad lover,
Pause only once in your grim career,
And throw fresh light on life and death.'
Gyrating in, he burnt himself up, saying only this,
'I've barely time to plunge into the beloved flame.'

Finding a star thrown out of orbit, I said,
'Stop a moment, O skier on heaven's floor!
Have you pondered the mystery of life and death?'
He sighed and shouted, 'I'm doomed and best forgotten;
Death is pursuing me — that's all that I know.'

NAGMA KARAAN AAFTAAB

Doori bihith daari pyaṭh chhus bů tamaashaa vuchhaan

Gardishas andar zåmeen
Be makaan aåsith måkeen
Gata rėnyaa akh naazneen
Maårymånz ta mahjabeen
Khwosh nazar dil shaadmaan chhus bů tamaashaa vuchhaan

Myåts havaa ta naar aab
Kith sanaa kåny hamrikaab
Vuchh na mė yuth inkalaab
Sör na mė yuth kaaṅh hisaab
Maåjazaa akh be bayaan chhus bů tamaashaa vuchhaan

Shoka bårith döh ta raat
Chhu lådith insaanzaat
Mota nish tshaaraaṅ najaat
Lola håty gaaraaṅ hayaat
Månzilan doraan davaan chhus bů tamaashaa vuchhaan

Husan thavaan tsoori raaz
Åshak karaan saaz baaz
Lol chhů böḍ kaar saaz
Jasta nazar kad daraaz
Zoona ḍaban våny divaan chhus bů tamaashaa vuchhaan

Gul chhi vuchhaan ṭaari tåly
Påshy chhi pakaan tshaayi håly
Jal chhi tulaan shor våly
Yuth na chhåkiv nyaayi phåly
Asi chhu kunuy zuv ta jaan chhus bů tamaashaa vuchhaan

Dil grazaan valaveernůy
Söthy tshyanaan takdeernůy
Bas gatshaan zanjeernůy
Zyav yivaan tasveernůy
Draatinůy kismat huraan chhus bů tamaashaa vuchhaan

THE SONG OF THE SUN

Sitting at my window, I behold far away
The earth on her diurnal rounds,
Houseless, though not unconfined,
Her movements a dancer's dream,
Moon-faced and beautiful,
With sparkling eyes and happy heart.

Earth, air, fire and water
In one happy comradeship!
I've never yet seen anything
So unaccountable, so passing strange,
A wonder so indescribable.

I see man run from goal to goal,
I see him crowding day and night
With intense desires uncountable —
Above all he wants to conquer death
And live in love's eternity.

Beauty guards her secret close,
But love plans his stratagem —
Love, most adroit of all,
Quick-eyed and tall,
Peers into moon-shaped balconies.

Flowers look with bashful eyes,
Birds are singing loud and clear,
Beasts move with infinite grace,
'O do not scatter grains of strife,
For we are one, heart and soul.'

There's thunder in the hearts of the brave!
The evil bunds of fate get breached.
Shackles shiver with fright and fall.
I see dumb pictures finding speech
And sickles blest with plenty.

Zindageeye hȯnd avaam
Haz chhu tulaan shahro gaam
Baȧzygar motu̇ky tamaam
Taari gȧtshith subashaam
Ṭhela panu̇ny hyath tsalaan chhus bu̇ tamaashaa vuchhaan

Maksaduk dooryar chhu pȯh
Raath kuḍu̇r sheena kȯh
Aashako vwoth maar tshȯh
Chhuy ganeemat tapaa dȯh
Shaȧyiraa dyooṭhum gyavaan chhus bu̇ tamaashaa vuchhaan

ȧ	:	p*e*rtain	aȧ	:	b*i*rd	e	:	m*a*le	ė	:	m*e*t
o	:	g*o*	ȯ	:	*o*asis	u̇	:	scr*i*pt	uu̇	:	long *u̇*
wo	:	g*o*t	ṭ	:	*t*ill	ḍ	:	*d*o	ts	:	*ts*ar (Russian)

consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य — tsh : aspirate of ts

I see joy in town and village
In widest commonalty spread,
And merchants of death everywhere,
Bewildered night and day,
Run away with their evil bags.

I also hear a poet sing,
'Losing sight of your aim brings
Tedious winter nights and mounds of snow.
True lover, drink delight from life
For lovely is a summer's day.'

GAAMA MAŚVAL

Fitratůch shaahkaar soorat, azla abdůch sworga hoor
Zindagee håndi shaalamaarůch poshi thår zan mas maloor
Maårymånz butaraåts hånz kanavaåj aåvij håṭy hånzoor
Gaama masval greesy koor

Vaakh Lali hånz sholavůny sanavůny Rasulmeerůny gazal
Yaavanas manz naara vuzamal loocharas manz mòhrachhal
Bulhavas vyasaraan vuchhith yas kun gatshaan motas vadal
Våsy pyavaan prath jådy tshal

Nalavaṭan dwod hyòt baban yèmi shora patharyan khaåry posh
Aalatshyaras vol yèmi mad mèhnatas yèmi khor bosh
Yas na zaaṅh toophaan såry såry rov dil vyasarey hosh
Lola naaruk soor josh

Zindagee hònd raaz lòb yèmi rooz yas thåz ånzini kaår
Kaami vizi toophaaṅ ta vuzamal lola vizi boonyaah ta yaår
Ṭoṭh yas zee kul panun syòd saada khwoparaa gaan vaår
Ywosa na dyaaran rooz laår

Kaåtyahan takdeeranůy roozith chhi gaåmůty dòh ta raat
Måhala khaanan manz nakaaban tal sworůmy gaåmůts hayaat
Saavinyan lèdremůtsan zoonan chhu yaavun haårisaat
Mot hyath òbrůch baraat

Zindagee khab dith vazaa daåree ta pardan thaåvmůts
Asmatůchi kam kam aliph laålaayi våny våny saåvmůts
Haayinemůts zan bahee khaataah kathaa mansaåvmůts
Vuzamalaah tshèvaraåvmůts

THE VILLAGE IRIS

Nature's masterpiece! Eternal houri of Paradise!
Flower bush in life's pleasure garden! Urn full of wine!
Earth's necklace and graceful jewel in her ear!
O village iris! O peasant girl!

Lalla's lofty *vaakh,* poignant gazal of Rasul Meer!
In youth both gold and flash of lightning,—
She who leaves the sensual trembling and death confounded,
On whom no charms can work!

She milks the breasts of stones, grows flowers on stubborn soil,
Humbles the pride of sloth and shows the dignity of toil.
Storms cannot make her quail. Seeing her, love grows pale,
Ashamed of his puny flame.

She knows life's mystery, her swan's neck always high.
In work, she's storm and lightning; in love chenar and pine.
She loves her son, a simple hut, a garden, a shelter for cows;
She is not a slave of silver.

Others there are whose life's current stopped flowing long ago —
Languishing veiled in mansions, with life anaesthetised;
For these poor pallid moons, youth comes as a misfortune,
A cloud that brings death.

They have ever lived gagged by conventional demureness,
Lulled nightly to slumber by fairy tales of chastity, —
Moth-eaten, mildewed, like an old account book,
Like a story long forgotten, like spent lightning.

Roba khaanan manz ȧndu̇ry anyigȯṭ nyėbu̇ry zooluk jalaav
Kuu̇mathaah lȧdran swonas vaaraah magar lolas na baav
Saaz neran parda tsȧṭy tsȧṭy trovmut vakhtan chhu daav
Zindagee chhana band talaav

ȧ : p*e*rtain	aȧ : b*i*rd	e : m*a*le	ė : m*e*t
o : g*o*	ȯ : *o*asis	u̇ : scr*i*pt	uu̇ : long *u̇*
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	consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य		tsh : aspirate of ts

Darkness in their parlours, illumination without;
Valued not for love, but trappings and trinkets!
But changed time will tear the veil and new songs will be heard,
For life is not a stagnant pond.

NYATHA NȦNY MAANE

Zulfan chaanyan hȯnd gȯn saayi
Yath sȧhraavas myaanyee maayi
Pȧchh yaa rėty chham chaȧnyee yaad
Dilakis darvaazas dubaraayi
Vaȧnsan pyaṭh kȧmy dooryar yȯtsh
Tami putsi maa samsaaras zaayi

Vaavan kȯr shamahas bȧly gyund
Naba kyan tsangyan vȧtsh thatharaayi
Jigaran thaavyov daadyan ṭhaan
Kari kyaah dil chhus bar hamsaayi
Naphrȧts hȧsrat vuṭha kumajaar
Lolas nyaamat ȧsh dadaraayi

Sonchu̇ky paymaanay gȧy tang
Bėyi maa sana kėṅh kaȧlib draayi
Hata saȧ bu̇ ti ku̇na loluk srėh
Hata saȧ bu̇ ti chhus tuhu̇nzi traayi
Kȧmy dȯp yėti chhana aadam bȯy
Yim kyaah ada chhaa saȧree tshaayi
Achharan hȯnd zarbaph naayaab
Nyatha nȧny maane gaȧmu̇ty zaayi

Hoonis gardani swona sund kȯr
Rata chhėbi lagayo ath vwopharaayi

Yath hȧndu̇ris shaharas manz myon
Baḍakyal dil ti chhu bȯḍ sarmaayi

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : bird	e : male	ė : met
o : go	ȯ : oasis	u̇ : script	uu̇ : long u̇
wo : got	ṭ : till	ḍ : do	ts : tsar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

NAKED THOUGHTS

My love provides this desert with
Your lovely hair's luxuriant shade.
Time and again your memory
Knocks wildly at the door of my heart.
Who would for ages live alone? —
It's not with that wish we were born.

When the wind had idle sport with the lamp,
Trembling seized the lights of heaven.
Being helpless, for the mind lives close,
The heart put a lid on its agony.
Hate never will know softened lips;
Love is blest with streams of tears.

Old goblets are now too small for thought —
I wish some better forms were found,
Else I might sell, not sing love's yearnings,
And follow only in others' wake.
Who says man can't be found here now?
Then what are these? Only ghosts?
The brocade of words is not to be had,
And naked thoughts just waste away.

The dog wears a collar of gold —
O how your barking thrills my heart!

In this city of sad decay
Even a fluttering heart is a treasure.

old goblets — poetic diction and forms.

ABDUL RAHMAN RAHI

b. 1925

Born at Waza Pora, Srinagar. Orphaned very early in life. Passed the Matriculation examination as a private candidate. Later he passed Adib Alim, Adib Fazil, Munshi Fazil and M A examinations as a private candidate. Influenced by the progressives and joined the Communist Party. Started life as a clerk in the P W D. Later, was appointed lecturer in S P College, Srinagar. Founded, along with Firaq, Kamil and Akhtar Mohiuddin, the Muslim Communist Party. Joint Secretary, Progressive Writers' Association, Srinagar. Published *Subahuk Sodaa, Yim Saány Aalav, Loluk Partav, Sanaviny Saaz* and *Novroz Sabaa.* Won the Sahitya Akademi Award in 1969. Is now working as a Lecturer in Persian, University of Kashmir.

TASVEERU̇KY ZU̇ RWOKH

Nabas pyaṭh taarakav kari maala mwokhtas
Mė bassyav zan tsu̇ chhakh pananyan amaaran saam
hyėni draamu̇ts

Kȯhav pȧty zooni kȯr tshal kaala ȯbras
Mė dȯp zaȧhir chhi chaȧnee praȧny kaaṅh vyas son kun
aamu̇ts

Subah phȯl bulbulav kȯr bol boshaa
Mė baasyav zan ti tsu̇y chhakh meeṭhy aalav dith mė
vuzanaavaan

Havaa ḍȯl lanji phȯl akh daȧn poshaa
Gumaaṅ sapdum chhė chaȧnee lola mankal naar
chhȧkraavaan

Ḍalas vȧthy moj lȧjy thatharaay aabas
K̇habar chham aadanuk kaaṅh haavasaa aasee tsė
tambalyomut

Bwoṭhyan pyaṭh lukh chhi praaraan naava taaras
Mė baasaan door gaaman saȧl karanuk zwon tsė chhuy
pyomut

Khalan pyaṭh byaȧly hėy hėy haȧly draamu̇ty
Khabar tsėy maa hyatsu̇th kwochhi kwochhi karu̇ny tas
manzlikis laalas

Chhi rooziyaanas sȧmith az tsaaṭh aamu̇ty
Khabar tsėy maa dȯputh gȯtsh poṭ chhaavun zaa shuris
naalas

Banjaȧryaa hakh divaan draav saanyi bara tȧly
Pazee aasee tsė ȧndy pȧkhy reeshamu̇ch thatharaay hish
baasaan

Chhipar gȧnḍ shury bu̇ anahaa baangi lȯṭ mȧly
Khabar chham haavasan manz chhay tsė natsanu̇ch traay
hish baasaan

SYMBOLS

Stars in the sky are threading pearls;
Or have you come out threading your longings?

The moon outwitted black clouds over the mountain —
Looks like an old friend of yours is coming to me!

The bulbuls burst into song at dawn,
As if you were singing me a sweet aubade.

The breeze freshened, a pomegranate blossomed on the bough,
Like your own hearth of love, showering fire.

The lake shivered, the waves grew restless
Like the tumult of old yearnings rising in your heart.

People are waiting on the bank for the ferry,
Like when you hear the wild call of the distant villages.

The peasants are out in the field with seeds —
You are rocking the little bud in your arms.

The hawker shouts his wares, passing my door;
I hear the rustle of your new silk dress.

The child is crying for a spinning top —
Your own ungovernable desire to dance!

Chhivaan aȧs maharėnyaa swormas ta saazas
Mė dȯp zaȧhir yi chhakh tsüy yaavanüch kaaṅh shokh
yėny yeraan

Javaanaa akh vuchhum doraan mahaazas
Mė baasyav zan tsü pananyis aaṅganas chhakh praȧny
dwos sheraan

Chhi kaȧtyaah zindagee hȧndy rang shoobaan
Chhi kaȧtsaah dilkashee hėchhmüts yimav chaanyav
ishaarav az

ȧ	:	pertain	aȧ	:	bird	e	:	male	ė	:	met
o	:	go	ȯ	:	oasis	ü	:	script	uü	:	long ü
wo	:	got	ṭ	:	till	ḍ	:	do	ts	:	tsar (Russian)

consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुख्य — tsh : aspirate of ts

The happy bride's face, lovely with rouge and collyrium
Tells me you're perhaps weaving bright patterns of youth.

When I saw a young man going to fight at the front,
I knew you were repairing your garden wall!

How beautiful are life's variegated colours!
How fascinating the symbols you speak to me in!

PATH AGAR YIYIHE TI MOTAS VAȦRY

Zindagee hȧndy dȯh chhi tshȯṭy duniyaah punyim hȯnd
zoona gaash
Shabnamu̇ky kėṅh tsėh, gulaabȗky saath kėṅh
Vath chhi mukarar malguzaarȗch, aavarėny chhana
kaȧṅsi hargiz tsėth rachhaan
Aadanas yaavun yivaan, yaavun gatshaan, paavaan bujar
Zindagee hȧndy dȯh chhi tshȯṭy, haavas syaṭhaa phursat
kaleel

Au vȯṅ gav ath vakhtakis tshwocharas ti hėyi kaaṅh
Kaȧts hyath kapṭan karu̇ny
Subhakis vaavas sulee thaavan nazar bȧndee kȧrith
Shabnamas kaaṅh diyi na vasanay baag manz
Phwolana bronṭhu̇y traavi kaaṅh putsanith gulaab
Daam kėṅh aasaaṅ chhi ath pyaalas andar
Loodaraah kaaṅh zulma kiny diyi tath ti kȧny
Zindagee hȯnd maachh tėli ṭyaṭhavyan banaan
Mot tėli baasaan chhu mushkil
Zuv chhu tėli lȧmy lȧmy kaḍaan

Boozymu̇ty chhim vaaryaah afsaana sworgȗky baarahaa
Jantachyan yambu̇rzalan path raȧvy bȯmbar beshumaar
Nakad khyaȧvith kaȧtyahav vaanyav vwozum baapaar kȯr
Vumbu̇r vaȧtsu̇m bekasee hȧndy naaratȧty lalavaan
Tȗ m̃oyas kaava pakhi zan sheen pyom
Aaftaabaa os, pȧky pȧky tsaas mus, losun hyȯtun
Uf! yėmis motas chhi handaremu̇ts nazar
Aȧnth rȯs aasaan chhi maagȗch sarad raat

Haa dilo! saazandaro! zarbaah dito! vaayun hyato!
Aaftaaban rang ho vaahraȧvy shafkȗky yaam losan gȧr
vu̇chhin

MONOLOGUE OF THE OLD WOMAN

How brief is human life in a world bewitching like the full moon!

A few moments of the dew,
A few of the rose
Before we take the certain road —
For the grave and the pyre are no one's friends.
Youth follows childhood, then flies and, all too soon,
Crabbèd age arrives!
How brief is our life, but O, how unbounded our desire!

If some with determined shears
Clip further short this tragic brevity,
Shut morning breezes early in a cage,
Prevent the dew from falling,
Despoil the rose before it blooms —
When the cup has barely a few sips to offer,
The stone of greed still shatters it to bits —
The honey of life turns into bitter wormwood,
And death seems hard indeed.

O, I've heard all those oft-repeated tales of paradise!
Many a bee was lost pining for the narcissi of heaven.
Many a merchant gave the cash of here
For the credit of the hereafter.
What's my life? — the frost lies heavy on my wings,
While within I've played lifelong nurse
To poverty's sore burns.
My sun, weary and footsore, is now about to sink.
How cold is death's steady gaze!
How cold and dreary this unending midwinter night!

O musician heart! strike up your instrument!
Knowing his time of setting nigh,
The sun has suffused the western sky.

Vaay mė haa chham vaȧtsmůts maharėny yi ȧchh phiry
phiry vuchhaan
Vahy yėmis mosum gulalas chhum bėkaȧree seena
kȯrmut daag daag
Vahy yi dwos chham aavasyemůts rooda suůty
Vahy yėmis braȧris chhi gaȧmůts nahkachee haȧlah mė
suůty

Haa dilo! naadaaṅ dilo! be silsilo!
Dub dubaah karto tsů myaȧnis aadanas aalav dito
Vahy ȧkis saatas agar yath duniyahas pyaṭh aasihe
myon ėkhtiyaar
Vahy ȧkis brůṅzis agar vakhtuk yi duldul myaȧny
marzee maanihe
Aalamas dapunaah kȧrith bȧry bȧry bů thavahaa maȧṅzi
ḍuly
Kaarabaarůky sath samandar traavahaa yakbaar vȧthy
Raȧts hȯnd daamaana rangahaa
Aaftaabas sozahaa zarbaaph laagun kyut ta haṅgas
mȯhra gȯnd
Vaayahaa yȧtskaȧly tumbakhnaȧr sȯdaran manz bihith
Aaṅganas manz ishka pechaanas sagaah dimahaa gutul

Path agar yiyihe ti motas vaȧry tas kyaah laarihe
Thaȧvytan path jantachyan ḍeḍyan kuluph kȧry kȧry
tswopaȧry

ȧ	: pertain	aȧ	: b*i*rd	e	: m*a*le	ė	: m*e*t
o	: *go*	ȯ	: *o*asis	ů	: scr*i*pt	uů	: long *ů*
wo	: g*o*t	ṭ	: *t*ill	ḍ	: *do*	ts	: *ts*ar (Russian)
	consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य					tsh	: aspirate of ts

No wedding bells for you,
My big gazelle-eyed daughter!
O my poor son, broken by unemployment!
Look at this wall crumbling down with rain
And see this poor cat's strange attachment!

O heart! O foolish heart! Ungovernable!
Knock at the door of my youth! Call him back!
I would wash clean the dark robe of the night,
Send brocade for the sun to wear
And plumes for his head,
Play many a lilting tune while drifting on the lake,
Water the only convolvulus in my yard.

Then if death were to come, he wouldn't gather much —
And I don't care if they close all the gates of paradise!

ZINDAGEE

I

Zindagee baasaan chhi tami vizi gaasha ròs maskaàsy buḍ

Sahra vaktan sheesha pòṭ hyoo nab chhu yaamat kaala
òbruk buth vuchhaan
Taarakan hàndy tsaàngy tshèvrith zooni zan nyaṅgalaan
chhu dyav
Baala pàty kiny hooly haaṅgay hish chhi gagaraayan
vwothaan
Vuzamalan hàndy jin chhi yaamat naara pàymùty neza
gilanaavùny hyavaan
Ḍoṭh ḍeeshith yaam sanglaatan chhi phàry vòthy vòthy
gatshaan
Aàlynaashuk bay chhu yaamat baagakyan jaanaavaran
motun phiraan
Beema suùtyan yaam pyaaval gaavi hònd tèchihor vòtsh
dam phàṭy gatshaan
Rooda neelan hònd grazun boozith bèkas pahryan chhi
kàn vèsarùny hèvaan
Daana kuṭh baasaan chhu àchh phiry phiry vuchhaan

Àthy andar yaamat chhi kaàṅh pulsùch jamaath rooḍy
phuṭraavaan yivaan
Hathkaryan sapdaan chhu chakchak phàngy chhi
dastaaran vuphaan
Barni tàly tràhraan chhu taàris dil ta haàṅkal lyal karaan
Hukmi haàkim gontsha trakaraàvith chhu aaṅgan
manz atsaan
Prùtshna ròstuy laam traavan vol mujrim tshaarane
Zan vanas manz kaaṅh tabardaaraah divaan vàny
raàyilan
Zan shikaàryah kaaṅh Hòkarsar votmut
Bekhabar paàṭhyan chhi kastaaṅ navjavaanas herì pyaṭh
Gaàṅṭ hish vaaraṭ nivaan zan jonṭh dith
Tophanùy hònd grany chhu gagaraayan gatshaan

LIFE

I

Life — a sightless, shaven old hag!

Before dawn, a glass-clear sky sees a black cloud
Putting out the lamps of the stars;
A demon swallows the moon. Behind the hills
Peals of thunder have raised a mad tumult,
And demons of lightning are brandishing their red-hot spears.
The rocky hills tremble at the approach of the hail.
Birds grow death pale, seeing certain destruction of their nests.
Fear holds the new-born brinded calf tongue-tied.
The foundations of poor huts totter
With the roaring torrents of rain.
Granaries gaze, appealing and helpless.

And then a police squad, with flying turban crests,
Comes marching, their tread like hammers breaking stones.
The clanking of handcuffs rings in the night.
The heart of the latch is a-tremble, the bolt starts wailing.
The relentless summons of law enters the yard
Without ceremony, to look for the fugitive felon.
Like a woodcutter looking for an oak,
Like a hunter on arrival at Hokarsar.
And, like a kite at one fell swoop,
The warrant takes away the youth on the stairs.
The thunder booms like cannon;

Vaav laaraan zan ta khrakh khemüts guryav
Daari bar tarsaan chhi zan ȧndy pȧkhy chhi bambaȧree
gatshaan

Haali bad ḍeeshith chhi kastaaṅ maaji zyav taalas lagaan
Haari zan neerith tsalaan ḍabahor lȯṭ
Bulbulas zan tshog kaaṅh thaph dith nivaan
Roosy kȧt zan naagahaȧni naar hyoo jaṅgalas vuchhaan
Yaam guly pathkun phirith tas broonṭhy kiny neraan
chhu tȧmysund laalaphȯl
Yaam tas baasaan chhu pananyan haavasan hȯnd
aavasyomut baam yakdam vȧsy pyavaan

Zindagee baasaan chhi tami vizi gaasha rȯs maskaȧsy buḍ

II

Zindagee baasaan chhi tami vizi mas chhivur tay
maȧry mȧnz

Tsori baji bronṭhuy pahan yėli aaftaabas buth chhu
zan vwoshalun hyavaan
Maȧrbal kis madrasas manz
Yaam kaaṅh chapraȧsy kash kȧḍy kȧḍy chhu gȧr
vaayiny hyavaan
Tsaata kuṭhinüy manz chhi sapdaan zindagee kaaḍaah
kȧḍith bedaar hish
Zan chhi taapas aamanyemüts poshi thȧr kaaṅh ȯbra
shėhjaaraah vuchhaan
Maashṭar neraan chhi subahuk sanz kȧrith
Tsaaṭabaajan dwon chhu tay sapdaan bonyan tal gindun
Zan chhė kotar joory kaaṅh hyȯr aasmaan khasanüch
drüy hish karaan
Madrasuk aaṅgun chhu shury khelaah vuchhith
churygyush tulaan

The wind rears like horses scared and shying;
Doors and windows rattle
As if bombs were raining down.

Seeing this disaster strike,
The mother stands stunned, like a mynah
Whose spotted tail has suddenly come off, like a bulbul
Whose plume someone has rudely uprooted, like a gazelle
Seeing her forest burn, when her beloved son,
Hands cuffed behind his back, passes in front of her.
The scarcely erected terrace of her dreams crumbles down!

Life — a sightless, shaven old hag!

II

Life — a lovely woman, heady wine!

Four o'clock. The sun's face is flushed.
In the school at Maȧrbal the peon,
Swinging his arms lustily, strikes the bell.
Life in the class rooms wakes up with a yawn,
Like a flower shrub shrunk and limp with the sun's heat
Suddenly finding the shade of a cloud.
The teachers give the boys home tasks, and leave.
Two class mates decide to play under the chenars
Like a couple of pigeons resolving to soar in the sky.
The school ground raises a merry din, seeing children at play

Zan chhi aalik jaanavar vuph hyath vasaan baagas andar
Zan yivaan kuni laavi lanji yakbaar baaman neery neery
Ȧḍy kitaaban ganḍ hyavaaṅ, ȧdy mashka gilanaavaaṅ
tsalaan
Ȧḍy davaan seemaab zan, ȧḍy harana tshaalan mȧty
gatshaan
Chookydar traavaan chhu nyėbrim ḍeeḍy vȧtsh
Baazaruk baazar chhu soruy grakh karaan
Chhola vaȧlis chhola tshȧr moklaan chhi brůnzis manz
ta aȧlan hakh lagaan

Ȧthy andar yaamat chhi kaaṅh maȧjaa bėnyaa
Hora baadaam vaari pyaṭha pheerith yiman madras
shuryan
Kochav ȧndury doraan vuchaan
Yaam tas pananis vachhyas tsėh tsėh divaan mosum chhu
baasaan
Zanta pakanuk saṅz karaan
Yaam tas neraan chhi haavas
Shoka hȧty pananis gulaalas tsaaṭahal kun thaph kȧrith
Yaam tas baasaan chhu duniyaah soṅta kaluk khaab hyoo
Bekhabar paȧṭhyan chhu yaamat
Tas mȯdur kaaṅh vanavunaah vwozalyan vuṭhan pyaṭh
gath karaan

Zindagee baasan chhi tami vizi mas chivur tay maȧry manz

ȧ	:	pertain	aȧ	:	bird	e	:	male	ė	: met
o	:	go	ȯ	:	oasis	ů	:	script	uů	: long *ů*
wo	:	got	ṭ	:	*t*ill	ḍ	:	*d*o	ts	: *ts*ar (Russian)
		consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य							tsh	: aspirate of ts

Like birds flying down from their nests into the garden,
Like buds appearing in profusion on a tender bough,
Some running strapping satchels, some swinging slates,
Some like quicksilver, some bounding like the deer.
The peon swings open the outer gate
And the entire market bubbles with life.
The gram vendor's stock is gone in a flash,
The beansman hawks his wares.

At this very moment, a young woman,
Returning from the almond grove
And seeing lithe children running in the lanes,
Dreams of a baby sucking at her breast,
And of a tiny toddler learning to walk.
Then holding her tender tulip by the hand,
She moves towards the school.
The world is a dream of spring time!
Unconsciously, a sweet song dances on her ruby lips.

Life — a lovely woman, heady wine!

Maárbal — the bank of the backwaters of the Dal Lake in Srinagar.

ȦZICH KATH

Yaara vwoth az baara toophaanaa tulav
Az natay ada kar vwothak ada kar zuvakh

Khaab vůchh vwony vaarayaah myaanyav ȧchhav
Haavasan hȧndy tsaȧngy tsėti zaȧlith syaṭhaa
Treshi hȧty me baana thury paymaana gȧry
Intizaarůky saaz tsėti vuzanaȧvythak
Subhakis nooras zahooras vata vuchhaan
Raȧts hȯṅd gaṭa zȯl sȯruth, kyaah dil kȯruth
Rȯph kȯrům yath daamanas raatas dȯhas
Aamp roozům kwom baraan yiyi soṅt kaal
Maachh baȧgůri zindagee, ye boozy boozy
Ṭyaṭhavyanas pyaṭh vumbri kȯr guzraan me
Lol raṭi yėmi lola shahruk intizaam
Äthy zwonas manz naphratuk naaraah sȯruth
Vakt tsaṭi paanay gwolaȧmee hȧnz kamand
Yee vanaaṅ me mȧshy shikaaryan hȧndy sitam
Az pagaah Gaṅgaayi lagi vath son kun
Äthy khayaalas manz tshwokaan gav aara chon

Yaara vwoth az baara toophaanaa tulav
Az natay ada kar vwothak ada kar zuvakh

Zoon khȧts aakaash vwozumuy gaash hyath
Dȯp bėtaabav khȯt dupȧharuk aaftaab
Poshi gwondaraah vaȧts guldaanas andar
Khaam tamahav zon soruy baag phȯl
Yȧndra dwosi pyaṭh khaȧr vuph jaanaavaran
Tas gumaaṅ gav tȧmy vuḍav kȧr aalamas
Kaȧṅsi yȯdvay myȧnḍy zů myȧnḍy haȧsil sapůdy
Deshivůny dȯp kůsmatas bwochhi dod tsȯl
Ȧami pana yėmy naavi hyȯt sȯdras lamun
Tas dilan kȧḍ vwoṭh bů votus saȧhilas
Vaada yas sȯny baavaṭyan hȯnd gav kanan
Tas gwoḍan hȧṅz breeḍy gȧyi nahakay mȧshith
Shraavanas yas ȯbra shehajaaraa banyav

Rise, my friend, and let us raise a mighty storm!
When will you rise, when will you live, if not today?

My eyes have woven webs of dreams;
You've lighted the lamps of many desires.
Thirsty, I fashioned cups and measures;
You played tunes on patience' harp.
Waiting for the radiant light of dawn,
Brave friend! you lived through the murky night.
I darned my torn robe night and day,
Hoping that spring would fill it with plenty.
Trusting that one day honey would flow,
I cheerfully lived on the bitter fruit.
You bore the fire of hate in the faith
That love one day would rule this town.
I did not mind the hunter's scourge.
Time will break his darts, I said.
Your little stream kept dancing and gay,
In the hope that the Ganga would come our way.

Rise, my friend, and let us raise a mighty storm!
When will you rise, when will you live, if not today?

When the moon comes up with borrowed sheen,
The impatient cry: 'It's the midday sun!'
Flowers in a vase delude the fool
To feel that the garden is in bloom.
The fowl flies to perch on the low mud wall,
And thinks he has flown over lands and seas.
Seeing a man with a loaf of bread,
They say the world is rid of hunger.
Towing his boat with unspun yarn,
The fool feels sure he'll cross the lake.
The promise of gold bracelets dulls one's ears
To the clanking of chains in one's own feet.
Finding a summer cloud's luxuriant shade,

Tas màshith gav maag maa kaḍi sheena tshaṭh
Dunyihuk thòd shaan tshaaraan yus akhaa
Paana sar nòmraavi, tas kus obray
Pagahùkyan rangeeṅ khayaalan myon zuv
Az magar àzykyan savaalan van javaab

Yaara vwoth az baara toophaanaa tulav
Az natay ada kar vwothak ada kar zuvakh

Àzychi kwochhi manz prazli pagahuk aaftaab
Àzychi berang zindagaàni kar hisaab
Az agar buniyaàz kun kaaṅh srèh gatshee
Zaan pagahùch bàḍ amaarat sheena maàny
Az agar brinzis tshihis dam phàṭy gatshakh
Zaan pagahuk gam chhu behad behisaab
Rang badlee az agar moyas àkis
Vakti peeree zaan pagahuk aaftaab
Az agar akh teer neree shahparas
Zaan pagahuk prath vuḍav sakhtùy azaab
Az agar gatshi dil vwodaàsee kaàphilas
Pagahùkis manzilas kadam traavun mahaal
Dil panun yòdvay bèpatsh baasee tsè az
Zaan pagahùch, dilbaree be etibaar
Az agar baagas hanaa chhaph kaàṅsi hyets
Zaan pagahuk gulistaan taharaaj gav
Àzychi kwochhi manz prazli pagahuk aaftaab
Àzychi berang zindagaàni kar hisaab

Yaara vwoth az baara toophaanaa tulav
Az natay ada kar vwothak ada kar zuvakh

Paàra yus chaanyan khayaalan thaavi az
Suy phiraan sosan chhu myaanis yaavanas
Ṭhaak yus sozee tsè dilakyan valvalan
Suy chhu cheeraan hòṭ mè nozuk haavasan

One forgets the chill winds December'll bring.
What does today's bent head know of honour
To dream of the world draped in honour and glory?
Take my very life for a colourful tomorrow —
But first give an answer for the problems of today.

> Rise, my friend, and let us raise a mighty storm!
> When will you rise, when will you live, if not today?

Today is the nurse of tomorrow's sun:
Take stock of your present pallid fate.
Moisture seeping into its foundation today
Makes tomorrow's mansion an avalanche.
If you feel stifled even for a moment now,
Infinite will be tomorrow's suffering.
If a single hair of yours grows grey today,
Crabbèd age will come tomorrow.
If you moult a single feather today,
How hard tomorrow will each flight be.
If the caravan loses heart today,
There'll be no march to the goal tomorrow.
If you can't trust your heart today,
Know tomorrow's dalliance unsure.
The slightest encroachment on your land now
Spells ruin of the garden you've planned.
Today is the nurse of tomorrow's sun:
Take stock of your present pallid fate.

> Rise, my friend, and let us raise a mighty storm!
> When will you rise, when will you live, if not today?

One who tramples on your thoughts
Puts a canker in my youth.
Who bans the beating of your heart
Strangles all my tender dreams.

Kaȧphilas nish yus mė az byȯn chhum kaḍaan
Suy chhu chaȧnis mȧnzilas dooryar divaan
Aȧna haȧvith yus tsė bularaavaan chhuy
Yath ḍyakas myaȧnis nivaaṅ thapi noor suy
Yėmy na myaȧnis gaȧratas kȯr ėhtiraam
Suy chhu chaȧnis azmatas munkir banaan
Yėmy na chaanyan lola harfan thov kan
Suy mė ȧndy ȧndy nafratuk zaalaaṅ alaav
Yėmy tsė bobu̇sy gindana baapat soozynay
Suy chhu vwony myaanyan machan kȧny kȧny divaan
Yus litu̇r vaayaan chhu myaanyan jaṅgalan
Suy ȯgun tshėvraan chhu chaanyan daaṅ gagan
Yus kaṭhan chaanyan kru̇hu̇ny maane kaḍaan
Suy chhu az myaȧnis fanas kapṭan karaan

Yaara vwotḣ az baara toophaanaa tulav
Chaani lasanuk myaani basanuk sanz karav

Zindagee yus tshaal ganḍi tas ṭhaak kar
Yus chaman paamaal kari tas laar kar
Saz yath dil vaayi suy raazaah vanav
Yee pagaah asi pėyi karun tee ȧzy karav
Ȧzychi kwochhi manz prazli pagahuk aaftaab
Ȧzychi berang zindagaȧni kar hisaab

Yaara vwoth az baara toophaanaa tulav
Az natay ada kar vwothak ada kar zuvakh

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consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

He who separates me from the caravan
Helps to make your goal more distant.
He who tempts you with fancy mirrors
Snatches the brightness from my brow.
He who doesn't respect my pride
Is the one who denies your greatness.
He who doesn't listen to your loving word
Surrounds me with the fire of hate.
He who sends you toys for play
Is hurling stones at my jars of rice.
He who brings down my forest trees
Snatches the fire from your hearth.
He who reads black meanings in your words
Tears, with his scissors, my art to shreds.

Rise, my friend, and let us raise a mighty storm!
When will you rise, when will you live, if not today?

Prevent anyone from playing with life;
Chase him who comes to blight the garden;
Speak the word that makes the heart sing;
Let's begin tomorrow's work today.
Today is the nurse of tomorrow's sun;
Take stock of your present pallid fate.

Rise, my friend, and let us raise a mighty storm!
When will you rise, when will you live, if not today?

SWONA LAȦṄKI PYAṬH

Az hanaa bronṭhuy pahan akhtaaba loos
Shokh rang shafkuk su kaayiry naar lȯt lȯt soory gav
Shaama tshaayav akh ȧkis bangaȧly zulfan shaana kȯr
Baala pȧty lȯty poory traavaan zoon khȧts
Taarakan mȧstee chhi ṭaaryan manz bȧrith
Khwosh havaavan hu̇ka vu̇chhith kyaah taam kȧny shėchh
vȧny ḍalas
Hora kani vȯth aaba maluraah yora kani pamposh gav
bedaar hyoo
Shaalamaaruk kȯh chhu zan khaabaa vu̇chhaan
Akh damaah yath laȧnki pyaṭh bėh vuchh tamashaa
myaȧny paȧṭhy
Yor vaȧtith shor shahruk paȧny paanay kȯl gatshaan
Boz kami anmaana hėty maȧnav tswopaase shoka
vaayiny jaltarang
Kyaah mȯdur sozaah saroodaah phyoor talpaataala pyaṭh
asmaan taam
Telbȧly kiny draayi zaȧhir byaakh saȧlaȧnee shikaȧry
Voonṭa kȧdalas nish chhu vunyi ḍoongas andar prazalaan
gaash
Sonch kam kam shoka hȧty aasan Naseemu̇ky bonya
havahan saȧvymůty

Sonch tsu̇y, mė chhu sonch vaȧraagůy tulaan!
Sonch tsůy, mė chhu soṅch az baasaan ḍyakas pyaṭh zan
tuluvy tywoṅgal vuhaan
Sonch kam kam shoka hȧty aasan ḍalu̇ky yėmy maȧry
mȧndy anhaȧry phizahan maȧrymu̇ty
Maȧrymu̇ty, pharkaȧvymu̇ty, mashraȧvymůty,
mansaȧvymůty
Sonch kuu̇tsav mahjabeenav aasi yath aabas andar
Tshaayi hȯl seemab hish tan naȧvmu̇ts
Sonch az brȯṅh kuu̇ty haavasnaak dil
Aasahan yath zoona gaashas manz chanuk haavas karaan
Kaȧtyahav aashak dilav huth ḍal dȧhis pyaṭh
Aasi kȯrmut baala yaaras intizaar

ON THE GOLDEN ISLE

The sun set early today.
The golden glow died like a dying pinewood fire.
Evening shadows closed in, with their long, loose,
raven hair.

The moon rose, stepping lightly over the mountain,
And the stars appeared with drunken eyes.
The soft breeze, seeing something strange,
Whispered a secret to the lake.
A wave rose there, and here a lotus opened its eyes.
The hill behind Shalamaar is lost in dreams.
Come, rest a moment on this isle and watch with me.
The noises of the city grow mute on reaching here.
Listen! Sweet music fills the air from earth to heaven,
As if ardent souls on every side were playing on *jaltarangs*.
I think another pleasure boat is coming from Telbal.
Lights are still blazing in the boat near Camel Bridge.
How many pleasure seekers in Naseem Bagh
Must have been lulled to sleep by the soft chenar breeze!

Thought maddens me; thought sears my forehead
Like glowing red-hot mulberry coals.
Think how many have come here, seeking sensual delights,
Crazed by this lake's unravished beauty —
Crazed, tempted with blandishments, and then forgotten!
Think how many lovely women have bathed
Their silver bodies in these shadowy waters!
How many thirsty souls have gathered here
To carouse in the light of this same moon!
Many a lover has waited long
For his first love on that distant shore.

Kaätsahan maajan bėnyan ȯbruk yi chhȯt chhȯt rang
vuchhith
Aasihe dil tambalaavaan saäly vuḍanyan hȯnd khayaal
Kaätyaahan shaahanshahan yėmi shaayi yuth husnaa
vüchhith
Aasahan baasaan barüty daamaana tshäry
Kaätsahav dildaar nazarav aasahan
Brȯṅh yiman neelyan khyaḷan pyaṭh
Lola saan molanaävymüty chhäty mwokhtahaar
Kaätyahan bebaak yaaran aasahan yim kohasaar
Shafkatüch nazraah kärith bakhshaan yiraadan hȯnd jalaal
Kaätyahav betaab roohav aasi az taamat yėmis taarakh
nabas
Dos gänzarith zindagee hänz bekaraäree baävmüts
Haay yėmy Swonalaänki händy madhosh shaaman aasahan
Baarhaa az brȯṅh ti aavürymüty mė hivy devaana
shaäyir vaaryaah
Haay tim nozuk navaa bulḅul ti gäy vuḍavaah karith
Sheena baalan taaph pooryav gäy gälith
Soṅta kyan rangeeṅ pwoshaakan hardakaalan soor mȯl
Yus akhaa gav vahy sü gav aphsoos gav
Kaaṅh jalaah chhuna tora zaaṅh pheerith yivaan

Kyaah yi marguk yup niyaa mė ti mool praäṭith
aäkharas
Kyaah bü yima naa yor ada pheerith züṅhüy
Kyaah bü vüchhanaa dunyahuk gaashee pato laakaäny
zaaṅh
Kyaah mė bani naa zaaṅh ti yath Swonalaäṅki pyaṭh
shaaman byuhun
Mota kis panjaras chhanaa aḍa vätsh, ti rozaan daär
kaaṅh
Haay ath sangeeṅ kalaayas sapdinaa väly väly shagaaf

How many emperors has this enchantment here made feel
Poor indeed, for all their wealth!
How many sweethearts
Have with ravished eyes beheld
Priceless white pearl necklaces on these green lotus leaves!
How many fearless men
Have these mountains beheld with affection and admiration
And blest with the majesty of noble resolves!
How many restless souls have poured their woes
To this starry sky, their only friend!
Drunken evenings on the Golden Isle
Have in the past too bewitched many a mad poet like me,
Where are flown those sweet-throated bulbuls?
The sun's heat melts the mountain snows,
And autumn sprinkles ashes on the colourful garments of spring.

Alas, whoever has gone has gone for ever,
And no bird ever flies back from there!

Will Death's inexorable flood
One day uproot me and take me away?
Will I never again return?
Never again behold the warm light of day?
Never come to spend an evening on this Golden Isle?
Is there not even a half-open window in Death's cage?
Won't Death's stone walls ever crack?

Vaay kar gatshi ath tilasmaatas nanyar
Kar gatshan azlu̇ky ti abdu̇ky nwokta hal
Paȧṭy kėmy su̇ndy paȧṭhy kar gatshi
Mot pananyee kaar saȧzi manz aseer
Zindagaȧnee sapdi kar haȧsil kamaal
Kar chhu insaanas banun vwony laazavaal

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : b*i*rd	e : m*a*le	ė : m*e*t
o : g*o*	ȯ : *o*asis	u̇ : scr*i*pt	uu̇ : long *u̇*
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When will the veil lift from this mystery
And the truth of life and death be known?
Won't ever Death, like the silkworm,
Be enmeshed in his own toils?
When will life be triumphant
And man attain immortality?

the Golden Isle — in the middle of the northern part of the Dal Lake.
Camel's Bridge — in front of Nishat Bagh.
Naseem Bagh — the 'Garden of the Evening Breeze', laid out by
Shahjehan on the western bank of the Dal Lake.

GAZAL

Yana chaani yinůch shėchh ȧny soṅtan tana sholani lȯg
samsaar matyo
Tana nazaran phȯly gulzaaṛ matyo tana havasan
mushkůny daar matyo

Chhana chaani amaarůch lay mashavůny chhana chaani
khumaarůch tėh nashavůny
Yi chhi tyambůraah ratsi khwota ratsi tezaan yi chhu
naar akh zalavun naar matyo

Yėli dooryarakyan saharaavan manz kunyi saata
vwomezan tsaȧngy swotey
Vana kyaah bů dilas kus jumka hyȯtun vata vaslůchi gȧyi
gulnaar matyo

Yėti zyav ta kalam rȧṭ pȧhra darav dubȧraay dilůch
badnaam sapůz
Tati chaani gamůch devaanagiyaah nazran chhi
garaan talvaar matyo

Yina myaȧnis sabras kun tsů gatshakh yina myaani
khamoshee kun tsů vůchhakh
Sȯdaras ti chhu mȧnzy toophaan yina brȯṅh tshwopi hȯnd
aasaan anhaar matyo

Na chhu laphzan tyuth hyoo shokh kadam na chhu maane
titha kȧṅy tshaala tulaan
Banyi kitha kȧṅy myaanyan misran manz yiyi chon
rȧsyul raftaar matyo

ȧ	: pertain	aȧ	: bird	e	: male	ė	: met
o	: go	ȯ	: oasis	ů	: script	uů	: long ů
wo	: got	ṭ	: till	ḍ	: do	ts	: tsar (Russian)
		consonant + y	: सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh	: aspirate of ts

GAZAL

The world is bright and beautiful,
For your herald, spring has come.
My eyes see flowers everywhere,
And fragrant is my love.

Wherever I turn, I see you drunk
With youth and loveliness.
A spark quickens, the embers glow,
The fire blazes again.

When I floundered in the desert of separation,
The lamp of hope went out;
But a flame mysterious in my heart
Showed a flower-strewn path to you.

I am consumed with longing;
But they watch my tongue and pen,
Call my beating heart a shameless thing,
And their eyes stab me like swords.

Don't be misled by my patience,
Do not mistake my silence:
Before the storm comes crashing down,
The lake seems very calm.

How sweet you are, how beautiful,
With your movements of glad grace,
No limping words can ever express,
Nor my halting verse convey.

Grazaan vȧtsh naagahaaṅ vüny baala kwol akh
Tujin tshaalaah na kaaṅh sum rooz nay taar
Tithay yitha kȧny hanjaȧree nazri suütyan
Ḍahith kȧmytaam vaajov myon lwokachaar

* * *

Pagaah myaanyan kathan kaaṅh maane rozyaa
Amyuk phaȧsal karan pagahüky swokhan sanj
Bü zan raṭa naala vyath azalüch ta abadüch
Agar kaasee tsė myon aalav azyuk ranj

* * *

Ajeebüy rang ḍyooṭhum az bahaaras
Dilas tshwokh, rang royas laala zaaras
Gulaabaah heri bwon akh khooni mȧjloon
Magar asunaah phwolaan tas baa vyakaaras

* * *

Mė vüchh vüny naazneenaah akh gamas manz
Vasaan ȯsh daari, lȯgmut kaȧr tas kham
Hanaa brȯṅh kun pȯkus baagas andar tsaas
Yambürzali gȯb gȯmut baasyom shabnam

The mountain stream came thundering down,
Obliterating bank and ferry
Like some one who with a mere look
Swept me and my youth away.

* * *

Whether my words have meaning tomorrow,
Tomorrow's critics will decide;
But I'd find the gushing waters eternal
If they relieved you of present pain.

* * *

There's unusual gaiety in the spring:
Even the wounded poppy's face is flushed with joy;
And smiles blossom on the face of that proud stoic —
The rose, bleeding all over like a slain lover.

* * *

I saw a lovely maiden smitten with grief,
Her eyes streaming with tears, her bent neck grown stiff;
Moved by her plight, I drew closer — only to find
It was the narcissus bent with the weight of the dew.

Sitaaran az kamand laayaan chhu insaan
Syaṭhaa rut gav nazar mwokaleyi yaaras
Magar akh pron armaan chhum dilas kȯnḍ
Zameenas pyaṭh ti gȯtsh swokh dyun bahaaras

* * *

Dilu̇ky armaaṅ chhi izhaaru̇ch kaḍaan vath
Vuzu̇ny naagu̇ch hėchhaan paanay chhi raftaar
Kalam phuṭarith agar ȯṅgjan ti hyan traash
Ȧndrimy haal baavan khoona phamvaar

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : bird	e : male	ė : met
o : go	ȯ : oasis	u̇ : script	uu̇ : long *u̇*
wo : got	ṭ : *t*ill	ḍ : *d*o	ts : *ts*ar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

Man now tries to reach the stars.
How good his horizons are unconfined!
But that old longing, like a thorn embedded:
Couldn't the world too be made a happier place?

* * *

The heart's longings find their own expression,
The streamlet from the fountain its own path;
Even if they break your pen and chop off your fingers,
The streaming blood will speak of the inner urge.

SȦHLAAB TA SAÅHIL

Agar az ti kȧr baaṅbarüy soṅta vaavan!
Khabardaar chhuy ho dilo yuth na raavakh
Agar az ti sumbal tsalan rogi rogee
Yino bȧly vunyub hyoo gatshee vȯsh tsü traavakh

Mizaazay chhu paarud bėswokh kaayinaatas
Havaa ḍȯl shamaa tshyȯv tshwokyav shab subaah phȯl
Vunyee os kaphanas vȧlith maag ḍolaan
Vunyee vwoshli shraavun bahaaran mushük mȯl

Hamav suüty shoobyaa vuchhun voṅt sȯdaras
Chhi mȧts zindagee aȧna mȧnzy aȧna haavaan
Rabaabas galath naav thovukh kunukh swokh
Yi bedil chhu baaze dilüky daȧdy baavaan

Kadas Laȧli hȧndis kadür kȧr zamaanan
Davun mȯṭh na Majloona sund Najada vanas
Yėmee saanyi butaraȧts pėṭhy pȯk Halaakoo
Yȧhȧy Haȧfizas mas baraan aȧs pyaalas

Kanyan manz chhi tshyaph hyath mwolüly laal aasaan
Kunee ranga kar khȧts swonzal aasamaanas
Chhu yath lanji pyaṭh kaav shwonganuk karaan sanz
Tȧtee nyėndri bulbul tulaan bostaanas

Chhi yath aalamas aȧḍaran ėkhtėlaafüch
Azal sheena baalaah abad taapa kaalaah
Vanas manz chhi paadar sühüny graz hakeekat
Panun mad chhu haranas ditsün shokh ḍaalaah

Dilo yuthna bȧly daamanas laad hyaavakh
Chhi baagas andar rang barȧngy zaȧts poshan
Ma kar khaana bȧndee subaah shaam vakhtas
Gahe losi akhtaab gahi zoon roshan

THE FLOOD AND THE BANK

If the spring breeze is in haste again
And hyacinths now too leave by stealth,
Don't despair, O heart! don't sigh in vain
Feeling an illusion has faded away.

Mercurial are the moods of restless nature!
The breeze stirs, the lamp expires, night ends, dawn breaks.
Even now midwinter lay stretched in his shroud,
And now scented spring tells us that blushing June is near!

Should one use poles to plumb the sea? Mad life
Reveals glimpses of hidden realities.
The seemingly inanimate *rabaab* often echoes the heart's anguish;
Those who give it another name, barter their peace away.

The world remembers both Leila's loveliness
And Majnu's mad raving in the desert of Najd.
This same earth over which Hulagu swept
Also poured out wine for the gentle Hafiz.

Precious rubies lie concealed in stones;
And many are the hues the rainbow shows.
The crow builds his nest for sleep on the very bough
From where the bulbul awakens the flowers.

The very basis of life is diversity;
Eternal have been sunshine and snow;
As real in the forest is the tiger's roar
As the youthful deer bounding for joy.

O heart, be free, not circumscribed,
For flowers in a garden are variegated.
Don't divide time into morning and evening,
For when the sun sets, the moon shines bright.

Agar lol prazlaavi phonoos zahanu̇ky
Judaȧyee chhi husnuk mulaakaat baasaan
Agar zan yupis manz bwoṭhik khaab vwotalan
Matsar zindagee hȯnd karaamaat baasaan

Agar rȧṭ na yambu̇rzalav praaranu̇ch khwoy
Bȯmbur zinda thaavaan chhu sontu̇ch rėvaayat
Agar zan harud aasi sozaaṅ vandas say
Dȧzith bonyi rȧtsharaan chhi grėshmuk amaanat

Vȯṅ gav chon haavas ta shoku̇ch sharaafat
Dilo tath chhi ȧshku̇ky yim atvaar praavu̇ny
Mė gȯb baasi raatul tsė sahru̇ch tulu̇ny kath
Bu̇ vwoṭh laayi naaras tsė gul mushkanaavu̇ny

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : bird	e : male	ė : met
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	consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य		tsh : aspirate of ts

With love brightening the lamp of imagination,
One finds union in separation too.
If one can hope for the bank in a flood,
The miracle of life seems passing strange.

If the narcissi have not learnt to wait,
The black bee observes the rites of spring;
And if autumn sends its earnest to winter,
The burning chenar still treasures summer's trust.

As for your desires and chastening your passion —
For that, O heart! learn to acquire love's modes:
When I find night oppressive, you must talk of the dawn;
I leap into the glen, you give fragrance to flowers.

Hulagu — A descendant of Chengiz Khan who devastated large areas of Asia and reduced Iraq to a desert by destroying its canals.
Hafiz — Persian mystic poet.

VISHWA NATH VISHWAS

b. 1926

Born at Sopor. Studied upto the Matriculation, after which he was appointed a teacher. Started writing in 1948. Most of his poems have been published in journals. Literary influences: Nadim and the Russian authors.

ANAAḌY HAANZ

I

Ithakȧny chhuy ḍyaka phwolavun baasan
Traay vuṭhan hȧnz chhay asavůny hish
Kathi tala chhus raavaan amaapȯz
Zaani khwodaa kam gul phȯlaraavakh

Vuchh saȧ khabarůy chhay karanaavyaa
Yath kwoli tez bahaav chhu kath kun
Kath kun chhay karanaav tsė khaarůny
Ath kotaah chhuy taakat laagun

Hȯl ganḍ cheera hyamath kar taamat
Phuchmȧtsi naavi chhu mȧnzilas vaatun
Zor kȧrith jabroothaa haȧvith
Zima chhay naav bȧrůts bȯṭh khaarůny

Vwony ta kaḍůth luka naav tsė paanay
Nabzas nabzas chhuy hyas thaavun
Kala maa kaḍi kunyi ȯbra lȯngaah hyoo
Vaava lathaa hish maa kunyi traavyas

Khooris yuth na tsalee thaph neerith
Yuth na ḍalee khwor hamatul laȧgith
Yuth na sanyar ḍeeshith dil raavee
Graayan yuth na yi naav tsů laagakh

Gwoḍa chhee ratsa phȧly atha khwor aȧvily
Vuchh kath kaaras paan tsė loguth
Ati shooban atha traṭa pholaadůky
Khor gatshan pȧtharis vuzanaavůny

THE FOOLISH BOATMAN

I

Your countenance seems cheerful,
A smile playing on your lips;
But the way you talk fills me with doubt —
God knows where you'll lead us!

O ferryman, be sure you know
Which way this stream is racing down,
How you can save your ferry boat
And what strength this task demands.

Gird your loins! Courage now!
This leaking boat must reach the goal.
Do your job with might and skill
And steer this boat to the bank.

Since your boat is on the waves,
You'll have to watch with every pulse;
A flake of cloud may rear its head
And the wind's kick make it burst.

Firm must be your hold on the oar,
Firm your feet when you push with the pole;
When you find it's deep, your heart shouldn't sink,
Leaving the boat a prey to the waves.

With your hands so small and feet so soft,
I wonder why you chose this job
Which calls for hands of the firmest steel
And feet whose tread would shake the earth.

II

Tse nam naavi ròṭuth nyabarůy kun
Vath hay baàly ta yòt kòt laàgith
Buthi maa laagakh asi vwonda manzaras
Dokhay maa aàs traay vuṭhan hànz

Tse zaalaah hyoo aabas trovuth
O ta tsù maa chhukh gaaḍan draamut
Heela kàrith luka naav tsė kàḍthan
Manz dariyaavas loguth zaalaah

Haànzaa nazar thàvùth gaaḍan kun
Khooris tshùn thaph vunyi chhuy aadan
Pòt hyòt naavi lamun gùthi suùtyan
Asi làjy gatshni dilan dubaraaray

Aalav saàny gatshaan chhee kàny pàty
Mula tala kal chhay àthy zaalas kun
Chaanyi diluk var asi maa ḍeshov
Nata kus lagihe yath sàhlaabas

Àchh tul thòd vùchh vaara nabas kun
Vaava mushak hyoo hargaah traavee
Hargaah kàr maa naagakaàny davaa hish
Vijavavaan zan kòḍ vaashaa hyoo

Hosh tsė maa ḍalanay kùṭa haànzaa
Zaal tsalee maa atha manza vyasarith
Zaal valee maa garzuk soda
Garza matsar maa kharee daaras.

à : pertain	aà : *bi*rd	e : *ma*le	ė : *me*t
o : *go*	ò : *o*asis	ù : scr*i*pt	uù : long *ù*
wo : got	ṭ : *t*ill	ḍ : *d*o	ts : *ts*ar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

II

Why is this boat now outward bound
When our course along the bank should be?
Will you have us caught in a whirlpool now,
And was that smile put on as guile?

What's it you've now flung o'er the waves?
O, it's for fishing that you've come!
Pretending to ferry a crowded boat
You started, and midstream cast a net!

O boatman, your eyes are fixed on the fish!
But grab your oar! There still is time.
The current is forcing the boat turn back,
And our hearts are beating wild with fear.

You turn a deaf ear to our cries,
For the net absorbs your heart and soul!
Had we only guessed your evil plans,
We'd not have landed in this plight.

Look up and scan the sky with care.
Mushk may well be on his way,
Or *Naagakon* just race along,
Vijavaav may only yawn and stretch —

You will quail, O foolish boatman!
The net may slip out of your hands:
Greed may weave a web around you
And have you hoisted on the gallows!

Mushk, Naagakon, Vijavaav — three different directional winds, considered dangerous for boats, particularly in the Wular Lake.

VASUDEV REH

b. 1926

Born at Sopor. Became blind in infancy. Has been practising as a *hakeem*, diagnosing merely by feeling the pulse. Started writing in the 50's and came into prominence in the 60's with the publication of his collected poems *Shab Gard*. His diction is like Zinda Kaul's. Though he is blind and has only a vague sense of landscape, his visual images are most accurate.

SHAB GARUḌ

Maane booziv yiman kalaaman hoshaa hosh
Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh
Daay mė yee dyun khaasan aaman hoshaa hosh
Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

He vŭchh saȧ myaȧny bėdaȧree aȧkhu̇r maa twohi taar
diyav
Path brȯṅh vu̇chhinay nyandu̇r agar traȧviv thapalis
maa aar yiyav
Vumri sȯmbrovmut raaviva ratsh khanḍ kaȧṅsi agar
vyastaar yiyav
He vunyi maa chhi kȧmee badnaaman hoshaa hosh
Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

Myon sadaa gav khaȧlis baayav hosh habaa hushyaar
habaa
Yath samsaaras naahamvaaras chaara dinas chhuna
taar habaa
Kyaazi rachhun aaraam chhu tava kiny aaraamas
chhuna vaar habaa
Yuth na hyamu̇ts hȯṅd traȧviv daaman hoshaa hosh
Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

Yina saȧ aalav myon gatshiva kȧny pȧty ta yi boozith
mashiraȧviv
Yina saȧ panun ȧzyuk yaa pagahuk soṅchuṇ bėyinu̇y
pyaṭh traȧviv
Yina sȧny tsooras deenas darmas driyan ta kasman
kan thaȧviv
Mwokhsar thȧvzi nazar anjaaman hoshaa hosh
Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hosha hosh

Yina kana ḍol diyiv krakh boozith, raay gatshėv asi
kyaa saȧ he
Yina zaȧniv yi chhu par aalav, ȧsy paan rachhav, asi
kyaa saȧ he

THE NIGHT WATCHMAN

My cry every evening is 'Beware!'
And when I say 'Beware!' I mean what I say.
It's my caution to you all, young and old,
When every evening I cry out 'Beware!'

My vigils, O my friends, are not enough to see you through.
If you yield to careless slumber, no thief will hesitate,
But with the slightest chance will take whatever you have saved;
And there's no dearth of knaves, beware!

I only cry, 'O brothers, wake up and beware!'
In this uneven world, you've to struggle to your end.
If you'd secure your peace, surely now's not the time for rest!
Do not let go the skirt of courage, beware!

Do not take it lightly when you hear my call.
You shouldn't let others plan your present and your future.
Have no faith in robbers' oaths, their duty and their creed.
In short, think of what may happen, beware!

When you hear my cry, don't say, 'What's it to me?'
Don't treat it as an alien voice and say, 'What's it to me?'

Yaamath kaaṅh gatshi naaraah dith, yina twohi baasyava
asi kyaasaȧ he
Myaȧny yėhay krakh shahran gaaman hoshaa hosh
Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

Zari hanaa vakh krooṭh hasaȧ vu̇chh saȧ taamath
kyaah kari insaan
Vuchh saȧ yee maa rozi dȯhay yi chhu doraah ath kyaah
kari insaan
Thaph thwos hėyi path paanay sȯt sȯt, nyath rozyaa
kath, kyaah kari insaan
Baayav hosh yiman ayaaman hoshaa hosh
Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

Bahraȧlti ta shury hwoka chee chee yina yaaro mismaar
gatshiva
Naala rȧṭyoon yi yovun, vakh yina atha manza raaviva,
phyaar gatshiva
Sarphas been gatshiva yina par krakh, nahka yuth na
karaar gatshiva
Yina rėh zaaliva maharėnyi khaaban hoshaa hosh
Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

ȧ	:	pertain	aȧ	:	b*i*rd	e	:	m*a*le	ė	: met
o	:	*go*	ȯ	:	*o*asis	u̇	:	scr*i*pt	uu̇	: long *u̇*
wo	:	*got*	ṭ	:	*t*ill	ḍ	:	*d*o	ts	: *ts*ar (Russian)
		consonant + y		:	सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य				tsh	: aspirate of ts

When someone starts a fire, don't say, 'What's it to me?'
That's what I shout in town and village, beware!

The time is slightly out of joint; how can one set it right?
Though this can't remain for ever, it's a phase one cannot change.

Brigandage will slowly cease, but God knows what'll be left.
Beware, O brother, these times, beware!

O friends, save the toy houses you as children built in play.
Hold fast to the present time; to let it slip is folly.
Don't rest when the pipe calls the snake; it's not a foreign sound.

See that the flame doesn't burn the bride's dreams, beware!

YATH CHHU SȦHLAAB YIVAVUN

Yi dyut aabshaarav sadaa sȯm ta sanavun
Vakhat chhavunuy gav labun mȧnzila praavun
Agar nay vuchhith hee tsė lavahȧts prabaatan
Na prazanaavahȧn shabnamuk srėh na shraavun

Agar myaȧny zyav thaavanuk skok aasee
Agar myaȧny paȧṭhen tsů vaatakh dȯlaaban
Vachhas manz thavakh thȯkmutůy myon hyoo dil
Hėchhakh paana vyagȧlith pazar sholanaavun

Agar zan na yaaras ta yaaras amaarůch
Vanan sapni man akh ȧkis aalanaavan
Chhu kyaah path yi hėṅze ta hury maȧnzi raȧtsan
Siriph maȧnzi pan aȧḍarith mandachhaavun

Siphat vuchh mė aabas ta kuůmath sharaabas
Kibůr dolatas poshivun baav lolas
Chhė zoraavaree haajatas shoob hisharas
Ta yee nazri yun gav zagath parzanaavun

Mė vaaraah vȯnuy yath chhu sȧhlaab yivavun
Yi zaanakh ti kar vakh ma raavar kadam tul
Pȧzis hȯl vuchhuth, saath gav, vuchh havaah ḍȯl
Khabar kus nabuk ruůph pėyi aazmaavun

Chhunaa kaȧṅsi zan zol mas naara taavan
Gȧyas kaaṅh kathaa ruůph rovus ta volyav
Agar zan na ami saata rȯchh yaar yaaran
Ti gav daag dith maayi mwol raavaraavun

Vuchhiv naala rȧṭ pomparan rėh, ta bulbul
Panun paan gav phulȧyi dith, shok chhovun
Yi gav jaanavar paȧṭhy vaatun iraadan
Tamaah rut karun paan dith naav thaavun

A FLOOD IS COMING

The waterfalls declare in deep, sustained tones:
To live every moment is to find your goal.
If you don't see jessamine dew-drenched at dawn,
You'll never know midsummer or the dew's tender passion.

Should you desire to have a voice like mine,
Have a heart that shrinks from no experience,
Enter and resolve tangled complexities. You'll learn
That you yourself must melt to make truth blaze.

If true love does not bind two souls,
Who each to each unfold their minds,
Then why these festive hymeneal songs?
It's just putting to shame poor henna paste!

I know the world, for I have seen
The tyranny of want, grace in equality,
The pride of wealth, love's enduring bond,
Mere expense in wine, virtue in water.

I've often warned you that a flood is coming.
Lose no time! Keep moving on! You can no longer
Wink at truth; the times have changed!
God knows what heaven's new form we'll face tomorrow!

Imagine someone's face distorted with wild anguish,
As if a strong fire were singeing his hair,—
If a friend doesn't save him in this hour,
Stained and worthless is his love indeed!

See the moth clings to the flame; the bulbul
Finds bliss offering his life to the blossoms!
This is how birds attain their goal —
Lofty the aim and the path self immolation.

MUZAFFAR AZIM

b. 1934

Born at Gotlipura, Gulmarg. Educated at Srinagar where he passed the B Sc examination in 1955. Has been in Govt service ever since and is at present in the Govt Silk Factory, Srinagar. Started writing in Kashmiri in 1953. Has published his poems under the title *Zolaana*. Attended the National Symposium of Poets held by the All India Radio. Won the State Academy award in 1964.

RUBAȦYEE

Vwolur os graayi maaraan tshaayi
 hȯl byooṭhus bů shėhjaaras
Dȧdůr khȧts aasmaanas kun
 mȯdur loluk taraanaah hyath
Amaaran josh hyoo dyutnam
 dilůch dubraay tezeyam
Bů zan aamut sharaabuk akh
 sȯdůr ḍeeshith ta baanaah chyath

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : bird	e : male	ė : met
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QUATRAIN

I lay reclined in the cool shade,
As I saw Wular's dancing waves.
A *didür* heavenwards took his flight,
Singing sweet songs of love.
The embers of my passion glowed,
My heart beat loud and fast,
As if I had seen an ocean of wine,
And drunk there hard and deep.

Didůr — the Himalayan tree creeper.

GHULAM NABI KHAYAL

b. 1936

Born at Shala Mohalla in Srinagar. Studied in Islamia High School, Srinagar. Wrote in Urdu till 1954. Was appointed News Reader in Radio Kashmir in 1956. Arrested in the Hazratbal agitation in 1958. Translated Omar Khayyam in jail. Employed in the Research Section of the Cultural Academy in 1959. Editor of the Plebiscite Front weekly, *Mahaaz* in 1964. Later, started the weekly, *Kaüshur Vatan*. Edits now the Urdu weekly, *Iqbal*. Literary influences: the English Romantic poets. Has published *Zanjoori hŏnd Saaz, Paraagaash, Zoon Taarakh* (stories for children) and *Gaashiiry Manaar* (critical essays). Has translated from Greek and Persian.

SHAMAA TA SHAȦYIR

Shabakyan sihaah pardan vȧlith humi baala pȧtykiny
siryi pyav
Tulanaar hyoo shaamuk shafak bėyi asta astay soory gav
Hum kuly ti gȧy haybunga hee shȯngy jaanavar aalyan
andar
Khalvat chhu vaashaa hyoo kaḍaan tanhaȧyiyav
mutsraȧvy par
Vuchh huth Sulaymaan taali pyaṭh tanhaa kunuy tsoṅgaah
dażaan
Baasaan chhu bram bram chok zan vati pakvŭnyan
zaagaah hyavaan
Zan mworda ḍolaan kaphna rȯs, baalan titshŭy shaklaah
gamŭts
Ath zooni zan sarsaam hyoo taarakh nabas latsh hish
pyėmŭts
Saazas chhi lȧjmŭts mȯhar hish avaaz gaȧmŭts benavaa
Prath tarpha bozaan myaȧny kan bas raatamwoglan
hȯnd sadaa
Zan paad vakhtas loosymŭty vunyi aasi khwoftan vaatanay
Nazran chhu aamut jera hyoo dooryov zan subhuk samay

Dilakyan chhwokan bulgaar hyath hijras visaalŭch aash
hyath
Kworbaan karahȧy jaan-o-dil shamo tsŭ aaham aash hyath
Vwony gav tsė chhuy lonuy yuthuy yėmy hyȯt yi dazunuy
azla mȧly
Dȧzithŭy tsė pompŭry gath karaan tshėta gokh tay
pompŭry ti tsȧly
Butaraȧts hȧndy yim rang vuchhith yuthno zŭṅhŭy
tangdil banakh....
Tsėti vaava toophaan zaaganas mėti neza hyath aalam dilas
Farhaad laalan hȯnd azal dwodakwol kȧḍith aphsoos
khyȯn
Namrood aasun shaah banun Sukraat aasun zahar chȯn

THE POET AND THE LAMP

Wrapped in night's shadowy veils, the sun dropped behind that hill,
And the crimson glow of the evening sky began to fade away.
The trees stand dumb; the birds have now retired to their nests.
Solitude stretches itself; loneliness plumes its wings.
The solitary light burning on the top of Sulaiman
Is like a will-o'-the-wisp lying in wait for wayfarers.
The mountains look like deserted, unshrouded corpses,
The moon like one in a swoon in a haze-covered starry sky.
Silence has sealed all music, and hushed lies every voice
But for the owl's hoots that assail my ears from every side.
Time moves with tired feet; dusk has not changed to night,
And wild despair grips one's soul, for dawn seems far away.

I'd give my life for you, O lamp! for having brought me light,
A balm for heart's sore wounds, a hope that I will meet my love.
Though burning is your destiny, for you chose it at your birth,
The moths that are dancing round your flame will forsake you when it's out.
This is the way the world goes, but it shouldn't warp your soul.
Wind and storm seek your life as the world's spears are aimed at mine.
Namrood was destined to be king, Socrates to drink the the poisoned cup,
Farhad fruitlessly to dig a canal for milk to flow.

Humy khaamkaaran jaam tul yėmy aashkan talkhaaba
chyav
Huth malguzaaras phȯly chaman yath poshi baagas ḍoṭh
pyav
Kam gulbadan khaakas raley shinyaah baney kam
khaana tay
Samsaara kis ath gardishas chhapi lȧgy syaṭhaah
jaanaana tay
Kama ḍoli yėti ḍolaan vuchham kath maȧnzi ḍeeṭhům
rab gatshaan

Gaah ȧchh distam taarakh ȧnyim gaah ȯsh kunum
shabnam hyȯtum
Sanyiran vȯthus vȯganyan khȯtus gindunaah kȯrum
dȯh dȯh kȯḍum
Yėmy paam katakůchi zooni thȧv mė chhu az ti deedan
tal su rwoy
Mė chhė az ti deedan tal swo tan ywosa aȧna pȯṭ hish
aaba jwoy
Mė chhu az ti tȧmysund sarvi kad istaada thaavaan
haavasan
Mė chhi az ti tȧmysůnza harana ȧchh mas pyaala
chaavaan haavasan
Tamahan agar samahůy sapud haȧsil na kėṅh maatam
kȧrith
Lalavun gulaabas daage dil lalavaaṅ magar tshwopadam
kȧrith

Yi chhi zindagee azalay yitshůy gaah soṅta vaavůch
graay hish
Mosum dilůch dubaraay hish tas yaara sůnz pȯt tshaay hish
Yi chhi zindagee azalay yitshůy gaah zahara bȯrmut
jaam hish
Vati pyaṭh saḍemůts laash hish yėmi jelkhanuk shaam
hish

I've seen wine for the worthless flow, true zeal
rewarded with bitterness,
Flowers in the graveyard bloom and hail destroy the
bowers.

What lovely forms are dust, how many houses desolate!
How many young men gathered by the mortal scythe of
Time!

O how many are palanquin-borne only to desolation,
Bright henna changed to dull mud on their hands!

My eyes have ached to see the stars, and I've paid for
the dew with my tears.

My days are spent here plunging into the deeps
and shoals of thought.

But ever floats before my eyes the face that shames
the Kartik moon,

That body lovely like the mirror-clear stream,
That cypress stature which keeps alive my flame,
Those fawn's eyes at which I've drunk goblets of wine.
O what use is it to cry when dreams were strangled young!
The tulip nurses the wound in his heart: he does it silently.

O life, with your changing moods of the spring breeze,
The impulsive beating of an innocent heart, the grace
of one's love!

You are also the poison-filled cup, a corpse decaying on
the road,

An evening in this jail.

MOTI LAL SAQI

b. 1936

Born at Mahanoor, Badgam. Educated in Srinagar. Passed the B A examination in 1965. Started writing in 1952. Literary influences: Nadim and the English Romantic poets. Drawn towards the Cultural Congress during its last phase. Published his poems under the title *Mȯdüry Khaab*. Has also published a collection of Kashmiri folk songs, *Kaȧshüry Luka Baȧth* (4 vols). Works in the Ministry of Agriculture. Was for some time on the staff of Radio Kashmir in the Rural Programme section. Is also on the editorial staff of *Saman Bal.*

SAHRA PYAṬHA SUBAH TAAM

Thȧkith yėli raat pėyi kȯha taali pȧty kiny
Sangarmaalav buthis hyȯt noor chhaavun
Havaavan hyȯt vanan manz saaz vaayun
Palav hyȯt aabi Koṅsara paan naavun

Gyavun hyȯt veri subahu̇chi zora aaran
Yi zan hyȯt maaji kwochhi manz laala saavun
Gatshni lȧgy braȧnty raatas pananyi motu̇ky
Yuthuy hyȯt taarakav taṅzi ḍer thaavun

Yuthuy gaashan gȧṭis kȧr laar and kun
Rėhaa hish paȧda gȧyi ufkas rwokhas pyaṭh
Yi ḍeeshith gaasha ṭaaru̇ky kaȧr nȯmraȧv
Yi zan pru̇tsha gaari kaaṅh aamut dwokhas pyaṭh

Nazar yaamat pėyam mwokhtay ḍalan kun
Phȯlum dil aashi hyȯt praagaash traavun
Vuchhith subahuk yi rang gav me khayaalaah
Yi maa draamu̇ts Zuvalmaal tshal karith az

Rasul Meeras tȧmis os vaada thaavun
Hayaatas bosh khȯt insaan prazalyav
Tavay mashrik chhu navi nooruk payambar
Phwolaan yiyi subhu̇kee paȧṭhy zindagaȧnee

ȧ : pertain	aȧ : b*i*rd	e : m*a*le	ė : m*e*t
o : g*o*	ȯ : *o*asis	u̇ : scr*i*pt	uu̇ : long *u̇*
wo : g*o*t	ṭ : *t*ill	ḍ : *d*o	ts : *ts*ar (Russian)
consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुल्य			tsh : aspirate of ts

DAYBREAK

As the tired night sank behind the mountain,
Young dawn put radiance on his face;
The morning breeze played soft tunes on forest trees;
Boulders bathed in Kaunsar waters;
The streams sang softly morning songs
Like mothers singing lullabies
To tender infants in their arms.

The night beheld its death draw near;
The stars in a row packed up their goods
As light chased darkness from the sky,
A flame appeared on the eastern hill;
The morning star bent low his head
And departed, like some one in grief.

As I looked at the lakes of pearls,
My heart bloomed, hope radiating light.
Seeing the morning's splendour, I felt
That Zuval Maal had come by stealth
To keep her tryst with Rasul Meer.
The east was the prophet of the coming light,
And gentle nature seemed to say
That life would be like the flowering dawn.

Kaunsar waters — The Kaunsar Nag is a mountain lake on the northern side of the Banihal range.

Zuval Maal — one of the names given by the poet Rasul Meer to his beloved.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES IN KASHMIRI

Agar az ti kår baanbùrůy soṅta vaavan (The Flood and the Bank) 244
Ajab sodaagaree insaan maalůch (Quatrain) 118
Ajeebůy rang ḍyooṭhum az bahaaras (Quatrain) 240
Ajeebůy tsů chhukh bulbulo jaanavaaraa (To the Bulbul) 192
Akh baala kwolaa tshaala nivaan aås mė vònmas (Life and Death) 198
Ȧmis paanas ziyaafåts jaan pwolaavaah khyòn kabaabaah chhuy (Quatrain) 108
Aårifo pananyis swonas khòṭ tsaan mo (Quatrain) 116
Az hanaa broṅṭhůy pahan akhtaab loos (On the Golden Isle) 232

Baage Nishaata ke gulo (Flower of Nishat Bagh) 56
Baåzy kårithůy tsòlkhaa baåzygaaro ho (Youth) 52
Bijlee bati åndy åndy måhy joraa (The Bitter and the Sweet) 174
Bů gyavana az (I will not sing to-day) 130
Bů kara tath raåts hånzi gaṭi gaash kworbaan (Quatrain) 116
Bulbulo mòt gokh poshan robaro gulzaar chhuy (Fussy Bird) 70
Bulbul vanaan chhu poshan (A garden is our land) 72

Chikh dits åky bezabaaṅ shury maaji babi sůsůraay våtsh (Quatrain) 114
Chhu yåts bėhtar mė nish suy rind-i-maynosh (Quatrain) 116

Dapaan poory kiny gaash lòg baashi karane (I will ask) 142
Dilůky armaan chhi izhaarůch kaḍaan vath (Quatrain) 242
Dòha aki kòha påty zoon khåts tsòṭ hish (The Moon) 162
Dòpun vandiham tsů kyaah (Gazal) 84
Doori bihith daari pyaṭh chhus bů tamaashaa vuchhaan (The Song of the Sun) 200
Duhul yus raata kruůlas raat kaavas (Quatrain) 118

Fitratůch shaåhkaar soorath azla abdůch sworgahoor (The Village Iris) 204

Gareebay mota bachi saålaab gaalyas (Quatrain) 114
Guli laala phòlith aay vanan manz ta ḍalan manz (The Tulip) 196
Grazaan våtsh naagahaaṅ vůny baala kwol akh (Quatrain) 240

Itha kȧny chhuy ḍyaka phwolavun baasaan
(The Foolish Boatman) 250

Jaan lekhayaa kina jaȧnaana lo lo (Gazal) 84

Kalas pyaṭh vot vȯth mulamaaya traamas (Quatrain) 112
Kunuy zȯn yȧts chhu paratshyȯn gaashi taarukh (Morning) 164

Lakhchi chhu lakhchun (The Mole) 168
Laay mohabatu̇ch kamand mulki khwodaa shikaar kar (Gazal) 102
Lolahȧty armaan myaȧnee chaanyi kala pėṭhy aalavith (Gazal) 122

Magar chham khabar gėny ḍyakas kyaazi khaȧru̇th
(The Martyr's Mother) 180
Manaavaan jashni shaȧdee vuchh mė Iblees (Quatrain) 112
Maane booziv yiman kalaaman hoshaa hosh
(The Night Watchman) 256
Mė chham aash pagahu̇ch (My Hope of Tomorrow) 148
Mė dȯpmas kaagadas pyaṭh kar tsu̇ daskhat
(Signature on the Peace Appeal) 166
Mė vu̇chh vu̇ny naazneenaah akh gamas manz (Quatrain) 240
Myaanyi khwota yus baraan me yatsh ta lol (Unpreparedness) 36

Nabas pyaṭh taarakav kari maala mwokhtas (Symbols) 212
Naakaara gomut nagar son (Ferry me across) 44
Nerahaa saniyaas laȧgith yaara sund pay tshaarahaa
(I'll put on saffron robes) 62
Nundabaanyi dilbara myaanyi vȧjythas maayi vanay kyaah
(My Beautiful One) 64

Pagaah myaanyan kathan kaaṅh maane rozyaa (Quatrain) 290
Paziche razi lam kuniru̇chi vere
(Fight with the sword of Truth) 100
Poshinoolo hoshi saan roz vaṅda draav bėyi soṅt aav
(O Golden Oriole) 78
Poshivu̇nyi baagu̇ch poshi gwondȧriye (The Peasant Girl) 58

Raboodaah hyoo gȯmut Iblees pheraan os aasmaanas (Quatrain) 186

Sanaa saȧree pȧriv saanyan garan manz tsaayi aazaȧdee
(Freedom) 74
Sitaaran az kamand laayaan chhu insaan (Quatrain) 242

Sitaarav zooni vȯn vu̇chh saȧny mahfil (Quatrain) 108
Siyaȧsee dostee chhay kaagazee naav (Quatrain) 112
Swo swondarmaal pheraan aȧs aaran (Quatrain) 108
Swo viz yėli myon gaȧrath seena daȧrith neri toophaanas (Tomorrow) 138
Son vatan posh hyoo (Our Motherland) 156
Sumran panu̇ny ditsaȧnam loluk nishaana vėsiye (The Rosary) 32
Shabakyan siyaah pardan vȧlith humi baala pȧty kiny siriyi pyav (The Poet and the Lamp) 268
Shikaslad vȯn yėmis sarmaayidaaran (Quatrain) 112
Taarakan gav shak chhu kastaam aav aav tim tsoori roody (Morning) 190
Taaza taaza mė ȧnymay ḍalay hay (Song of the Boatwoman) 154
Thȧkith yėli raat pėyi kȯha taali pȧty kiny (Daybreak) 274
Tsalaan chhum shar hubaaban iztaraaban valvalan andar (The River) 94
Tsė chhee naa lola myaane yaad tim dȯh (Don't you remember those days ?) 160
Tsė gȯy naa kanan nȯv gyavun baaji saane (On the Death of a Comrade) 146
Tsė kun ḍeeshith tsu̇nu̇ny poshan ḍalaan rang (Quatrain) 108
Tshėta kyaazi gȯy gaȧratuk naaro ho (O, My Countryman) 104
Vadihe manush chėyihe na ȯsh (Compulsion) 40
Vata band gȧyi jȧngiyan hȯnd zor aav (Quatrain) 114
Vaara mė vanta aaravȧly kyaazi gȧyakh vwobaȧliye (The Wild Rose) 90
Vaari vuchhum kun poshaa phȯlmut shokh gulaalaa paaraa hyoo (The First Flower) 172
Vwolo haa baagvaano navbahaaruk shaan paȧda kar (Come, Gardener) 8
Vwolur os graayi maaraan tshaayi hȯl byooṭhus bu̇ shėhjaaras (Quatrain) 264
Vuchhum aki vwoṭi mwokha sheran banaan shaal (Quatrain) 414
Vuchhum pamposhisu̇y aȧs paaṭikee paȧṭhy valna aamu̇ts hil (Quatrain) 186
Vushun vushun, vwozul vwozul (Determination) 126

Yana chhaanyi yinůch shėchh ȧny soṅtan tana sholůni lȯg samsaar matyo (Gazal) 238
Yaara vwoth az baara toophaanaa tulav (Let's talk of to-day) 226
Yi dyut aabshaarav sadaa sȯm ta sanavun (A Flood is Coming) 260
Yi keṅtshaa dyut avaamas inkalaaban (Quatrain) 118
Yuthuy baala pėṭhy soṅta vaavan tarun hyȯt (Spring) 182

Zahar khyath zindagee hȧnz aash bekaar (Quatrain) 116
Zindagee baasaan chhi tami vizi gaasha rȯs maskaȧsy buḍ (Life) 220
Zindagee hȧndy dȯh chhi tshȯṭy duniyaah punyim hȯnd zoona gaash (Monologue of the Old Woman) 216
Zindagee kyaah inkalaaban hȧnz kitaab (Change) 88
Zulphan chaanyan hȯnd gȯn saayi (Naked Thoughts) 208



TRILOKINATH RAINA (b. 1922) is Reader in English at the National Defence Academy, Khadakvasla. Earlier, he taught English language and literature at S. P. College, Srinagar and the universities of Banaras and Saugor. He was sent by the Government of India on deputation to Ethiopia from 1961 to 1964 as Professor of English in the Haile Selassie I Military Academy, Harar. His translations from the Kashmiri have been published from time to time in ***The Visvabharati Quarterly***, ***Poetry India*** and ***Poetry Eastwest***. He was invited by the PEN to read a paper on 'Kashmiri Poetry since Independence' at the 8th All-India Writers' Conference at Chandigarh. His book reviews have been broadcast from All India Radio, Poona.

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The years between 1930 and 1960 were a period of turbulence and of great national and international importance with changes of a far-reaching consequence taking place all over the world. These three decades may rightly be called, as Prof. Raina has done, the 'formative years of modern Kashmiri poetry', for it is during these years of experiment and transition after well over fifty years of somnolence that the modern age in Kashmiri literature was born.

Literature is a great force for global understanding and good will, and translations are of very great importance in promoting this understanding among various linguistic groups. The need for an anthology of Kashmiri poetry which would acquaint the outside reader with modern trends in our literature was long felt, and I must appreciate Prof Raina's effort in this direction. He deserves appreciation not only for his excellent translations but also for his judicious selection of the poems and the objective analysis of this period of turmoil and exuberance that he has given in the Introduction.

GHULAM MOHAMMAD SADIQ